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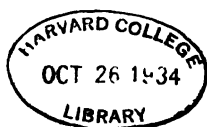
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THE

RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

On the advent of a new periodical for Renfrewshire and Renfrewshire people, it will be expected that, according to established custom, something should be said by way of introduction.

In our prospectus, we believe, we have fully stated our motives and our aim ; and although we have refrained from giving large promises, or expecting great returns, nevertheless, we are determined to use our utmost endeavours to serve the public and ourselves ; for, be assured, we shall not forget the French proverb, "*Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera.*"

It may be asked by what right we thrust ourselves before the public at this moment ? To which we answer, We come before the world in virtue of the progressive spirit of the age, and of that right which every man possesses to do what he believes to be for the general good. We think we perceive signs and shadows of coming realities, which it behoves every human being to assist in bringing forward, by all the energies of his mind and all the extent of his influence. We live in a new era of the world's existence—a new cycle of its history has evidently begun. Old habits, old customs, old institutions, are being broken up, and supplanted by a new order of things. A generation of men that have passed, or are passing away, have found themselves bewildered with the unprecedented nature of the present movement. Their fathers were of the old world—they, the links between the inertness of the past and the vivified existence of the present. Loud and earnest have been their warnings against the impatient progress of the modern world—honest their prognostications of its ruinous results—but the business of the world moves forward still through all its inextricable mazes ; it goes on its way rejoicing, and, if not prospering so largely as many of its restless spirits wish, still it goes on in hope, with brilliant visions and foretastes of the coming future. Our fathers, in the con-

serving spirit that clung to them in their "good old ways," could not comprehend all this, or, perhaps, anything of the movement at all; neither yet can we fully. The machinery set in operation in their day had not, to them, given any direct evidences of its results. We may not see these results clearly either, still, we can discover that the direction they assume is that of progress.

Many have been the means by which our progress has been attained—numerous the agencies at work. Philosophers, experimentalists, poets, divines, statesmen, have all lent their powerful influence to the onward movement. The same influences are still in operation. The minutest details of what but lately was comprehended in general systems, are being investigated and solved. The *terra incognita* of human knowledge is fast receding before the torch of science, and becoming the arena for the display of modern skill.

How much the world owes to the unflinching labours of an unshackled Press, in the progress to which we have referred, cannot be estimated, neither will the largeness of the amount, we are sure, be disputed. Nevertheless, although we are in progress intellectually, it may still be a question how far we are so in a moral point of view. The fact need not be disputed, that the moral has not kept pace with the intellectual development of the age. Our tendencies are almost all towards the artificial—we have almost forgot the voice of nature within us, and the moral claims of our species. Our literature, although thoroughly imbued with that knowledge which giveth power, is too destitute of that morality which yieldeth happiness and comfort.

The power of intellect is a great power; intellectual progress a glorious result. Still, moral power and progress are more heaven-like in their operation, and more desirable in the present day. Intellect gives us the command over the material world; it makes every created thing subservient to the use of man. It gives the power to do good; yet it grudges to give the will to do it. It sees the beginning and the end; but it deals only with the materialism of things. Morality, as it regards the vast treasures of the material world, seeks to apportion to each individual his proper share, and to each person his proper station. It is the heavenly hand-maid of intellect, without which "twere folly to be wise." If intellect has the power, morality has at least the will to do justly and to love mercy. **MIND THYSELF**, is the motto of the present age; **SERVE THYSELF**, its practical application. **KNOW THYSELF**, is the motto of Christian morality; **LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF**, its all-glorious spirit and effect. The fruits of the Christian morality are meekness, charity, peace, contentment, long-suffering, kindness, mercy.

Those of the selfish morality are heart-burnings, jealousies, contentions, hatred, discontent, riches to hundreds, and poverty to millions. It is not good that the selfish morality should exist longer. It hampers us in our social progress, and it must be got rid of. There are indications of a moral movement in the present day, and, with our indifferent power, we shall lend it all our aid. To educate the poor, to make them cleanly and comfortable in their dwellings, are certain of the indications to which we refer. When we observe those cared for who care not, or who cannot take care of themselves, we shall have hope that they will also soon learn the art of self-government, and perform the part of good men and members of society.

The utilitarianism of the present age owes its rise to the splendid result of the experimentalist within the last sixty or seventy years. At the head of his class stands our own James Watt, to whose investigations, combined with those of Dr. Adam Smith, we owe the mercantile, and we scarce can tell how much of our intellectual greatness. The researches of these men set the public mind in motion, the one in the pursuit of those mechanical improvements which have revolutionized all our modes and habits; the other in establishing our mercantile economy on a more solid basis. It is now high time that the benefits they have bestowed upon the world should be made available to all. It is high time that men should receive the benefits for which, for half a century, they have toiled. And we know of no barrier to the accomplishment of such a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," than a want of proper moral feeling among all classes of the people. We have little faith in acts of Parliament for effecting a *hocus pocus* transmutation of our evils into good. We have greater faith in the individual efforts of the community to do justly one with another. Nevertheless, we do not regard lightly acts of Parliament. We rejoice to behold them when on the side of improvement. We regard them, however, only as the indications of accumulated individual opinion; and, as such, they are prominent land-marks in a nation's progress. Although law may give currency to a line of conduct in one particular matter, still, the rule of right and wrong, in the human breast, is much more efficacious and desirable, as it indicates a course of acting in every dealing. We are of opinion that acts of Parliament generally happen near to their proper time; because they are rather the results of the prevalent state of feeling in the community, than any attempt on the part of Government to coerce the nation. We do not, however, regard the maxim as universally true, that *vox populi* is *vox dei*; it is therefore evident to us, that the great work of social improvement ought to be carried on among

the people. It is to the people that the instructive and warning voice of knowledge must be raised. It is to them that all the efforts of moral reformers must now be addressed. It will not do longer to deal in abstract speculations, clogged with the technicalities of forms and systems. Truth must be proclaimed, as such, to the people; and the easiest way must be adopted to make them understand it without the ratiocination of the schools. The age of theory is past, and *cui bono* has become the order of the day.

The prevailing character of our periodical literature seems, to us, more adapted for the amusement of the people, than their moral and intellectual improvement. It shall be our aim, while we use every endeavour to add to the stores of popular knowledge, to direct all our efforts, at the same time, toward the production of a healthy state of moral feeling. We can see no reason why all literary efforts are to be left entirely to metropolitan adventures, to the exclusion of our local energies. Surely there is room, without entering into competition with the *Blackwoods*, the *Fraser's*, and the *Dublins* of the day, for something to be done in the provinces. We ask politicians of all grades and parties—we ask leaguers for the abolition or support of any law—whether it is better to trust to the sole energies of their great leaders in the metropolis, or to raise up aiders and abettors of their views and principles at home. Nay, we ask, if it is not the case that, in all localities, there are peculiarities which can only be effectually brought out by the labours of individuals on the spot.

Frequently, within the last few weeks, have we been told of the “hopelessness” of the task in which we now engage; nevertheless, we do enter upon our work in earnest. At the same time, it is with most unfeigned pleasure we state, that, we have met with encouragement fully equal to our most sanguine expectations; and if we are supported with that spirit indicated by the fact referred to, we have hope of running a long and useful career. We ask the support of the intelligent portion of the community. We claim a share of the intellectual labours of our men of talent. Our magazine shall ever be open to works of real merit; while, whatever is unworthy, either in scope or tendency, shall not, so far as our judgment goes, disfigure our pages. In our endeavours to provide the useful, we shall not forget to combine with it those lighter and gayer works of the intellect, which, while they charm the mind by the fanciful creations of the imagination, tend also to instruct, by displaying the perfections of ideal beauty. We have, it is true, our own political and ecclesiastical predilections, yet, difficult as it may be to keep clear of expressing opinions at variance with the

motley-coloured robe of sect and party, we shall endeavour to hurt no one's feelings by the advocacy of any of those, generally petty, differences which are the cause of division. We believe that there is common vantage ground for the display of truth and justice, in which all may join, whose patronage is worth the having. With errors of conduct and inconsistencies, we shall have no sympathy. If we should have occasion to discuss social evils, we shall speak as unto wise men, leaving the matter to be decided by the judgment of those to whom we appeal. In regard to works of literature, our opinion shall be expressed in accordance with our impressions of their merit. We have thus indicated the course we intend to pursue, and our endeavours shall be to do so well. We promise little, but our aims shall be large and comprehensive.

Our magazine is now launched upon the world. We trust that it will glide calmly into the channel of public favour, and that, kept clear of shoals and reefs, its career may be long, prosperous, and useful.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOCIAL EVILS.

"CALL AGAIN."

It is an interesting, and, at the same time, a profitable study, to observe the aspect of society, and to mark the varied dispositions and characters of which it is composed. The careful observer cannot fail to remark the many weaknesses and failings which actuate the great proportion of the members of any community; failings which, unless checked and discarded, will produce, and in reality have produced, evils of no ordinary magnitude to all around. However slight and trivial these failings may appear when casually glanced at, they will, upon closer inspection, be found productive of much annoyance and serious mischief; while indulgence in them tends to superinduce, on the mind of him who is affected, a selfish disposition, and a reluctance to study the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men, should the gratification of these in any way interfere with his own enjoyment. These failings are justly designated the excrescences of the body politic, the lopping away any one of which entitles the operator to the gratitude of the public.

The object of the subsequent remarks is to call attention to an evil habit, the ramifications of which are widely spread, and the consequences alike injurious to every class of the community. He who attempts to rectify the failings of the people, especially when these have, by long continuance, become a kind of second nature, will find he has undertaken a task which, while it may be highly necessary and useful, is at the same time so arduous and difficult as to be entitled to the appellation of Herculean, and to require moral courage and fortitude of the highest

kind. One of the aims we have in view in starting this journal, is that of attempting, and if possible, removing the evil habits and prejudices now referred to, conceiving that their existence tends to mar the comfort of mankind at large. We are aware of the intervening obstacles in our onward march; but, strong in the consciousness of a good and righteous cause, we shall not fear to set our faces against them. We conceive the pages of a magazine could not be better appropriated than to subjects bearing on the moral well-being of society, and calculated to promote the extinction of those pernicious habits so detrimental to the interest of the community in general. While thus conscious of the importance and difficulty of the task now taken in hand, as well as of our inability to execute it in a manner every way worthy of the object contemplated, still, we trust that the few observations which follow will serve at least the purpose of drawing attention to the subject, and excite serious thought, if not to accomplish a thorough reformation.

The two simple words chosen to head this article are, by certain classes of the community—and these by no means few in number—made frequent use of; and, in point of fact, appear to be regarded by them as the talisman is, by the natives of eastern climes—a charm to serve in every time of need. These words have become so familiar, their application so ready, and the trust placed in them so great, that were a member of one of these classes, by some unlucky mischance, to forget this *sesame* of his thoughts, he would be as bewildered as was Cassim in the robbers' cave, or the Irish barrister when his client gained a joke but lost a cause by abstracting the *thread* of his address.

Various are the motives, and different the objects that influence the man who is guided by the "call again" principle. Want of money, or an indisposition to part with it, may, however, be looked upon as the two grand inducements which prompt an individual thus to regulate his conduct. Should the scarcity of means have been the primary cause, but which an influx of wealth has removed, the force of the habit engendered actuates the now wealthy man to follow the same course. Reason or expostulation is useless; habit has assumed the ascendancy, and arguments and reproofs are thrown away.

Our friend, Isaac Tibbs, in his own person, is a practical exemplification of the force of our remark. He is a living embodiment of the principle. The magic words, "call again," seem to be stereotyped in his vocabulary, and to form part and parcel of his being. All that is known of Isaac's parentage, after the strictest investigation, is, that one summer morning, *very early* in life, he was discovered ensconced in a basket at the corner of a street, where his mother, with due circumspection, had laid him. We say "due circumspection," for, despite the strict search of the parochial authorities, no trace of her could be found. From this conduct on the part of Isaac's mother, it may well be inferred that she was of a *retiring* disposition, and wished not to boast of the gift she had thus bestowed on the public—a gift certainly of value, if the assertion promulgated during the late militia panic be true—that every child is equal in value to £50. The guardians of the poor had no such high opinion of the value of this deposit; on the

contrary, they held quite different views, which can be accounted for on no other principle than that they, in common with all corporate bodies, lag behind the march of intellect. Be this, however, as it may, Isaac was placed under their tender care, and, as time rolled on, grew strong and healthy, but by no means corpulent, the course of regimen there prescribed and acted up to, never producing (unless in some prodigy), the slightest tendency in that direction. Passing over Tibbs' early career, let us introduce him as the master of a business requiring a large expenditure, but whose returns were limited indeed. Here, the principle of "call again" was in active use, and its services brought into continual practice.

We know not how it is, but, nevertheless, experience has demonstrated the fact, that the *dunned*, by a species of intuition, know at first sight a *dun*. There is a certain indescribable peculiarity in his appearance, which proclaims the unpleasant announcement, that he has come for, and must have his money. Isaac was not a whit behind his neighbours in this inductive penetration. When his eye alighted on one of these cash-requesters, and time not permitting his making himself scarce, he brought into requisition his talismanic words. One forenoon, while sitting at his desk examining, with woeful visage, the Dr. and Cr. of his accounts, a stripling, who was no casual caller, entered, and, handing in a slip of paper, ominously folded in a well known shape, accosted Isaac—

"Please, sir, my master has requested me to call once more for payment of this account."

"Ah, yes, hem!" said Isaac, "I believe you have been here before. You can just leave the account."

"My master desired me to say," rejoined the lad, "that he is at present pushed for cash, and would feel particularly obliged for the money."

"Indeed, I regret I have not as much about me as can settle your account; but just call again, and I will see what I can do for you."

"But," urged the pertinacious claimant, "this account is of long standing, and I have called repeatedly, and you have always given me the same answer."

"Very true," said Isaac. "Let me see—the amount is—ay, I see,"—pulls out the drawer, in which a solitary threepenny bit is lying,— "really I'm sorry I cannot satisfy your demand to-day. Have the goodness to call again to-morrow, and I will positively settle the account. At present"—puts his hat on his head—"I'm going out on business, so just call again."

Similar scenes to the above were of frequent occurrence, and the whole of Isaac's confidence and self-possession was required to carry him through. Fortune, however, relaxed her frowns, and, by a lucky hit, followed up with spirit, Isaac became as wealthy as erst-while he was poor.

He had now abundance at his disposal, but the principle of "call again" had taken such deep root in his nature, that he either could, or would not rid himself of the habit. No matter what the account might be, its amount, how long standing, or the person to whom payable, the same answer was vouchsafed. When a debtor is reduced to straits and

unable to meet his obligations, his creditors have little respect for the feelings of the unfortunate man, frequently making use in many cases of the harshest language and the most opprobrious epithets to obtain a settlement of their claims, little thinking, or, it may be, caring, how all the while that the iron is entering into the soul. But how changed the course of procedure when the debtor holds a rank in society, and is esteemed a moneyed man. Although as often, if not oftener, met with the rebuff of "call again," coupled with a contemptuous look, no obstreperous conduct is indulged in; but the expressions, "at your convenience," or, "it will do again," are substituted for the "must" and "immediately" made use of in the former instance. Isaac had experienced both of these positions, and it might be that a feeling of revenge for annoyances formerly sustained, prompted him thus to shape his course, whatever misery and wretchedness might follow.

Well do we remember James Stevenson, as honest and as industrious an individual as ever lived. He had served his apprenticeship with zeal, and had won golden opinions from his master. When his term of service had expired, he commenced business for himself, and by attention and skill progressed favourably. He married a young woman to whom he had been long and deeply attached, and when seated round their domestic hearth, surrounded by little prattling pledges of their love, few scenes of sweeter enjoyment could be witnessed. In an unlucky hour, like an evil genius, Isaac entered this happy circle, and gave its head a heavy undertaking to execute. The job being completed, James called for his account, but he might as well have attempted to squeeze water from the flinty rock as money from the coffers of Isaac Tibbs. A bill, of a heavy amount, incurred during the undertaking, was nearly due, and on the prompt settlement of his account rested James' only hope of meeting it. Repeatedly did he call, but only to be disappointed, the bitter words "call again" was all the answer the wealthy man vouchsafed. Soon the bill became due, was dishonoured, and the unfortunate victim was torn from his home and consigned to prison. The business, wanting its able head, fell into confusion, and he, worn out with bodily confinement and mental anguish, breathed his last, leaving his wife and family to the tender mercies of a heartless world, to procure subsistence as they best might. Still Isaac kept on adding heap to heap, unmindful of all but self.

What cared he for the sufferings of others, if these affected not his money-bags, or drew from his pockets any of their glittering contents? Let men talk of honour, integrity, fair dealing, and phrases of a similar nature, Isaac smiled and pitied, while he took advantage of their folly. One creditor, however, and he an inexorable one, came, to whose demands no pleas of delay were available. "Call again," which had proved, during the course of a long life, so serviceable to him, like other deceitful friends, proved false at the last. Death claimed his due, and, while the loved words, "call again," in feeble faltering accents, quivered upon the sufferer's lips, the grim messenger, with omnipotent force, shot his never-failing dart, and closed for ever the earthly career of Isaac Tibbs.

As the harsh uncertain movements of one part of a machine tend to

destroy the harmonious working of the whole, so the application of this principle in the ordinary affairs of life, destroys mutual confidence, and clogs the workings of the whole machinery of commerce. The course of business is checked, and financial arrangements deranged, by this delaying process. A cloud of dubiety hangs over commercial dealings, and merchants are afraid to speculate, from the uncertainty of speedy returns. Let us take an instance of the mischief occasioned by the putting-off principle. Mr. B. has an account to pay, amounting to £400. His next door neighbour, Mr. A., is in his debt to that amount, but when he calls for payment, he receives the answer, "It is not convenient, call again." The creditor of Mr. B. appears for his money. This is not forthcoming, on account of Mr. A.'s dilatoriness, and Mr. B. is compelled to have recourse to the same miserable expedient to obtain time. Now, it so happens that Mr. C., the creditor of Mr. B., has in prospect the embarking in a speculation, which, if successful, will raise him at once to affluence. To complete the scheme, he requires the sum owing by Mr. B.; and as the proposed scheme will alone be successful if immediately carried into effect, this procrastination of payment overthrows his fondly cherished hopes, and prevents him from taking advantage of that

"Tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Nay, it may so happen, that, by the loss of this favourable opening, the whole of his future life may be

"Bound up in shallows and adversities."

Promptitude in settling accounts, as well as expedition, is the life and soul of business. Why should a man, otherwise able, delay the settlement of his accounts? Is the work performed which he has ordered? Then settle the account, if satisfied of its correctness; if not satisfied, let him carefully examine, and then discharge the account promptly. The whole sum may, in the eye of the man of thousands, appear inconsiderable and trifling, but, to the applicant, it is all-important. He may be relying on it for the payment of his workmen, the maintenance of his credit, the support of his family, or the many other purposes for which money is indispensable. But why, we again ask, should payment of an account be delayed after presentation and examination? We conceive that the man who thus procrastinates, and causes his creditor to call repeatedly, without discharging his claim, is as great a nuisance to society as the open knave. What right has he to the money? The work being completed which he has ordered, the price is no longer his own, but belongs as truly to the creditor as if it were in his coffers; and the keeping it back is just the dishonest act of refusing to refund property to its rightful owner.

Oh ye, who, cradled in the lap of luxury, surrounded by all that heart can desire, fancy wish, or imagination depict, little do ye know of the bitter anguish that tears the heart of him who, poverty-stricken, asks from you, his wealthy but procrastinating fellow-mortal, the adjustment

of his claims. You receive the account, and, after a hasty glance, turn upon your heel, and bid the eager claimant "call again" for a settlement. This conduct you repeat; these heart-sickening words you make use of, to the same individual, when application is again and again made; and, more especially, should the amount be inconsiderable, you passionately chide the man for his pertinacity, and angrily ask him if he is not ashamed to dun you for a sum so trifling. Restrain your wrath, smooth your angry brows, calm your ruffled temper, and follow with us the footsteps of him whose claims for prompt payment you have so often spurned. Mark his countenance well, and on it you have a faithful, alas! a too faithful index of the man within. Observe his undecided step, as if he were afraid to meet the members of his trusting family, for well he knows the smile will be chased from their lips, and their hearts will be clouded, when he communicates to them the issue of his application. Enter the house and survey the family group—listen to their tale of distress—behold their scanty meal—and tell us, Will you again utter the expression "Call again." If you wish to see a thorough fulfilment of the wise saying of old, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," behold, it is before you, in all the vivid colouring of reality. That family have hoped and hoped, and though the evening's tale damped their sanguine expectations, the morning's sun reanimated their spirits, and hope fluttered its joy-inspiring wings, painting the future in all the colours of the rainbow. Do you wish these bright anticipations to be blasted—these joyous hopes to be o'ercast—these buoyant spirits to be depressed and broken?—then act upon, and be guided by the principle of "call again." But, on the other hand, do you wish their hearts to be glad?—then "pay at once." Do you wish the bloom of health to revisit the cheek, and the eye to sparkle with life and vigour?—then "pay at once." Do you wish comfort and happiness to others?—then "pay at once." In short, do you wish to be trusted and esteemed, respected and loved?—"pay at once." If these will not move you to give over this procrastinating principle, let us appeal to your consciences, and ask the question, "Are you doing to others that which you wish they would do to you?" If not, then retrace your steps ere it be too late, else the cries of ruined families, of orphaned children, will pour into your ear with painfully distinct clearness, these words, "Our sufferings have been alone caused and continued by your accursed principle of 'call again.'"

Honour and justice loudly demand that this dishonest principle, so utterly subversive of good faith and mutual confidence, should be universally scouted. Let the principle of prompt settlements be the ruling one of every man in business, and let the words "call again," in the sense now used, be discarded from the lips of every citizen. Let it not be the case that, in looking over the list of his debts, a man shall point to one account and say, "this is slow, though sure;" and to another, "this is only to be obtained after repeated solicitations;" but rather let him confidently assert that the presentation of his accounts will be speedily answered by a prompt discharge. Principles thus acted on, and conduct thus pursued, will draw mankind more closely together; and rectitude and justice forming the basis of every transaction, the misery and

wretchedness flowing from procrastinating settlements and unpaid accounts, will be unknown.

In conclusion, and as a crowning confirmation of the views now stated, we have to produce the following emphatic words of the wisest man that ever trod this earth, and having done so, we leave the whole subject in the hands of the reader—"Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."

7

WRITE FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Write for the people!
Ye weavers of song,
They've been neglected
Too long—yes! too long!

Write for the people!
For Mind is dawning
Amongst them at last—
Less crouching—fawning.

Write for the people!
They will not bow down
To the earth as before,
Afraid of a frown.

Write for the people!
The hour is at hand
When Mind—not Matter—
Shall honour command.

Write for the people!
They *have* eyes and ears;
They are not dull clods
Without hopes or fears.

Write for the people!
Choose wisely your theme,
For they'll weigh it well—
They no longer dream.

Write for the people!
They are on their guard,
So, beware of Cant,
Or take its reward.

Write for the people!
Write for the many;
Write boldly—heed not
The frown of any.

Write for the people!
Be honest—fearless!
With hearts in the work,
Not slumbering—careless.

Write for the people!
Openly—kindly;
Many—how many!
Write harshly—blindly.

Write for the people!
The wealth of nature
Display before them
In every feature.

Write for the people!
And write in earnest;
Tell them that virtue
Ever will fare best.

Write for the people!
Wide open the book
Of great Nature's laws,
That in't all may look.

Write for the people!
The richest—rarest
Thoughts that visit ye—
The brightest—fairest.

Write for the people!
Be fervent—not cold;
They'll give kind wishes
If but little gold.

Write for the people!
They will reward ye
With the choicest things
Th' earth can afford ye!

PHEMIE'S WALK.

AN EPOCH IN THE DEARTH OF -99.

THE famine which had originated in the year -99, was spreading still abroad its blighting, withering breath. In the country, its influence was not so much felt as in towns, for the poor had many ways and means of gleaning a subsistence which could not be practised in public streets and lanes. But even the best supplied with the necessities of life, was but poorly so; and, in former times of plenty, the beggar's board would have shamed the now scanty table of the thriving artisan. It was a period of no common hardship to all classes, as may be known from the vivid distinctness with which the memories of the aged still revert to it, and make it a sort of landmark in the mind, from which prior and subsequent events are dated and arranged. Bad harvests were its first cause. Corn became scarce—the people consumed the potatoes till the supply was exhausted, and then other grain rose in price. Speculation contributed to the evil; and so far was the greed of sinful gain practised, that many holders hoarded the corn till it became a prey to vermin, or rotted to destruction. Wages, no doubt, were high—never higher since. Money was plenty in the hands of the labourer, but what availed it, when a peck of meal, and that of the worst quality too, cost near a crown. Nay, even grain of any kind could not always be had; the mealmongers' shops were emptied in a few hours, and stood empty for days often before new supplies could be obtained. One year passed by, and men hoped that, with return of another harvest, things would mend; but scanty crops, and a wet, warm autumn set in, banishing at once the devoutly cherished expectations of the people, and spreading gloom and anxiety around. The poor now began to suffer in earnest—want parched and pointed their features, hollowed the cheeks of youth, withered the bloom of manhood, and grizzled the locks of premature age; while the sickness of doubt and anxiety hung heavy at the heart of each.

The scope of our observations has been general. We will try to illustrate our text by a particular instance—not a story, by any means—but merely a short narrative of incidents, related nearly as they occurred.

Matters had arrived at their worst towards October, 1800. You might have walked through the streets of Paisley—for with it have we more immediately to do—and looked into every shop-window, but not have seen a single loaf that was not almost sickening to look at—so black and coarse was the material of which it was made. Few loaves even could be seen; and these few had a heavy, damp, earthy appearance, that nothing but the pangs of hunger could overcome. At the corners of the streets, the weavers grouped together and discussed the causes of the famine, and the policy of the government: the loom-shops resounded more with the din of argument than the clack of shuttles. Even the women took up the subject; those who joined with their

husbands blamed the powers that be, but the older and greater proportion of them devoutly ascribed their sufferings to the fulfilment of Peden or Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies; this latter, among the females, was the popular idea.

There stood then, somewhere in the vicinity of the Croft, a range of thatch houses, straggling and uneven, built without much pretensions to architecture or regularity, but wearing an air of cleanly comfort, outwardly and inwardly, which modern Paisley is a stranger to. One of these was occupied by widow Forrester and her family. Their means were limited—sufficient, with the combined exertions of the mother and Phemie, her eldest daughter, to support the family in times of plenty; but, under the then fearful scarcity, barely capable of keeping soul and body together. A glance into that cottage showed a little group seated by the hearth, consisting of four flaxen-haired children, of different ages, but there were no ebullitions of innocent childish glee emanating from them. They were moping and dull—they had no heart for play or mirth; and when you looked at their pinched faces and eager eyes, you found an obvious yet painful reason for it. A little apart sat our heroine, plying the busy needle, and at times soothing the children, when their easily excited feelings were aroused. She sat there like a guardian angel, comforting, assuring, and dissipating, by her cheerful voice and presence, the melancholy that brooded unnaturally upon the hearts of her young charge. Yet Phemie Forrester's smile was but assumed, and ill consorted with the wan aspect her beautifully chiselled features bore. She felt unrepiningly the stings of the hunger-fiend, and often, with the endurance of love, and a noble, unselfish generosity, had sacrificed her own scanty meal to satisfy the cravings of her brethren and sisters.

"Oh, Phemie, when will mither be hame," said a little boy rising from his seat and looking wistfully up into her face, "for I am hungry, very hungry."

No wonder the child was so; he had tasted nothing for a whole day, and even before that but scantily.

"Bide a wee longer Willie," returned Phemie, "she'll sune return; or gang out an play yoursels an hour, and come back then."

The children rose, but play was far from their hearts. Ere they reached the door, a woman in a dark blue cloak and hood lifted the latch and entered. She seemed exhausted, for she immediately sank on a chair.

"Mother," said Phemie, hastening towards her, "you are tired. I hope——" The word faltered on her lips—she wished, yet feared, to ask the question. Her parent anticipated her.

"No, it has been in vain. I ha'e walked to the mill o' Calder, and come hame without food for ye, my bairns. Ye maun gang supperless ance mair to bed. Oh, God help us in this strait! and send better times."

The mother, in her love and solicitude for her offspring, forgot the agony of her own feelings. She sat and wept in silence, as she looked upon the piteous countenances of the little group that clustered around her.

The children were soon after despatched to rest, and in a short time sobbed themselves asleep. Blessed alumbers, in which their sufferings were buried in a sweet oblivion—the dread reality forgotten in that soother of human woe.

The widow and Phemie, as soon as alone, began to canvass every scheme which afforded a probability of yielding them a means of supplying the immediate wants of the family. Project after project was hit upon and dismissed, with many a hopeless sigh, as each plausible but ill-based delusion fell crumbling down before unwilling certainty. For an hour nearly they thus sat. Daylight was fast declining, and the shades of evening settling down, as the widow, after a long pause, said—

“Phemie, you ken Gilbert Gibb, the grocer—he’s a half cousin o’ my ain. The thocht has just struck me, and may it be a true one, that he could assist us. It’s weel kent he has stowed awa’ in the abbey vaults sacks fu’ o’ meal, lying there till the prices rise higher, though he denies it. Now, Gilbert, though a hard grasping man, is surely no deaf a’ thegither to the voice o’ humanity, and aiblin’s might, for friendship’s sake, gi’e us a little o’ his abundance. We can repay him again when matters mend.”

“That’s true, mother. Though the man has a bad name by reason of his meanness, he’s maybe no a thegither to blame. I ha’e heard that there is meal hid in the abbey buildings. At all events, ane can be nae waur for the trying. So, as you’re weary, I’ll awa’ to him afore its later.”

She paused a moment to adjust a stray ringlet and arrange her dress, then, with a countenance radiant with renewed hope, departed.

Her errand was an eventful one. As she turned the corner of a lane, she observed a crowd of ragged Irish and miserable looking labourers, male and female, collected around the steps of a ruined house, on which stood an individual haranguing them at the full pitch of his voice, to whom the mob responded by groans, laughter, and hisses, as the subject pleased or displeased them. Drawing nearer, Phemie recognised in the orator a sort of half-witted being, well known for his inventive faculty, who passed under the cognomen of “Daft Ballant Will,” from the circumstance of his being by occupation a dealer in songs, which he hawked about the streets. Phemie was well enough acquainted with the character and person of the spokesman, and was noway surprised at seeing him occupying such a situation, knowing the facility with which he could turn his talents to popular use. He was dressed in a long frieze coat, which might have vied with Jacob’s in point of colour, for of what pattern it originally was, would now have puzzled human ingenuity to decide. The collar was broad, covering his shoulders, composed of faded blue velvet; the rest of it, to the skirts, made up of patches of any colour, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. From a capacious pocket, at each side, dangled bunches of songs, in stripes, and a quantity of straw, that fluttered in the evening wind, an accompaniment to his action. His nether garments had originally been of corduroy, but were now so greased and baked that you might, with some degree of plausibility, have set them down as untanned leather; and a little lower, his

toes protruded from a pair of horseman's boots, curtailed to the proportions of high-lows. This completed "Ballant Will's" appearance. Add to it, a roguish leer, which played upon his countenance, and a pair of brawny fists beating the air, and you have the man complete.

Incited by a momentary curiosity, Phemie drew near to listen. The orator, assuming a ludicrous gravity, pursued—"Folk say that I'm daft—I wish gin ilka ane was hauf sae wise." *Aside*—"Aye, mistress, was you speaking—eh?" "No," replied a female voice from the crowd. "Weel, then, dinna say ony mair; silence betokens sense." Then resuming the thread of his discourse, he added, "As I was telling ye, I wish every ane was as wise—our rulers, in especial and particular; then we widna gang about wi' the win' grumblin' in our stomachs for supper, and be able to count the grains o' meal in our brose." "That's true," responded another voice. "Yes, it's verra true," pursued the orator; "but I'll tell ye how we can better the thing in a way nane o' ye ken." "Let's hear't then." "Directly, gudeman; and the less ye say the surer. We're needin' meal, and it hands to reason we should hae meal gin it's in the town. Noo, it *is* in the town." "Whaur, whaur?" interposed a dozen tongues. "Jist whaur it is, and no whaur it should be—that's the place. D'ye ken noo? But I'll tell you. There's a score o' bags o't in the abbey vault. I saw 't wi' my ain een lyin' hoordit up there. And noo wad I speir, Is this Christian—is it honest?" "No, no," echoed the hearers. "Well, then, what's to hinner us helpin' ourselves. Necessity has nae law; and twa or three kicks wad gi'e us a meal for ae nicht. What say ye, freends?" "To the abbey—to the abbey," shouted the mob; and, with the orator at their head, they darted off.

Phemie started as she heard the proposal; and, ere the hunger-prompted resolution was come to, she hurried off, guessing what the result of their deliberations would be. With a light foot she neared her relation's house; but it may be as well to say a word relative to the gentleman in question.

Gilbert Gibb, the mealman, was a well-known character through the town, but, unfortunately, his reputation, like that of many distinguished characters, was based upon grounds rendering fame not at all desirable. So alightly had they any tendency to win for him golden opinions, that even his nearest relatives seldom had much to say in his favour. No one could ever recollect of an unselfish generous action he had been guilty of, or a benevolent purpose in which he had aided. The springs of his heart seemed dried up—their channels cracked and hardened, under the influence of one great passion—gold. This was his idol—the star of his existence. Nor had his worship at its shrine been in vain. Nigh forty years had he plodded, laboured, and planned to hoard up wealth; yet, as of others, might it have been said of him, that though all the wealth in the world had been heaped upon him, no single heart could ever honour him. In personal appearance he was about middle size, but a stoop in his gait diminished, to appearance, his stature. His face was thin and shrivelled, widening towards the chin, where the flesh hung loosely; high cheek-bones, a pair of glassy dim eyes, surmounted by a narrow receding forehead, completed the picture. When he spoke,

his voice was husky, harsh, and unpleasant, like that of a person labouring under a bad cold. His conversation was composed principally of a string of complaints and murmurings. So well was this propensity known, that it had obtained for him the unenviable nick-name of "Grumble."

As Phemie entered his house, he was seated alone by the remains of a once small fire, smoking. Grumble had no wife or family; an old grey cat formed his sole companion, it being the least expensive of all animals to maintain. On the present occasion it sat on the hob—the hearth was far too cold—with its deceitful eye blinking and winking at its master, whose thoughts were roaming among the clouds he raised around him—picturing each wreath into so much solid yellow metal. Hearing the sound of Phemie's footsteps, he turned abruptly round, and inquired—

"Well, my young woman, what's awanting at this time o' nicht? The auld sang, I reckon—faither, mither, an' bairns needin' meal, and sending to a man wha has nane to gi'e. Never saw sic times. I've been herried an' hunted o' the last peck in the shop, at a dead loss to mysel', to keep ither folk frae starvation."

"Perhaps," suggested Phemie, desirous to put an end to the string of complaints, "as my mother, widow Forrester, is a freend o' your ain, ye micht be prevailed on to favour us wi' as meikle as put bye the morn. I am sweirt to fash you, but, for acquaintance sake, I thoct ye micht do this much."

"So ye're a dochter o' widow Forrester—aih! How time works changes. Little wat I that e'er she wad need to seek help frae ane wha's been roukit, and grun' doon till he hasna ae bawbee jinglin' in his pouch on anither. Hech, woman, they's fearsome times."

"But surely you could do a little to oblige us?"

"Lassie, I'm wae to say't, but ye maun tell your mither that there's nane I wad sae readily mak' welcome to onything, but I ha'ena a grain o' meal in the shop, and dinna ken when to expec' it. Heaven help me, as I'm a puir sinner."

"Then you winna?"

"Canna, lassie; it's perfectly impossible;" and he looked her full in the face with a placid unmoved gaze.

"So the report about the meal bein' in the abbey vaults is fause; it doesna belang to you," replied Phemie, rising to go. "Weel, whatever owns it will own a loss gin the morn," she added, somewhat bitterly.

"Stop! stop, woman! what said ye—aih?" hastily interrupted Grumble, rising to intercept her progress, while his hitherto dim eyes flashed fire.

Phemie narrated what she witnessed on her way, surprised all the time at the sudden change on her relative, whose word she had never doubted. Ere she had told half, he sunk in a seat, cursing himself and wringing his hands; then suddenly bolted up and rushed out of doors.

The young girl, half-stupified betwixt this exhibition of duplicity and disappointed hope, sorrowfully followed, with the scalding tears trickling down her cheek. She passed a shop where a great crowd

was collected round the door, thronging the streets so that no vehicle could pass. There had been an arrival of a load or two of meal, for which some hundreds were scrambling, as if very life depended on their success. A few of the man's regular customers had little bags, with their names attached, which they endeavoured to pitch, over the heads of the throng, into the shop. These were filled, if seen, and laid aside till the rest was sold, which indeed was a matter of easy moment, for ere ten minutes had well elapsed, the supply was done, and the door closed. Phemie made her way through the crowd just as the last handful was sold. She turned again, and bent her steps sadly along the street. As she passed down the Abbey Close, a clamour of many voices, mingled with the sound of an alarum drum, smote her ears, and she met people hurrying along to and fro: women with aprons full of meal, and men with caps and dishes, of every conceivable kind, filled with the same precious dainty. The numbers increased as she went on, jostling and tearing past her, loaded and empty. Approaching the abbey, a scene quite indescribable was displayed. The vaults were broken open—meal and flour lay strewed in the street, long trails of it running every way. A dozen men surrounded the broken doors, doling it out to the crowd with all possible despatch, amid shouts, laughter, and execrations. Louder than all was the voice of Grumble Gibb, imprecating and beseeching, and feebly endeavouring to drag away the dispensers of the bounty. But his efforts were unavailing, and his entreaties unheeded, till a shout of "the volunteers," was heard in the rear. Quick as thought, the mass made off, sweeping everything along with them, and ere the burly volunteers, in their blue dresses, (who, sooth to say, made no untoward haste to capture any of the rabble,) were on the scene of warfare, the whole multitude were gone.

Phemie was carried along in the press, and in a few minutes found herself standing alone by the river side. Late rains had swollen it into a fearful torrent. It hurried and roared along, foaming and eddying over the banks, while the thunder of the falls drowned every other sound. Phemie looked at it and shuddered. A gnawing dreary desolation spread over her heart. She sat down on a stone and tried to weep, but could not; the fountain of tears was sealed. A dark cloud hung over and settled on her soul. She thought of her mother, brothers, and sisters, starving at home—helplessly, hopelessly dying. Already she felt its pangs loosening the chords of her own existence. Oh! it was a fearful thing thus slowly to perish. Then she thought of another—and that thought was bitterest of all—she should never see Laurence Moreland again! Memory recalled the hours she had been happy with him, the gloaming walks, the whispered vows, the bright anticipations, long conned over and cherished. Now he was far at sea, and knew nothing of all her misery. She looked again upon the water. She felt something dragging her towards it. She strove to think of something else: there was a weight upon her brain—she could not. She essayed to pray—she got bewildered. An impulse drew her to the river brink; in vain she resisted. Looking down into it at her own dark shadow, she felt no fear. A power impelled her forward—soothingly pointed to an end of all sorrow. The demon SUICIDE stood over

her. She touched the dark stream with her foot; the water bubbled and circled round it. A wild whirl of chaotic madness and confusion rang in her mind. Heaven help her, poor girl! With upraised imploring eye she totters on its roaring verge. A moment more—a strong arm is round her, and a mellow voice shouts—

“Hillo! Phemie, lass; shiver me but that’s a rare mermaid taste you’ve got.”

It was Laurence Moreland. Phemie heard the voice, and sank insensible in his arms. The astounded tar deposited her on the ground, and fetching a handful of water dashed it on her face, cursing his unfortunate imprudence in thus taking her all aback. In a few minutes she revived, half doubting whether it were not all a dream. No! it was no dream, but a joyful reality. Her heart throbbed with speechless gratitude as she leant on Laurence’s arm, clinging for support; and he looked proud and happy as he said,

“Bless me, I had a long chase after you since I left your mother’s, and had given it nigh up when you hove in sight at the water side. Let’s go home now and make a night of it. I guess the youngsters are hungry, and will be screaming for their supper, now that they’ve got something to sharpen their grinders on.”

This latter was true enough, as Phemie learned on her arrival, when she saw the youngsters seated around the table, on which were spread a quantity of edibles, such as could be had by the aid of the generous sailor’s prize-money. And they did make a night of it. Aye, and many of them afterwards; for Laurence would insist, and that most pertinaciously, that Phemie and he should be spliced. There was really no resisting of him; and, being of an obliging turn, Phemie yielded. Perhaps, we dare almost affirm as much, she hoped matters would take such a turn, and was glad they did so. Not long after, prices fell, and food became more plenty than it had ever hitherto been.

In later years, when the famine was numbered among the darker pages of life’s history, Phemie, as she sat by the winter hearth, told a little group of clustering cherubs that nestled round her, whose relationship was painted on their features, the story of her hour of sorrow. Though then a staid matron, she never spoke or thought of that time, save with a shuddering awe. Heaven forbid, dear reader, you or we should e’er, from any such a cause, take such a walk!

A THOUSAND YEARS.

SUGGESTED BY A REMARK IN CONVERSATION ON A RIVER’S BANK.

A THOUSAND years that stream shall flow,
And roll as swift and strong as ever,
While generations come and go
To changes not unlike a river.
Those whirling pools that boil beneath,
Shall cease their mazy wheelings never;
And never shall the vital breath,
That animates the God-stamped clay,

Be stopp'd entirely, even tho' death
 Stalks here and there, by night and day,
 And takes his victims from the earth.
 Yet, is it not, as one would say,
 One falls to give the other birth,
 Like drops that thither onward dash
 Successively ; and yet no dearth
 Of rushing waters. On they splash
 From mountain rills, cascades, and fountains ;
 And dancing in the sunbeams, flash
 Perennially, ere since the mountains
 First wooed to their embrace the clouds,
 Charged with their dripping wealth, amounting
 To more than worth of gold. The floods
 Pour on and on, and yet unlost.
 A drop may fall, and dashed abroad,
 Ungathered by the hand—yet toss'd
 'Mongst storm and tempest, 't will again
 Re-circulate the world. And dost
 Thou wish, my friend—would 't were not vain !—
 That when a thousand years have rolled,
 We might our consciousness attain
 Once more. That we might then behold
 If ought and what were changed. If men
 Still acted as before—for gold—
 Still bartering soul and God for gain ;
 With passions all as heretofore,
 High virtue treated with disdain,
 And self the god that men adore ;
 As if the human mind were cast
 In the same dies they were of yore,
 With but one set for ages past,
 And but one set for those to come ;
 And every age so like the last,
 As cascades with their constant hum ;
 And nothing changed, save works of art,
 An age's or a nation's sum
 Of vaunted glory, now in ruin,
 Like the last hope that glads the heart
 Of heroes, when they fall subduing,
 Yet die in vain—ere breath depart,
 Their fall has proved their hope's undoing.
 With nature still the same as ever,
 And man in nature still the same ;
 The same banks bounding still the river,
 And all unchangèd, save in name.
 Time alters language—all that's man's
 Shall pass away, as erst they came ;
 A thousand years were but a trance—
 Awaking, changed alone in feelings—
 Tho' we had hoped men would advance
 In innate virtue ; such revealings
 Would show to us our hope's illusions,
 For tho' earth made ten thousand wheelings,
 Still men would nurse their gross delusions.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY" IN PARIS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"Dolce far niente."

MY DEAR Sir,—I was seated in my garden the other day after dinner, and, that being a time when all serious study or absorbing meditation is carefully eschewed, I had taken down that agreeable miscellany, "The Book of Scottish Song," of which you know I am extremely fond, and, now chanting a romance of other days, now repeating a love-lorn ballad, contrived to wile away an hour.

In the midst of my desultory prolusions, who should drop in upon me but my friend Dick Thomson. Dick, you must know, is my nearest neighbour, and he therefore contrives often to palm upon me those afternoons when he is particularly idle, during which friendly confabulations we often pleasantly imitate that celebrated American orator, who, when pleading some cause or other, began his oration at Adam, and would, doubtless, have come down to the present era, had he not been interrupted by the over-officious judge; but, as we have no such censor, we finish our orations when and how we please. You must know that my friend entertains some odd ideas, both of men and things; indeed, between you and me, it has been whispered to me, in the most mysterious manner, and, of course, under the seal of the greatest secrecy, that he is a little hypochondriacal, sometimes thinks himself unwell, when, in fact, there is nothing the matter, and has other strange fancies, which, however, I must for myself confess, as I could never discover, so neither do I believe. Be this, however, as it may, Dick was advised last spring, by his friend Dr. W., to take a journey for the benefit of his health. Dick complied, and as he had long entertained a wish to visit the continent, thither he resolved to take a summer ramble. He has just returned, and, of course, like all travellers, especially young ones, he has become very talkative and very amusing. The place to which, as a matter of course, every traveller first directs his steps, is the gay capital of France. To Paris Dick went, and, having a cousin of his own a student of medicine there, his first visit was to the "Quartier Latin." There he was introduced to as joyous a set of jolly young fellows as is anywhere to be found. How they spent their time I shall not stop here to inform you; but the first time you are west give me a call, Dick shall be sent for, and you shall, *viva voce* , hear his own relation; and as you know with what gusto he can relate a joke, I can promise you as rare a treat as you could desire. However, one of his reminiscences I must give you; and as it contains something curious, I have no doubt it will give you as much pleasure as it gave me. Dick having become very ceremonious, whenever he saw me, took off his *chapeau*, as he now calls his hat, and gave me a genuine French salaam; this I rose and returned in the same style, or as nearly as I could, accompanied, as you may conceive, with my usual quiet smile, for which you and my other friends so much envy me.

On Dick's entrance I laid aside my book, when he ran on in his usual style, on what he had seen of men and things on his travels. He was amusing and entertaining as usual, and I did not attempt to interrupt

him; but I had either become inattentive, which Dick as a *conteur* mortally abhors, or his humour began to flag, when I took up the book I had been reading, and began to repeat aloud a favourite ballad of mine. I had not finished the first stanza, when I was interrupted by Dick, saying that he would tell me something about one of my favourite songs, which he was sure would please me. It was a circumstance which had occurred to him, he said, soon after his arrival at Paris. "You know," said Dick, "that almost every lodging-house, or hotel, as they call them, has *un beau jardin*, or something which they dignify by that name. One afternoon we were amusing ourselves, as usual, with song and dance, in that attached to our hotel, when one of the songs sung very much struck me as one I had heard before. I listened, the tune had some resemblance, but when the singer had come to the third stanza, the words 'Robin Gray' acted like magic. I could scarcely wait till it was finished, so impatient was I to discover if I was correct in the conjecture I had formed. The moment the song was over, I declared that it was a Scottish one, and that I believed it to be the production of a noble Scottish lady. The young man who sung it, (a native of Strasbourg,) declared that such was impossible; that his mother had sung it to him in his cradle; that it was traditionally known by all his acquaintances as a French song or *lai*, which means, I believe, a pastoral song or ballad; and this he believed, and would maintain. He was corroborated in this by others present, students from various parts of France, who all declared they knew the song well, and had heard it sung familiarly from their childhood. This," said Dick, "staggered me; good manners prevented me from contradicting them, besides, I was not particularly sure of the matter; but as such a singular coincidence was worth examination, I said nothing, promising, however, to investigate it on my return, and in the meantime requested a copy of the French song. From some cause or other I did not receive it till after my departure for the Netherlands, enclosed in a letter, full of some very pretty sentiment, which reached me at Aix." Upon this, Dick thrust his hand into his capacious pocket, and saying that as he was not very deeply read in that sort of literature, he had brought the papers with him to see what I could make of it, as I knew something more of the matter, and would examine it *con amore*; and having drawn forth a bundle of papers, carefully wrapped with silk tape, he selected one, and began to read as follows, which you may be sure was done in the most genuine Parisian accent, accompanied with the newest lisp:—

"MON CHER MONSIEUR B.—Je vous adresse la romance de Robin Gray, mal et mechamment écrit mais avec plaisir.

"Puisse t-elle vous rappeler un de vos amis Français aussi souvent, aussi agréablement que ce tendre lai vous rendra présent à ma mémoire.

"Puisse encore cette reminiscence de mes premières années militer en notre faveur, contre l'accusation si souvent répétée que le cœur Français ne souvient l'impression du moment, que pendant ce moment même. La larme de sympathie qu'enfant, j'ai versée pour la pauvre Jeannette se retrouve encore maintenant dans mes yeux. Peut-être à la vérité le souvenir du berceau doit-il en revendiquer sa part. Recevez mes félicitations sur votre heureux revoir: mes vœux pour que le bien être dont vous jouissez se maintienne; pour que le bonheur plus grand que vous méritez se réalise. Et puis, vive L'Angleterre! vive La France! mais surtout vivent les hommes bons et loyaux comme vous.—Votre dévoué,

"Paris, 2me Avril, '46.

"JEAN DUBOIS."

On finishing the letter, Dick sat silent for a little, gazing on vacancy, seemingly recalling to memory the features of his friend, and the many happy hours he had spent with him. "But the song," said I, "where is it?" breaking in upon his reverie. He made no reply, but began to read:—

I.

* "QUAND les moutons sont à la bérgerie,
Que le sommeil aux humains est si doux;
Je pleure hélas ! les chagrins de ma vie,
Et pres de moi dort mon bon vieux epoux.

II.

"Jamie, m'aimait ; pour prix de sa constance,
Il eut mon cœur, mais Jamie n'avait rien.
Il s'embarqua dans la seul espérance,
A tant d'amour d'unir un peu de bien.

III.

"Après un an notre vache est volée,
Un bras cassé mon père rentre un jour,
Ma mère était malade et désolée,
Et Robin Gray vient me faire la cour.

* As this subject is a little curious, for the sake of the English reader, we sub-join a literal translation of the French "Robin Gray," and place, side by side with it, the Scotch, and, as our correspondent, we think, satisfactorily shows, the original version:—

TRANSLATION.

When the sheep are in the fold,
And when sleep is so sweet to mankind,
I weep, alas ! the disappointments of my life,
While my good old man sleeps by me.

Jamie loved me ; in return for his affection
He had my heart ; but Jamie had nothing ;
He went to sea in the sole hope
Of uniting a little wealth to so much love.

A year after, our cow was stolen ;
My father one day got an arm broken ;
My mother was sick and melancholy ;
And Robin Gray came to court me.

Food became scarce in my poor retreat,
Robin maintained my unfortunate parents ;
With the tear in his eye, he said to me "Jenny,
Marry me, at least for their sakes."

I said, No ! I sigh for Jamie,
But his vessel has perished on the sea ;
And I have lived, I live still, to cry,
Wee is me, that I cannot die.

Then my mother spoke of marriage ;
Often spoke, my father ordered it.
My poor heart was dead in the wreck ;
My hand (only) remained—my father gave it.

A month after, as I was seated before my door,
I saw Jamie again, and I thought myself deceived ;
"It is me," said he, "why this surprise ?
My dear love, I come back to marry thee."

Oh ! how many tears did we shed together ;
A single kiss, followed by a long sigh,
Was our farewell, both of us repeating,
"Wee is me ! that I cannot die."

ORIGINAL.

When the sheep are in the fold, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The wee o' my heart & 'in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
But saving a crown he had naething beside :
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd to me ;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me !
He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa' ;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin ;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me ?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wreck :
His ship it was a wreck ! why didna Jenny doo ?
And wherefore was I spared to cry, Wee is me !
My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea ;
And so auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghast—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee !"

O sair, sair did we greet, and meikle did we wey ;
As kiss we took—nae mair—I bade him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
And why do I live to me, Was is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin !
I darena think on Jamie, for that was be a sin.
But I will do my best a guid wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

The last verse, as Mr B. remarks, is omitted in the French version, a glance at which will suffice to show that it is a translation, and but an imperfect one, of the Scottish song.—ED.

IV.

"Le pain manquait dans ma pauvre retraite,
Robin nourrit mes parents malheureux,
La larme à l'œil, il me disait Jeannette,
Epousez moi, au moins pour l'amour d'eux.

V.

"Je disait, non ! pour Jamie je respire,
Mais son vaisseau sur mer vient à périr,
Et j'ai vécu, je vive encore pour dire,
Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir.

VI.

"Alors ma mère parla de mariage ;
Souvent parler, mon père l'ordonna,
Mon pauvre cœur était mort du naufrage,
Ma main restait, mon père la donna.

VII.

"Un mois après, devant ma porte assise,
Je revis Jamie, et je crois m'abuser,
C'est moi, dit il, pourquoi cette surprise ?
Mon tendre amour, je reviens t'épouser.

VIII.

"Oh ! que de pleures ensemble nous versions !
Un seul baiser suivit d'un long soupir,
Fut notre adieu, tous deux nous répêtons ;
Malheur à moi, de n'avoir pu mourir."

"Now," said Dick, on finishing his recitative, "what do you make of that ?" I made no immediate answer, but, after a little reflection, I took up the collection lying beside me, and began to run my eye over the table of contents, until I came to what I wanted, and, having called Dick's attention to what I was about to read, I turned to the 204th page, and read as follows :—"There is an old tune, called, 'The bridegroom greits when the sun gaes down,' united to old words of a somewhat indelicate character. About the end of 1771, or beginning of 1772, a young lady in Fifeshire, the daughter of a noble family there, and then only in her twenty-first year, being very fond of the tune, but scrupulous about the words, thought she would try her hand at making new words to it. She accordingly set to work, and produced a simple ballad of eight or nine verses, which, on becoming known, was received with rapture wherever it spread; *was translated into almost every European language*; and was made the subject of dramas and paintings innumerable. This little ballad, which records a tragedy in domestic life, unhappily of no uncommon occurrence, and yet of heart-rending pathos, was called 'Auld Robin Gray,' and the name of its authoress was Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcaras. She was born 8th December, 1750, and was married, in 1793, to Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick, and Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. She died May, 1825." At the words which I have underscored, Dick bade me stop. "Here," said he, "is the whole mystery explained. As a Scotsman, I have no more doubt as to the authorship, as above narrated, than I have of my own existence. Lady Barnard is the authoress of

this song, I will maintain against all comers. But, let me see, that is not wholly inconsistent with the opinion of my Gallic friends. The oldest of them would number some thirty summers, not more; if, therefore, on its first publication, the song 'was translated into almost every European language,' and it having been written about 1771 or 1772, why, their mothers may have had it sung to them in their cradles, as well as themselves, and no mystery about it." Dick was perfectly overjoyed at this happy conclusion, and, starting up, exclaimed—"I wish you were here, how I'd convince you; but, egad, I shall convince you whether you are here or not—I shall write this very night." And off he set, scarcely taking time to bid me good bye, only turning, as he closed the garden gate, and waving me with his hand some adieu in French, which he now very much affects, disappeared. On a careful perusal, no hesitation, I think, can be made upon the identity of the two songs; and as to their relative merits, there can be but one opinion. By placing the two side by side, you will see this at once. The last, or ninth stanza, you will observe, is wanting in the French.

Remember me kindly to all my friends, and believe me to be, dear sir, very sincerely yours,

J. B.

B——th, August, 1846.

TO MISS M——, ON THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY ANDREW PARK, AUTHOR OF THE "SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER," &c.

MAIDEN! marriage waits on thee,
 All thy hopes are centred in it;
 Rear those hopes as they should be,
 So to end as you begin it.
 Marriage is not always bliss,
 Gentle lady! think on this.

Marriage is a solemn thing,
 Ills and blessings mix'd together;
 Long may fortune to thee cling;
 May thy charms be slow to wither;
 Be thy thoughts contentment sweet,
 Ruled by love, with truth replete.

On thy brow be pleasure crown'd,
 Bright and pure as love can make it;
 With thy heart-strings be it bound,
 That no thoughtless hand can take it.
 Life is sweet—but what is life,
 Dearest maid! if worn in strife?

Soft, then, be thy dreams of bliss,
 May the slightest ne'er be broken!
 But be all fulfill'd in this,
 Truly as the wish is spoken.
 Eve was ne'er more lov'd than thee—
 Thou art lovely—so was she!

THE PEESWEEP.

NOT far from the capital of Renfrewshire, is that classic spot of peerless beauty, where a nameless linn dashes over Brewster's crags near Glenfield dam. The fissure in the limestone strata descends here nearly two hundred feet perpendicularly, and is then lost in the ravine that bounds, on the north, this part of the Gleniffer braes. The spectator on the verge, as he gazes through the interstices of the thickly studded, but tall and limber copsewood, springing slimly from a hundred rocky pediments in the sides of the precipice, has a scene before him more like the hallucination of a dream, than the actuality of vision. In a foreground, remote enough for a middle distance, but on that account disclosing the more fully its entire diversity of charms, stands the time-dishonoured ruin of Stanley Castle, now surrounded by a little lake, which comes in like a borrowed light into the composition of the picture. It is but the reservoir of the Paisley Water Works, undoubtedly; yet, both from the transparent purity of its waters, brightly mirroring "Stanley green shaw" in their bosom, and from the trim precision of its well-tended banks, its aspect is eminently beautiful. The eye roams from this entrancing spot over an extended landscape, of which the marvellous undulations surprise the astonished beholder, with the novel phenomenon of a telluric sea, on the topmost waves of whose billowy surface are, by turns, upheaved, the culture and the verdure of the farm, the ornate dwellings of men, the dingy fabrics and aspiring stalks of public works, nay, even the clustered churches and mansions of the picturesquely situated town of Paisley, and, distantly to the right, the gigantic chimneys and great white edifices of the city of Glasgow itself. Beyond the unseen Clyde, the dark blue outlines of our Scottish Alps bound the distance, which, not far to the left, is bounded by the "Newton wuds," surmounted only by the "saw-white cluds"—although, maybe, as the poet of the spot has sung, the laverock may be "towering o'er" the one and cleaving the other. Within this charmed circuit poesy has made a favourite haunt. The muse of Tannahill, and the thousand tuneful reeds of minor note which have awoken in the prolific sunshine of its beauty, have consecrated every green knoll, and every quiet nook of that terrestrial paradise. "The auld castle turrets"—and "Stanley green shaw"—"the dusky glen"—"the Newton wuds"—"the bonnie wood o' Craigie lee"—"the braes o' Gleniffer"—and the sunset scene, the most conspicuous of all, beheld from the water-crested eminence of "THE LINN"—

"The sun had gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red cluds to preside o'er the scene."

All these things are landmarks in the literature of Scotland!

But, beautiful as may be the scenery at which we have just been glancing, its beauty, to its poets at least, would undoubtedly have proved less striking, but for the immediate vicinity of a high table land—one of the steppes of our Scottish Siberia—the face of which presents to the wayfarer, in his transit, an appalling contrast. Thus Tannahill has

instinctively seized upon this very contrast to portray the rigours of winter :—

“ Keen blaws the wind o’er the braes o’ Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are covered wi’ snaw ;
How changed frae the time when I met wi’ my lover,
Among the broom-bushes, on Stanley green shaw.”

Rising from Stanley, by a steep ascent, winding round the shoulder of Gleniffer braes and glen, the traveller emerges suddenly amidst a scene of moorland desolation, where the scanty vegetation is hardly fitted by nature for the humble wants of sheep, though the hand of human improvement has striven, and not unsuccessfully, to better, in many places, its condition. Nature herself has made nothing in vain ; and the peat, or turf, of these bogs was deemed an inexhaustible supply of fuel for the neighbourhood, until superseded, almost entirely, by the general use of coal. By the wayside, in the midst of this howling wilderness of bleak winds and barren moors, stands the “ Peesweep Inn ”—even now, or until lately, the only sign of human habitation in the waste. The name of this inn—for inn it is—seems derived from what Mr. Selby, the naturalist, might term “ the provincial appellation of the crested Lapwing ”—Pewit or Peesweep. This name is conferred upon the bird from the monotonous cry of alarm with which, in its well known excess of parental affection, it clamorously assails the intruder on its moorland haunts, in the endeavour to divert his attention from its callow brood.

It is vexations to state, that the Peesweep Inn is not so much celebrated, as might be expected, for its bill of fare. Peesweeps themselves—not to mention their eggs—are delicacies rich and rare ; but, somehow, we never found bird, chick, or egg, in season at the inn ; and we know some “ English epicures ” whose expectations have been similarly mortified. Nevertheless, it is a fact little less than historical, that, at the famous feast of Archbishop Neville, the birds so extravagantly served up, to the number of one thousand, though called *Egrets* (a species of Heron) by Leland, are supposed to have been Pewits ; for, in certain seasons, their flesh is juicy and sweet. At this day, the fens of Lincolnshire yield a large supply of their eggs, under the name of Plover’s eggs, for the London and other large southern markets ; and they are much esteemed as an article of luxury for the table. The very fens of Lincolnshire—like the Peesweep moor—tempt, from the passing traveller, an indulgence in the celebrated sarcasm of Shenstone :—

“ He who hath travelled earth’s dull round,
Where’er his wanderings may have been,
Must sigh to think that he hath found
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

We have seen it lately recorded, that amidst the Lincolnshire fens may be encountered a surprise, in the shape of a signboard, inscribed, as well might that of the Peesweep—

“ THE ONEXPECTED INN.”

The fens of Lincolnshire have also lately produced a poet laureate, whose little volume, “ Affection’s Keepsake,” teeming with all the domestic sympathies, and tingling with a good deal of the tuneful monotony

of "the oldest inhabitant"—the Pewit—is at once composed, printed, bound, and published in the fens—a genuine indigenous production of the soil! Here, alas! the international analogy ceases. The locality of the Scottish Peesweep never once rivalled the plains and valleys below in their tuneful vocation. It never had a poet—for we believe there is no truth in the rumour that the author of a "hundred songs" is a native—and "the Bard of Glazert" has never "battered on that moor." It scarcely ever had an historian, save the humble chronicler, who, seated on a moss-grey stone, now dedicates to the subject these efforts of a simple Pewit's feather, flowing with diluted gunpowder, or soldier's ink—it being the twelfth of August! We know not what rare Apician feasts "the Onexpected Inn" of the Lincolnshire fens may furnish—(and one of our Saxon allies in the Causeyside suggests that, in this instance at least, "ignorance is bliss")—but this we may avouch, that, to the weary sportsman, "the Peesweep" provides a modicum of oaten cake, a mouthful of mountain dew, with a strenuous commendation to thirsty lips of the water "from a spring that rises in the moss," as being both cold and pure.

If the peesweep moor, during the two months of the egg season, fails to afford as extensive employment as the fens of Lincoln and Cambridge, or the rabbit warrens of Norfolk, all of which abound in lapwings; if few or no dogs are trained to seek the nests of the birds; or if human sagacity, scarcely less expert, is not expended in discovering their situation by watching the conduct of the female bird, as it runs straight from the eggs, or flies noiselessly near the ground, while the males attack the intruders with their clamour—the instincts and habits, if not the numbers, of the birds correspond. They begin to pair, in both instances, immediately after making their re-appearance, in small flocks, in the end of February or beginning of March. It is most interesting, at this period, to watch their peculiar flight, in all its variety of evolution. The male birds, in particular, will dart upwards to a considerable height, for no other apparent purpose but that of throwing a somerset in the air; then, suddenly descending, they will course with rapid wheelings along the ground; then, up again for another somerset; indulging, in short, exactly in the same varieties of ground and lofty tumbling annually essayed by our late lamented friend Francisco Codoni, and his distinguished troop of athletes, at Glasgow fair. Nor is this altogether a noiseless exhibition. The pewits do not, it is true, have the advantage of Codoni's clarinet to regulate, accompany, and stimulate their saltations and gyrations, but the rapid sounds of their own whistling wings, offering, from their peculiar form, a broken resistance to the air, and the varied notes they utter during these long unintermitted aerial evolutions—notes of entirely different tone and expression from the *pees-wit* or *pees-weep*, which is merely a cry of alarm—provide a native music of their own. Scenes much the same are enacted when incubation is over, and the young and the old, assembling together in the clear twilights, frequent the upland pastures, fallows, and turnip fields, previous to proceeding, in October and November, to feed, at the retreat of tide, on the flat sea coasts. As these clouds of birds arise, about sunset, to seek their feeding grounds, near the mouths of rivers, and in

marshy fens, the beauty of their evolutions, except to an eye-witness, is incredible. It is stated that, in Holland, where the bird is extremely abundant, and the view on all sides surrounded by a low horizon, thousands may at once be seen, gleaming in the sunset, or flickering in dense black masses against its light. The plumage, however, of the *peewee*, when properly seen, is rich, well contrasted in colouring, and its appearance very sprightly. The more usual flight, at least of the female, is a mere run, which it performs very swiftly, interrupted by a singular habit of stopping at intervals and depressing its head, to adjust, as it were, the equipoise of its body.

The ingenuity of the lapwing in obtaining the earth-worms, on which it feeds, is wonderful. Dr. Latham says, he has seen this bird approach a worm-cast, turn it aside, and, after walking two or three times about it, by way of giving motion to the ground, the worm came out, and the watchful bird, seizing hold of it, drew it forth. It is frequently kept in gardens, for devouring slugs, insects, and larvæ. Bewick relates some interesting anecdotes, which show the degree of domestication to which it may be brought.

We pretend not to determine why man has been so much more slow to avail himself of the proffered bounties of nature, than to elaborate the complicated results of art. But it is certain that he has, day by day, pursued, with the most astounding perseverance and ingenuity, the adventitious aims of invention, while in all the more obvious walks of productive industry, connected with the economy of nature, he often remains for ages together at a stand still, if he do not even retrograde. The natural resources furnished by the hand of Providence, for his benefit or enjoyment, man is plainly too apt to neglect and despise. How many a lesson does he forget, though laid wide open to his comprehension on the mighty page of nature; how much industrial knowledge has he never yet so much as brought within his reach!

Such reflections naturally spring from the subject of this notice. As Sir William Jardine observes, it is cultivation that, in this country, is trenching rapidly on the favourite haunts of the *pewit* and *curlew*. The progress of agricultural improvement hardly dates farther back than the last fifty years. Within that time, however, the improvement has been so rapid, that Sir William himself can refer to a wide range of his own land once abounding with these birds, in which only a few are now to be found; and particularly to one farm, of not exceeding one hundred acres, where forty or fifty pairs might have been seen breeding yearly, and now not a single pair could be shot. "This, in one sense," says he, "may give satisfaction in the improvement, and the additional rent it may bring in, yet there was a charm in these wild pastures, animated by their peculiar inhabitants, that cannot be replaced by any change produced artificially upon them."

Even so say we. The strong and stalwart horses which Mr. Jackson brings from Stanley Moor to sweep away the prizes at every cattle show—valuable enough in themselves—still more valuable in the stimulus they impart to the production of useful or excellent animals—what are they in the eyes of a genuine worshipper of Nature? Not one of them worth a single *peesweep* on the subalpine pastures of the bog!

The game laws will speedily be abolished. And what then will become of all wild creatures, feathered or light of foot, for escape from the snares of men? Will the work of indiscriminate extermination forthwith proceed? Must races dwindle into groups of individuals, and in these become extinct? And this poor inoffensive lapwing, with all its beautiful instincts and affections, linked to untold tales of rustic life; with its curious and amusing habits; its commendations to the palate of pampered luxury,—must it, and all its innumerable flocks, be numbered at last amongst the things that were? No! surely man was made lord of the creation, for a purpose other than merely despoiling the feathered and timorous creatures of the earth! Surely, then, that very measure of the legislature, which unbinds the murderous weapons of the *battu* on every moor, appeals to human intelligence to spare at least a remnant of the denizens there from destruction.

The sunset red is streaming
Through the heath on Stanley Moor,
And the *Peeweeep* shrilly screaming,
At the lonely wand'rer dreaming
'Mid his haunts upon the moor!

Mighty forests once were waving,
Ages gone, on Stanley Moor,
Raging tempests proudly braving,
Till submerged—no remnant saving
From their wreck, upon the moor!

Crushed and lowly, decomposing,
Lay the trunks upon the moor,
Till their crumbling fragments closing,
Blacken'd surfaces imposing,
Clad the bleak and barren moor.

There at length the *Peeweeep* chusing
For his home cold Stanley Moor,
Gaily o'er its surface cruising—
Up in air himself amusing,
Whizzes fast o'er Stanley Moor.

Scarcely sunset's radiance dying
Scatters twilight o'er the moor,
Ere the *Peeweeep* flocks up-flying,
Madly gambol—gaily crying—
On the flats of Stanley Moor.

There your alien foot intruding,
Wakes the wardens of the moor.
“*Peeweeep*” yelling—they're alluding
To their rights you're now denuding
By your trespass on the moor.

Give! oh give them! still a dwelling,
Wild and free, on Stanley Moor;
By improvements ne'er expelling
The poor *Peeweeep*, with his yelling,
From the heath upon the moor!

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

WHO, WHEN HER FATHER WISHED HER TO DANCE, WHILE HER MOTHER SANG—WEPT.

BY MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF THE "HOME OF THE HEART."

DANCE while you can! child of the lovely feature,
 So like an image of the sculptor's thought—
 So marble like—"a chastened sylph of nature"—
 So pure in grace—thy form to beauty wrought.
 Dance, while the golden streaks of morn are breaking,
 Ere the dark cloud of evil days arise,
 When passion-tones of stirring minds awakening,
 Shadow with gloom life's changing April skies;
 For soon dark thought will come, with brooding wing,
 And o'er thine eye and brow, soul-shadows fling.

Dance, while the rapturous gush of music 's flinging
 That rich, full tide of spirit-stirring song;
 Ere yet thy lovely mother cease her singing,
 Ere her sweet voice for thee will still its tone.
 Thou'lt find no song o'er all the gay green earth
 Like that which cradl'd thee upon her knee;
 Thou *mayst* find deeper love *amid* its mirth,
 But ne'er a faith so changeless, true to thee.
 Love's golden harp has oft a jarring string,
 Even dove-soul'd friendship has a changing wing.

Why weep?—know'st thou the passion-strain now pouring
 Its tenderness for ill-starred Mary's soul,
 Mourning the dark Italians, deep adoring
 Where songful Italy's blue waters roll?
 Ne'er may—(while syren songs of earth are calling,
 From the bland shadow of thy mother's care,
 In silvery hope, like stars in twilight falling,
 Telling what wand'ring souls must brook or bear)—
 Love pale thy cheek with hope's deceitful rays,
 Now like rose-shadows on a marble vase.

Weep not! the fairest outline hath its shading,
 The unfill'd shadows of life's picture-page;
 The brightest gold to softened light is fading,
 To tint the clouds that dim its tragic stage.
 Whate'er time writes on life's unwritten leaf,
 It hath its shadowy tale of smiles and tears,
 And these will mark full well its page of grief,
 In the seal'd book of thy unfolded years.
 But I would pray, as dew, they lightly pass,
 Fruitful as summer showers on tender grass.

Thou memoriest thy sire's embodied thought,
 Shadowing "the Holy Child," who sinless wept;
 The Bethlehem group*—on breathing canvass wrought—
 Where the God-child on Mary's bosom slept,

* Alluding to a painting of the "Holy Family," by the child's father.

Brought from the oxen-stall, the manger-bed,
When glory pour'd around the Mystic One,
Whose star, with golden gifts the magi led,
By prophet beams, to note the rising sun ;
And angels sung—"to earth the Son is given,
To track a way of light by tears to heaven."

Up through the wilderness thy pilgrim way
He'll guide, who every step of trial trod ;
Though sun and shadow tint thy dawning day,
But grow in favour thou, with man and God ;
Then tears may rust the silver cords of song,
E'er beauty's dance of love and youth is o'er,
Yet, may not warp the swelling golden tone,
Which seeks its echo on life's farther shore,
Imag'd in light of heaven's embodied love,
Shine ye a " Holy Family " above.

KILMARNOCK.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT AND ITS INAUGURATION.

WE know not if, during the present century, saving on the occasion of royal visits, there has been witnessed in Edinburgh such a day as the 15th of August was. On that day our delighted eyes beheld the august ceremonial of the inauguration of the monument to Sir Walter Scott.

Some of the London journals had previously spoken slightly of the arrangements, as not evincing a sufficient carefulness on the part of the managing committee, in the selection of high and noble names to give *clat* to the occasion by their presence. We do not profess to know fully what these censors of the arrangements meant by their strictures, nevertheless we understand that many of the personages alluded to by the metropolitan press had actually been invited, and if they did not attend, we hope that they are able to satisfy their consciences of having acted right in keeping back from such a demonstration, on account of some petty difference which we believe did really exist between the monument committees. We think little, however, of the Scotchman who attended on that day, if he did so in any other spirit than that of rendering homage to the mighty dead. The merely adventitious distinctions of rank are not, at such a time, to be permitted, by false ideas of honour, to usurp the richer and higher homage paid by millions of intelligent and admiring countrymen. Greater honour was that day conferred on the memory of Sir Walter Scott, than if all the peerage of the British realm had been assembled to enhance the snobbish ideas of splendour that attach to vulgar minds by the mere display of the titles and designations of illustrious birth. On that day we beheld Edinburgh one scene of all-engrossing excitement. The monument, and nothing save the monument, was talked of. Nothing

was thought of but that man who had added immortal honour to his country—he who had been the exponent of its customs, its manners, and its chivalry.

By noon, the marts of merchandise, the halls of law, literature, and science, down to the dingy workshop of the artisan, were deserted. Fair and delicate ladies braved the inclemency of the weather; and panoplied troopers mingled in the throng, to honour the memory of that hero of an hundred volumes, who, in every page he produced, added a bright and undying lustre to the genius of his country. The homage paid on that day to the illustrious memory of our first and greatest literary giant, was deeply heart-seated and sincere. Notwithstanding that the windows of heaven were opened, and the streets of the metropolis had become a perfect puddle, it was computed that one hundred thousand human beings were present at the ceremony. From the Royal High School, at Calton Hill, where the mason lodges assembled, to the Royal Institution, in Prince's Street, where the procession entered the Prince's Street Gardens, to the monument, was one dense mass of people, from all parts of Scotland. Many foreigners were also present. In many places, the streets were decorated with banners; one floated from the top of the Nelson column. The city bells rung out their merry peals, and every window along the line of procession was crowded with the beauty of the metropolis. The dragoons, in full uniform, and, on account of the weather, enveloped in their riding-cloaks, pranced along the streets, to preserve order, and to effect a clear passage for the masonic lodges. Near to the hour of the inauguration, a party of artillery, with two field-pieces, galloped up to the front of the monument, suddenly wheeled, and took up their station in the deep ravine behind—the bed of the ancient North Loch. Although the rain poured in torrents, and the people present were thoroughly drenched, we could not but recal to memory many of the pageants of chivalry Sir Walter had himself described. Standing on the Calton Hill, as the various bodies were gathering, the following lines, from *Marmion*, struck us as exceedingly appropriate to the occasion:—

“ Thus, while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and pealtery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime.”

The procession which took place was almost exclusively a masonic one, arranged in the following order:—Mounted military band; Auxiliary Scott Committee; Scott Monument Committee; Magistrates of Easter Portsburgh, their constables and suite; Magistrates of Wester Portsburgh, their constables and suite; Magistrates of Canongate, with their constables; those of Calton, and suite; Magistrates of Leith, with their constables and suite; Magistrates of Edinburgh, with their constables and suite; high constables of the city; various lodges of free-

masons ; the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with the grand master and all the office-bearers ; detachment of dragoons.

The Right Worshipful Grand Master of Scotland, Lord Glenlyon, headed the Grand Lodge. Deputations were present from lodges in various quarters of the country ; and we were glad to observe Renfrewshire represented by a most respectable detachment of the brethren of the Greenock St. John's Lodge. On arriving at the monument, the ceremony of the inauguration was proceeded with, by the masons. The uninitiated, among whom were many of the magistrates and their suites, took their position on the steps leading to the statue of the bard. Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremonial, a signal from the monument was answered by loud salvos of artillery, and the curtain that hitherto had concealed the statue from public view, at the same instant dropped, revealing the chiselled form of the great novelist, and his favourite dog, amid the deafening shouts and waving banners of the assembled thousands. Lord Glenlyon then, in a short address, formally handed over the monument to the care of the committees and to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh. The Lord Provost made a short and eloquent speech in reply, after which, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Boyle, and the procession began to move off from the monument, amid renewed salvos of artillery, the music of the bands, and the cheers of the congregated multitude. The strictest order and decorum was maintained during the whole proceedings.

Gewgaws and decorations were not, however, the order of the day, neither did the weather permit that they should be so ; for, except the symbols carried by the "brethren of the mystic tie," and the magistrates in their official robes, there was little of that outward show which, we doubt not, would have occurred had the day been favourable. As it was, nothing more was evinced than reason and admiration dictated. It was a demonstration in almost the plainest, yet of the most sincere kind. It was a devout homage rendered to the genius of our country. Shall we say of our country?—shall we not rather say, that that devotion was rendered to the universal genius of intellect and nature. It was a national demonstration, truly ; but it was not a selfish one. We did, and do, glory in our Sir Walter Scott ; but we could also spare some of our admiration for the great of other lands. We do rejoice that the soil of Scotland, sterile though it be, did sustain such men as Burns, Scott, and others of that brilliant galaxy of which we are so justly proud.

Although the absorbing interest of that day, in Scotland, was directed toward the great minstrel and novelist, still, we do not forget the glory that a Shakespeare gives to our southern brethren. We know not why it is that the petty ebullitions of Cockney spite should have been poured out, as on frequent occasions of late, against those north the Tweed : and, if the genius of our country is too majestic to be trifled with or contemned, they attempt to gain a paltry advantage by holding up to ridicule the rewards which that genius has received. It is but two years ago, on the occasion of a grand national demonstration, that they taunted us with the threadbare subject—the treatment of Robert Burns—and now they have blamed us with disrespect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The event on the fifteenth of last month

gave the lie to the latter accusation, and the former one is too hackneyed to be reverted to now. There is a charity which covereth a multitude of sins, and in the spirit of that charity we refrain from referring to a recent event in the metropolis of the empire, the stigma of which now rings from Land's End to John o'Groat's. The misfortunes attendant on the sons of genius are often inseparable from their position, and it is unwise to deal in unavailing recriminations. The history of genius throughout the world is a history of misfortune, and it would be a pity to blame society, in all cases, with what is almost inevitable in the nature of things. Sir Walter Scott received all honour and encouragement when living, and now that he is dead, one of the most splendid monumental structures, this or any country can boast, is raised to perpetuate the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen.

The monument, which afforded us great pleasure in viewing, is a beautiful and elaborate piece of architecture, of which no description can adequately convey an idea. It consists of a series of Gothic arches, piled one above the other, in the form of a cross or spire, rising to the height of 190 feet, and cost, statue included, about sixteen thousand pounds. The design was produced by the late ill-fated George Mickle Kemp, a self-taught artist, and originally a country joiner. The monument will remain a lasting memorial of his genius, and one of the finest sights in Edinburgh. It is accessible till within a few feet of the top, by a spiral stair, from whence the view is grand in the extreme. The spectator overlooks scenes full of the most stirring associations in Scottish history, as well as scenes already made familiar to him by the writings of him whom the pile is designed to honour. At his feet, if he can look without becoming giddy, is Scott's "own romantic town," with all its modern attractions—a magnificent panoramic spectacle. The day, however, was unfavourable for viewing the extensive range of country beyond. On the ground arch, which is considerably elevated, is placed the beautiful piece of sculpture by Mr. Steele of Edinburgh, and it is at once recognised as a faithful portrait of Sir Walter. He is represented in a sitting position, with a book in his hand, his finger between the leaves, as if he had just left off reading to make some remark or reflection. His favourite dog, Maida, reclines, on the right, at his feet. The statue is formed of snow-white Carrara marble, and its execution is highly creditable to the state of art in Edinburgh.

Unpleasant circumstances, it seems, certainly did attend the inauguration, on account of some misunderstanding between the executive and auxiliary committees. These were, however, so far as we can learn, totally of a private nature; and, on such an occasion, which we regard as much as a national one as was the festival in honour of the memory of Robert Burns, ought not to have been commented on, in the frivolous manner they have been, by some organs of the public press both of Glasgow and Edinburgh. If we are rightly informed, the difference resulted from the Modern Athenian aristocrats, who originally started the monument fund, refusing to interfere in the proceedings, on account of the *plebeian* ingredients of which the auxiliary committee was composed. The completion of the Scott monument has been anxiously looked forward to by the whole nation, and it cannot be regarded as a

city, but as a national testimonial; it, therefore, is really astonishing to find that those whom we considered would have been the first to be present, honouring the occasion, should have absented themselves on personal grounds. The matter might have been passed over, without note or comment, had a portion of the public press maintained a decorous silence, on events which they either cannot or will not explain. Whatever may have been the cause of complaint, it is unfortunate that the newspapers should have spoken invidiously or sneeringly of "the *Edinburgh merchants, who completed the monument*," in contrast with "the *influential and elevated body of gentlemen, by whom it was originated*." It is to the middle classes, the tradesmen and merchants of Edinburgh and vicinity, to whom Scotland is indebted for that magnificent structure in Prince's Street. We cannot *condole* with any man for being present; but we can congratulate such on exhibiting an honourable unselfishness, if it be true that influences were used to keep him away. Neither can we, on public grounds, sympathize with those who absented themselves. If they felt themselves aggrieved, they were at perfect liberty to stay at home. People may wonder why they did not come forward; but their absence could not and did not lessen the enthusiasm of the nation in the demonstration of that day. It is a pity if, as alleged, "littleness" or "meanness" actuated any party; but it is a greater pity, that a national demonstration should be marred by the flunkey twaddle of the press. All honour to the Edinburgh merchants, who, when the "influential and elevated" originators lagged in procuring the necessary funds, came forward so nobly to the rescue, and prevented another *national ruin*, like that on Calton Hill, to disfigure the city of *Modern Athens*. All honour to them, we say, for their share in the national work; for, when the petty differences shall have been forgotten, when the smartings of wounded vanity shall have been healed, or the record of them has perished, the monument shall stand, telling a tale, neither of "Edinburgh merchants," booksellers, tailors, or of highly "influential and elevated gentlemen," but shall remain, the record of a nation's gratitude, for her mighty minstrel, and, as such, shall stimulate the career of her future sons of genius.

THE TEMPLAR'S SWORD SONG.

Mr sword! my sword! my glittering blade!
 My glory and my pride!
 Companion true through life's dark way—
 My bright, my only bride!

Forth—from thine iron bed beaming,
 Like a midnight meteor gleaming!

Come—lovely, pale, and cold:
 But, oh! thou'rt lovelier far,
 When the crimson tide of war,
 In battle's clashing jar,
 O'er the bold hath roll'd.

There, with thee, on my gallant steed,
 Athwart the gory plain,
 I've, 'mid the press of red-cross knights,
 Swept on with slacken'd rein.

As the lightning's flash,
 As the cataract's dash,
 As the whirlwind's sweep
 O'er the surging deep,
 When the billow's crest 's riven
 And hurricane driven,
 Is our rush on the Infidel,
 While "Le Beau-seant—Le Beau-seant,"
 Rings loud and long,
 With many an "Allah" yell.

Crossbow bolts send reeling
 Hundreds to rest;
 Wing'd arrows sink quiv'ring
 In many a breast;
 Keen falchions are cleaving
 Through turban and brain,
 And the red stream is seething
 The green sod like rain;
 Then gladly, ay, madly,
 My steed's hoofs and thee
 In the blood of the Moslem
 Are revelling free.

The field is won—
 The Crescent's laid low—
 Brave knights are spurring
 Fierce after the foe.

Hark! the shrieks of despair that are wrung from the flying,
 How they fitfully join with the moans of the dying!

With sighs of remembrance
 For brothers who fell,
 And vows of revenge
 That we pay full well,
 We droop in our saddles
 As we leave the drear field—
 Then I kiss thee, my red blade,
 My avenger, my shield,
 And the stain on my lip is more valued by far
 Than first lava kisses by young lovers are.

O some there are who love to climb
 Ambition's dizzy height,
 And some who place on yellow gold
 Their cold hearts' sole delight;
 Some—dreaming of rose-cheeks,
 And long waving hair—
 Ever vow that false woman's
 Unutterably fair,
 And the sheen of her eye
 With the stars compare;

While they bask and fawn 'neath the wanton smile
That ever plays on her lip of guile,
Little thinking that love from its soft nest flies
When dark clouds gather, and bleak winds rise.

Away with these! While I have thee,
Faithful as heretofore,
Ambition ne'er shall chain my heart,
Nor yet the shining ore.
And what to me is woman's form,
Or eyes of heav'n's own hue,
I deem thy glancing brighter far,
More lovely, and more true;
And if she ever own that love
I bear, my brand, for thee,
May'st thou fail me, and this right arm be
As lightning-shrivell'd tree.

My sword! my sword! my glittering blade!
My glory, and my pride!
Companion true through life's dark way—
My bright, my only bride!

ARIEL.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE PROVINCIAL SOUVENIR. MDCCCLXVI. A collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited by W. W. Fyfe. Paisley: Murray & Stewart.

THIS handsome volume has just been placed upon our table, and is, we believe, the first of a series of annuals, intended to be brought out by its talented editor. The plan on which the "Souvenir" is projected is rather unique, and will, we doubt not, under judicious management, render the volume both interesting and attractive. In his preface, Mr. Fyfe says, "The plan of the Souvenir, if, through the urgency of encouragement, it should proceed in a series of annual volumes, would be to select, on each occasion, some particular spot among the most renowned of our localities, and render it, for the season, what the garden of Boccaccio was to *Il Decameron*." By such a plan, opportunity is afforded of introducing the reader to some central spot in the supposed vicinity of the scenes described in the tales, sketches, &c., of such a volume, and, by adopting an ideal personage as the relater or introducer of the various essays, the detached pieces are made to assume a sort of connection. Such appears to have been the intention on the present occasion. In carrying out the idea, the spot chosen, in the instance before us, is the romantic mountain of "Yeavinger Bell," one of the Cheviot range, sacred to many stirring associations of the past. We will allow the editor to give his own description, which is not devoid of interest.

"The outer summit of the BELL is encircled by an immense ridge of dark blue stones, hoary with time as an ancient ruin, and piled in such quantities, and with such regularity, as absolutely to fence in with a wall, of 3000 feet in circuit, the vast surface of the hill top, which, traversed from north to south by a deep depression,

is again subdivided within its encircling wall of stones, into two large unequal parts. On the high ground of the eastern portion, stands the grand platform of druid worship—a raised mound with a deep moat or trench surrounding it, and in the centre a druid altar of the same dark-hued stone as the encircling wall—a fearful spot, from which humanity instinctively recoils, stained, as it may have been, with the blood of the innocent. The place is the *ad-Gebrin* of the Venerable Bede, and the spot the altar where the druids of *Bel-ad-Gebrin* offered sacrifice—*as was sacrifice*—to the Sun. Glorious luminary!—image of the Creator's unapproachable brightness!—what horrible infatuation could beset the heart of man, to associate the agonies of death, and the ferocity of slaughter, with the beam that scatters life and light upon creation! The YEAVINGING BELL holds, almost undisturbed, the traces of those fell orgies of dark and frightful superstitions; for yonder altar to Baal remains, by a mysterious and retributive Providence, almost as entire, in the centre of Christian civilization, as does the singularly intimate association betwixt the name of that idol, Baal or Bel, and the modern name of the mountain, to this day dwelling on the lips of man.

"But of the Christian king Edwin, schooled in adversity to become an honour to the Saxon Heptarchy, of the intrepid apostle and saint who converted him to the faith, of the people who flocked to hear the preaching of the cross, and to believe and be baptized—what have we remaining to tell! Nothing, save the placid waters of the glen, gliding onwards through the valley. It is a type, too, as well as a memorial, of the introduction of Christianity, that gentle river, fructifying the sward in its onward flow. And, mark the contrast which is presented by this harsh and blood-encrusted altar, a remnant of barbarism in the back-ground of civilization, demanding even yet a groan for that half-forgotten world of the benighted era which was without God.

"And now, sit down, and gaze upon the prospect. The *ad-Gebrin* of Bede is gone, no doubt, but the village of Yeavinger marks the spot. Yonder noisy settlement of rooks, rely upon it, retain amongst them the tradition which has passed from the records of man; they have inhabited the site 'from generation to generation.' It was while he attended the king and queen at one of their royal manors, called *Ad-gebrin*, that Paulinus was thirty-six days employed, from morning to evening, in instructing the people, who flocked to hear him from all the neighbouring places and villages, and afterwards baptized them in the Glen; and Cambden, from the resemblance of the name and neighbourhood of the Glen, supposes this place to have been situated where the village of *Yeverin* now stands. Bede mentions that this royal residence was deserted in the time of the following Kings of Northumberland, and another built in its stead at Melmin, which Cambden conceives to be another place within our range of vision—Millfield, so long the favourite abode of a well-known Northumbrian gentleman, Mr Grey of Dilton.

"The life of Edwin was eventful.—Thrust from his paternal throne when a child of three years old, by Ethelfrid, his brother-in-law, he obtained protection during his tender years at various British and Saxon courts; at great hazard, however, to his protectors, from the immense power of the usurper, and ultimately at the most critical risk of being surrendered, while in his last place of resort and refuge, at the court of Redowald, king of the East Angles. It was to the heroic interposition of Redowald's queen, who represented to her husband, in powerful colours, the baseness of staining his honour and truth, pledged to Edwin, that he owed his safety and ultimate triumph. Redowald having, at her persuasion, engaged and defeated Ethelfrid, who fell in the battle, after a reign of twenty-four years, the virtues and talents of Edwin soon rendered him the greatest prince of the Heptarchy, and he subjected the whole of Britain, inhabited either by Britons or Saxons, and reduced the Isles of Man and Anglesea. His marriage to Edilberga, daughter of Ethelbert, king of Kent, who, with his subjects, were converted to the Christian faith by St. Augustine, brought into Northumberland the above-mentioned Paulinus, who, before settling out, was ordained a bishop, by Justus, Archbishop of Canterbury. Edwin made the merits and evidences of Christianity the subject of minute investigation, and thus determined upon embracing the faith. His infant daughter, Eanfled, was first baptized, by Paulinus, and Edwin himself in about a year afterwards, within a wooden church, hastily built, and dedicated to St. Peter, at York, which Edwin afterwards appointed to be the seat of Paulinus' bishoprick, and thereupon built a

large church of stone, comprehending within it the original wooden fabric. His kingdom was at last invaded by a numerous and confederate army, and beholding Osfred, his eldest son, slain at his side by an arrow, in the madness of grief and resentment, he rushed amidst the foe and perished. Defeat ensued. The kingdom was destroyed and ravaged. Paulinus fled with the queen and children into Kent, where the queen became an abbess, and Paulinus bishop of Rochester. Edwin's second son, Edfred, surrendered himself, and was put to death; and the total extinction of the male line of this noble race, ensued by the death of his remaining son and grandson, in infancy, in France. Such are the earliest historical records which the spot recalls."

In a cave, in this romantic and interesting spot, tradition has placed one of those supernatural beings with whom, in days of yore, our superstitious ancestors were wont to people every crag and glen. The genius of the Bell is a White Lady, to whom has been committed, by some enchantment not accounted for, the secrets of the contents of this volume. This "White Lady," in the capacity of editor, introduces each piece of composition with a short notice, either of the history of the author, or explanatory of the matters referred to. Throughout the volume are several productions of much merit, among which are, verses entitled "Pic nic," by the late Professor Gillespie, of St. Andrews; two or three poetical *morceaux* from the versatile pen of Mrs. John Ballantyne, the elder; "A pilgrimage to the shrine of Burns," by Major Vetch; "Napoleon dreaming," by Allan Park Paton, Esq.; "Birds," and "Verses by the sea-side," by Andrew Park, Esq.; "A sketch of Gibraltar," by Matthew Cochrane, Esq.; "Sonnets," and "Modern English Ballad," by the Editor, &c. Originally intended to have been published on the Eastern Border, the theme of many of the pieces are illustrative of border localities and subjects; nevertheless, most of the pieces possess interest for all times and places. The volume is, on the whole, equal to what annuals generally are. It is illustrated with several beautiful engravings, by W. H. Lizars, Esq., of Edinburgh, and Mr. Mitchell, of Glasgow. We wish the Souvenir every success in its future appearances.

LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY. By John Galt. European Library.
London: David Bogue.

THE life of Wolsey cannot but prove interesting to him who loves to view the many phases human nature assumes. A sudden rise to power—a short, but truly splendid continuance, and a rapid fall, mark the progress of Wolsey—exhibiting, in vivid colours, the instability of that pre-eminence which rests upon the favour of kings. In the work under notice, the life and character of the cardinal are ably and graphically depicted, while a comprehensive glance of public affairs is taken, initiating the reader into the very scenes and among the personages where Wolsey shone. The main body of the work is from the pen of one whom we are proud to acknowledge as being connected with Renfrewshire—we mean John Galt. His work, however ably written, descends not so minutely into the private and domestic character of the cardinal as could be wished. Besides considering a great man in his public capacity, we love to behold him as a private citizen, in the bosom of his family or relations. To supply this defect in Galt's life, the

editor, Mr. Hazlitt, says, "It was considered best to adopt the more comprehensive work of Galt, and to supply the illustrative details, in which it is deficient, from Cavendish." An appendix, containing many illustrative letters, from various personages, and a copious index, confer value upon the work. An ably-written memoir of Galt, which, though short, is comprehensive, prefaces the volume, rendering the whole the most complete life of Wolsey that, as yet, has been given to the public.

This volume forms part of the European Library, a collection of the best works from the best authors, an assertion fully borne out by the publications already issued. The undertaking is a praise-worthy one, and, taking into consideration the sterling character of the works, with the low sum charged, commends itself to the general public.

M'PHUN'S SCOTTISH TOURIST'S STEAM-BOAT POCKET GUIDE. A New Edition. By W. W. Fyfe, F.R.S.S.A. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun.

THIS is a neat little pocket volume, which must be indispensable to strangers visiting the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. We have looked over the matter it contains attentively, and can, from knowledge of many of the localities, say that the work is very accurate, descriptively, as well as in general detail. We have travelled in the Highlands frequently, and felt much inconvenience from the want of such a companion as this book will prove; for, though you may meet natives of the barren districts through which you pass—and an intelligent guide is not always to be had—ten to one but you receive, in answer to the questions you put, only a stupid stare, and, at the utmost, the name of some unimportant hill, in so barbarous a pronunciation that you can make nothing of it. Traditions, or intelligent answers to queries, no traveller should expect. In fact, the natives cannot comprehend what interest a man can have in travelling a hundred or two hundred miles to look at a mountain, gaze at a waterfall, or wander round an old building, deciphering its dilapidated memorials of olden times. The ancient race of bards and scalds are gone; and it is a rare thing, on a passing visit, to fall in with any "old man eloquent," skilled in the traditions of hoary eld. This little work, in a great measure, supplies these desiderata, and enters, with a considerable degree of minuteness, into details, natural, historical, and traditional.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Wm. S. Orr.

THIS little volume breathes an earnest, purpose-like spirit, yet, withal, a genuine poetic tone, truly refreshing amid the many soulless inanities flooding our library tables, in their green and gold bindings, which men call poetry. While we do not acquiesce in all of the opinions held by Dr. Mackay, we feel constrained to render the book, as a whole, the tribute of honest admiration. We wish for more such "Voices." Among the best, if a selection were to be made, we would place the "Dream of a reveller," "Wait a little longer," and "A reverie on the grass."

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1846.

THE PEOPLE—THEIR CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

IN the present day, it is gratifying to perceive that, amid the rapid progress of improvement in our industrial resources, the people themselves are also acquiring new sources of comfort. It were a pity, indeed, if all the astonishing results of human ingenuity and scientific discovery, that distinguish and glorify this age, should end without effecting some corresponding advancement in the condition of that class emphatically denominated "The People."

From a remote age, the work of popular amelioration and reformation has been going on. Under the feudal *regime*, it may be said that the people did not exist, save as the mere instruments of their territorial lords. Enjoying, though they might, a personal freedom, nevertheless, they were morally and intellectually slaves; their masters thought for them, as to their manner of governing themselves, and as to their modes of faith; their labour and services were exacted as the natural right due to a superior from an inferior; the power of life and death was in the hands of their hereditary chiefs, and ready to be put forth on the slightest exercise of his capricious will, so that "dying to please the laird," became something like a Spartan virtue among the clans.

Should we trace the cause of this unsocial state of affairs, we should, in our opinion, discover it to have been the remnant of old military law, settled down with the possession of conquered states, and retaining still, in civil form, the *debris* of its iron rule; such a state of things, though perhaps the best for the people under particular circumstances, is not suited to peaceful and enlightened times. A people so situated are totally prevented from the exercise of the god-like attributes of their intellectual natures—for the exercise of intellect is inconsistent with a state of subjection. Hence it ever has been the object of a class of selfish and stubborn-minded men, calling themselves philanthropists and patriots, who had adopted as their motto, that "Whatever is, is right," to prevent the people from being elevated beyond the condition of well-fed slaves. They have thought to lull to sleep the intellectual nature of their peasantry, by May-day fêtes, Christmas rejoicings, and foolish and brutal sports.

Happily for the world, there is a tendency in all its relations towards improvement. The human mind possesses within itself the power to ameliorate its own condition, and will not fail to do so speedily, if not prevented by almost insurmountable obstacles—insurmountable obstacles absolutely, however, we do not believe to exist—all obstacles opposed to the progress of man's intellectual nature are temporary; they may retard one generation, but another will dash them away like airy nothings. It is a vain attempt to stay the progress of mind; nay, opposition serves rather to nerve the human intellect for higher and bolder progressive aims.

As the race of man has existed, we can trace the evidences of its gradual improvement; certainly we do, in occasional periods of its history, meet with partial or local retrogression; nevertheless, progression is its characteristic feature—like the tides of the ocean, if it recedes on one shore it accedes on another. No new idea is lost to the world, if it be a true one; let the opposition to its establishment be what it may, it at last becomes incorporated with the social economy of the state, and exerts its influence on the condition of the people. Witness the “still it turns” of Galileo, and the “I will on,” though it were to meet a thousand devils, of Martin Luther. “Great is the truth, and it will prevail,” has been testified in every age; and through all opposition, still it is demonstrated that it *doth* prevail.

Within the last and present centuries, it may be said that another new and important era has arrived in the history of the world, in regard to the condition of its people. The period to which we refer has been brought about by a long and intricate succession of the most important events. Nations have been shaken to their foundations; ancient dynasties have been overthrown; low-born men have been elevated to thrones; systems which were the bugbears of the human mind have been disen-thrall'd of their mystery, and boldly braved and renovated; the elements of peace and war have been mixed up in the discord—renovated science has sprung from the one, civil order from the other; terrible have been the convulsions, but beautiful the results. Changes have been produced, that, whatever may be thought of the comfort and contentment of the people of past generations, of which we “have heard our fathers speak,” nevertheless, their condition was not surrounded by those opportunities for far higher and more refined existence, to which the present age lays claim. We love the manners of those times when, suitable to the advancement of the age, the peasant and his lord, the burgher and his dependants, met together to enjoy the pastimes of their leisure hours; and we wish for their return. We ask not, however, that the superior should yield to the inferior to effect the purpose. No; the age demands that the inferior shall be elevated to the proper relative

position with the superior. As the "upper classes" have increased in wealth, in intelligence, and in refinement, so we ask that the "lower classes" shall be elevated to enjoy the same degree of rational and refined existence.

It is an anomaly which may yet engage the attention of future historians, that, as the commercial capabilities of the present age have been extended—as its nobility and landed gentry, its merchants and commercial men, have increased in wealth and splendour—its "people," the men of bone and sinew, of skill and handicraft; those who have borne the brunt of our battle-fields, the storms and dangers of our fleets, the sweat and toil of our factories and steam engines, should, by the same system of management, have been reduced to the most abject misery, inhabit the most loathsome dwellings, wear the most tattered habiliments, endure the most neglected ignorance, and depend on the most uncertain labour. Strange results, truly; but—

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Such a state of things cannot long exist. It is opposed to religion, reason, justice, and every principle of morality. We have greater faith in man's own sense of justice—greater trust in his love of mercy—than that such things should always be. Self-interest, and stubbornness, are, no doubt, opposed to changes, even when acknowledged for the better, and when the mind, too, has received the opinion of their necessity. It is thus that speculative opinions are prevented, for a period, from becoming facts. At the present day, it would be difficult to find the man who will say that the people are as well as they ought to be. Universally, the opinion is held that there is room, nay, that there is necessity, for the amelioration of the people's condition. But, though held as a *theory*, it is prevented from becoming a *fact*, by the men who blindly conceive that their own interests will be hurt by the change. Loath to move forward in doing right, they strive to invent obstacles and arguments against their own whispered convictions of duty. Such is the case at the present moment, and it is a great point gained. Long, indeed, are truths generally received as "speculations" ere they are admitted to be "great facts;" but truth is progressive, and when it has been acknowledged, even theoretically, it moves on securely toward fact and victory. Obstacles may retard its progress, but they cannot destroy it; in its own time, it becomes not only acknowledged, but practised.

The condition of the people of this country, for nearly the last quarter of a century especially, has been of the most unstable and precarious nature. During that period there has been a gradual diminution of the money price of their labour, without a corresponding reduction in the prices of the commodities and necessities of life; and, at the same time, a gradual increase of their hours of toil. The consequences have been, a

rising generation uneducated, unfed, unclothed, physically deteriorated, and unimpressed with proper principles of moral rectitude. True, many artisans have, during that period, been gaining high remuneration for their labour; here and there such is the case; but, located as these are, among their less fortunate brethren, unaccustomed themselves to obey the dictates of prudence, which proper education and moral restraint would impose, the blessing too frequently becomes a curse; and the means which would have been spent in educating, clothing, and rendering a family comfortable, is often culpably spent in the tavern, and in grovelling pursuits. It is, nevertheless, a consolatory and a hopeful fact, that the best paid of our workmen are the most orderly, and bear the most respectable characters in society; proving, that as men are rendered comfortable in their circumstances, so are they more likely to seek after higher enjoyments, and become more elevated in their every condition.

If men have to labour beyond endurance, is it to be expected that they will, when tired and worn out with bodily fatigue, care for ennobling recreations. Is it not more likely that a recourse to exhilarating stimulants will be the most ready and the most likely way for them to become oblivious of their hard and bitter toil; or, should they reflect, is it to be considered strange that these reflections should lead them to regard their wealthy employer as their tyrant, and that their mind should become the prey of the most dangerous delusions, founded on appearances which they cannot solve otherwise than by the imputation of evil designs to the class for whom they labour, and whom they are led to regard as opposed to them in interest. We never can give our assent to the often iterated argument, that extreme poverty and extreme wealth are the necessary concomitants of a high state of civilization. If so, then we must regard civilization as a curse to the great body of the community, as the rich must always, of necessity, be the fewer number. Labour is the source of all wealth. Those who do not labour are not the creators of wealth, although they be its recipients. It is, therefore, an act of injustice—gross unchristian injustice—that the producers of it should be left in want, when their employers—such by the accidents of life—are reaping the lion's share. To reason that such a state of things is necessary, is to adopt the good old reiver's logic—

“That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can.”

Although history should show us, in past ages, a state of society where the distance between poverty and riches has always been great, it would be just as absurd to produce from history, as a reason why we should remain where we are in moral progress, that because we are at least as well as our grandfathers were, therefore we should be content. “Con-

tentment is great gain," and "the poor we have always with us;" but that shall not prevent us impressing upon mankind the necessity of doing unto others as they would be done unto. The people are not in the position they ought to be. They are men, in whose breasts immortal aspirations are struggling for utterance, and eternal hopes are striving against worldly desperation. They are "men and brethren;" we claim for them their family privileges.

It is gratifying to every friend of humanity and lover of justice to mark the direction the public mind has of late years assumed, in regard to the comfort and well-being of the people. The evidence of their degradation has been exhibited in a thousand ways, by violence of thought and act, by loathsome scenes of misery and destitution, by extravagant opinions, both in politics and religion. The most careless onlooker is forced to observe that there is something out of order somewhere in the social machine. Government commissioners have been appointed to make inquiries into their condition; public associations have been formed to carry on the noble work; science has been called in to devise remedies for the discovered destitution. The results arrived at have been, that the people must have placed within their reach the means of acquiring a good education, that they must be more comfortably lodged, better clad, have shorter hours of labour, have better modes of employing their leisure hours afforded them. If all this, however, is to be gained only by the reduction of their week's wages of labour, we would say "let them alone." If reasonable and natural hours of work will not provide a man with his food and clothing—the very things he labours to create—let him alone; degrade him rather than elevate him; put that in the position of a *brute* which God designed should be a *MAN*, lest, by his intellectual elevation, he be led to discover the cause of his physical degradation, and, in the bitterness of his heart, be forced to work out his own temporal salvation. It is strange, if a community like Great Britain, with its immense scientific and mechanical auxiliaries, cannot clothe, feed, and lodge itself comfortably by its own labours.

Although yet there are many difficulties to encounter, many problems to solve, the movement in behalf of our social improvement is gaining, every day of its existence, increased strength and importance. The present generation may not see all fulfilled, but there is evidence that they will see much of it. The long discussed speculations are assuming the form of plans and methods, and are in preparation to be adopted. Education, long fought for by the press, in the senate, and by the voice of the nation, now stands a better chance than ever of being bestowed. It will not do to reject the boon because it does not agree with every man's preconceived opinions in matters of little import, or on account of

jealousies, petty in themselves, when taken into view with the necessity of the measure itself. Let us have a system, by all means, by which moral and intellectual education may be brought to every man's home, and to every man's heart. The necessity of shortened hours of labour is becoming impressed on the country. Joint-stock companies, for the providing of comfortable and cheap dwellings for the working classes, are being formed, with every prospect of success. Institutions are being established for the recreation and amusement of our artisans, after their labours of the day. So that, indeed, the prospects of the working classes are favourable for their improved condition.

It is a matter of pleasure to us, to be enabled to notice, in passing, the progress of the cause of the "people" in our own county; and it shall always be gratifying to us, from time to time, to direct the attention of our readers towards it. James M. Scott, Esq., a gentleman to whom the inhabitants of Greenock are already much indebted for the providing of innocent and agreeable recreations, and for the establishment of "Penny Clubs," has just issued the prospectus of an "Artisan Club" for Greenock, similar in principle to the "Whittington Clubs," proposed in one of the London journals. Mr Scott, in the prospectus, says that his aim is, "to establish a club, the object of which should be, to create an agreeable place of resort after working hours, by providing every description of rational recreation, such as is usual in clubs of a similar description, now so universally adopted by the upper classes, with the most beneficial results." It is proposed to erect, or procure, a building for the purpose. "Newspapers and magazines, to the extent of *one hundred pounds* per annum, shall be provided." "All games of chance, such as chess, drafts, backgammon, whist, billiards, bowls, quoits, &c., shall be permitted, under such regulations as will effectually prevent gambling." "Music, and every rational amusement that can be suggested by any of its members, shall be encouraged and promoted." Intoxicating liquors shall be excluded; but a room will be set apart to smoking. The annual subscription proposed is 7s. 6d., payable weekly, or otherwise, as may be determined. Mr Scott undertakes to be responsible for all receipts and expenditure, being convinced of the success of the scheme, from the general satisfaction given, and the beneficial results flowing from a similar institution he established three years ago, for the young men engaged in mercantile pursuits. Greenock already possesses a Mechanics' Institution, with lecture and reading rooms, which is well patronised. The "Artisan Club," however, proposes several new features; and we are satisfied that there is room for the exertions of both. The attempt of Mr Scott is a laudable one, and must be regarded as an important experiment to test how the introduction of recreations, exclusively enjoyed by the wealthy classes, will

be relished by our workmen. It is a pity but some public-spirited individual, in all large towns, would follow the praise-worthy example set them in Greenock, as we are convinced that the result would be in the highest degree beneficial.

In making these concluding remarks, we have a most especial reference to Paisley, which, although containing a population of about 60,000 inhabitants, does not possess a single popular institution worthy of the name. Where do its young men, then, pass their evenings? We will not speculate. One thing is certain, the very few literary societies, meeting fortnightly, or weekly at most, do not absorb them. The manufacturers are struggling to erect a School of Design—it is a popular and laudable speculation; let them, when their “hand is at the plough,” not draw back from the good work, but provide some means of rational recreation for their young fellow-citizens.

POETS AND PENSIONS.

KNOWLES AND TENNYSON.

WHILE the melancholy circumstances attending the death of the highly gifted, yet world-weary Haydon, are still fresh in our memories, it may not be amiss to direct attention to the case of Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, whose name is not to be found in the list of civil pensions. That Alfred Tennyson is in the receipt of two hundred pounds per annum from the public purse, no lover of genuine poetry feels aught but pleasure—unless it be pride, that the art they love so dearly has been so much honoured. Deservedly, indeed, doth he enjoy it! many a long and dreary vigil he hath passed, wooing the utterance of his thoughts. They have been uttered; uttered with power and pathos; and they flow—streams of sympathy—into the very inmost recesses of the opened heart. Yet still is he compelled to sing the burden of those voiceless and timorous inhabitants of the inner man, that fear to be gazed on by the eye of the world—

“Oh! would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

We say, no feelings but those of pleasure and pride pervade their breasts who really love and appreciate true poetry, because Mr. Tennyson's claims to the gratitude of his country have not been overlooked. But did these claims justly take the precedence of those of Mr. Knowles? Supposing, even, that he had stood a step lower on the ladder of literary merit than Mr. Tennyson, did not the dramatist, in justice to his priority, possess the first claim upon the public purse? Undoubtedly he did; and few will gainsay this, now that it is mooted. We have not the slightest idea of attempting to draw a comparison betwixt the writings of these favourite authors; such an attempt would, indeed, prove futile, as the genius of the one takes its flight in a direction so different from

that of the other. Yet both have the same great aims—the same great end in view, namely, the amelioration of man's state of probationary existence. Only to be achieved by the instillation of a deep and abiding sense of the sanctity of the laws of the moral code, together with a firm belief in the universal workings of the great principle of compensation, and by causing a quickened perception and proper appreciation of what is truly great, good, and beautiful. These are the fountains whence both draw their floods of inspiration, and to whose level the pure liquids rise again through the various channels opened up by their wonder-working pens!

The music of Tennyson's voice, though less varied than that of Knowles, has, with far less strength, much more of sweet melody; and his low-breathed, mournful ditties, have a strange tendency towards anointing our eyes with the tear of sympathy. Long may they both wing their flight through the realms of imagination and fancy. They need never clash in angry conflict, but each strew blessings on his different way. That the elder may soon be enabled to soar untrammelled through the vast regions of mind, requiring to take less care than now as to what he shall eat, what he shall drink, or what he shall put on, is our unqualified and fervent prayer!

There may be some who will ask what Knowles has done to entitle him to a pension; their number will be few: yet, lest the eyes of any such may chance to light on these remarks, we shall mention the names of some of those noble productions which, of themselves, would have been sufficient to hand down the name and memory of their "deep-toned, far-thoughted" author to a grateful and admiring posterity. How Tell's soul-stirring "Ode to Liberty" comes home—to use a *homely* phrase—to the hearts of us Scots. We have not altogether forgotten how Wallace fought and conquered in the cause of Scottish freedom; nor how well Robert Bruce imitated his great precursor. Well do we remember the first perusal of this "breathing, burning" strain,

"Ye crags and peaks! I'm with you once again!"

While the English language exists, will the play of William Tell; the possessor of a fame which, instead of fading, will grow in strength every hour of its existence!

As we revere the memories of the early Reformers, our Huss, our Wycliffe, our Luther, and our Calvin, so shall we revere those of the early champions of civil liberty. Such names as Wallace, Bruce, and Tell, "will fill a glorious place in Hist'ry's varied page!" that of Tell's being surrounded with a bright halo, shed over it by the genius of Knowles.

How we feel constrained to weep with "mad Virginius," and o'er "the story of his wrongs" to breathe forth, unconsciously, a sigh. The noble-souled and generous "Hunchback," whose inner man, with its celestial proportions, cast in heaven's own mould, exhibits such a goodly contrast to the deformity of its earthly ally, is a searching study of human nature in one of its most eccentric phases; and is laid open to the world in language the most chaste, yet attractive; with a voice the most melodious, yet full of power and pathos; commanding attention with a

mild authority, while it soothes and elevates the soul. But here we must pause, our space being, of necessity, very limited; still, we do so with the less regret, considering that many, very many, of our readers are, without doubt, admirers of the Shakspeare of the nineteenth century. As we have already said, the plays above alluded to are a few of those magnificent productions which stamp their author as the possessor of genius of the most exalted order; and should the present attempt to reply to the supposed question, "What has Knowles done to entitle him to a pension?" fall short of conviction, let the proposers of it "read, mark, and learn," for themselves. They will be amply repaid for their pains.

We have heard of an objection, considered weighty by some, which has been made against the bestowal of a pension on Mr. Knowles; one which, if justly preferred, it is at all times painful to be made aware of, and would be doubly so if really allied to talents such as those possessed by the author of *William Tell*. It is that of "lax morality." Now, we utterly deny that this charge, considering the present general state of morals in this country, is justly, if specially, preferred. If he has broken the laws of our Christian morality, or acted contrary to the dictates of his own conscience, stands *he alone* before such a tribunal? Are the accusers more pure than is the accused? Do none of those individuals who prefer the charge against him, stand themselves in need of mercy and forbearance? With such of his accusers, on the score of "lax morality," whose eyes may chance to light on them, we leave these questions.

Our aristocracy, our merchant princes, and their jewelled sons, what is their punishment for rebellion against "the law placed within their own hearts?" Are not hours of anguish and remorse, in place of sweetened solitude, theirs? Are not their slumbers disturbed by dreams of past misdeeds—their bosoms lacerated by the arrows of conscience, and filled, at times, with overwhelming thoughts of its upbraidings throughout eternity! Ah, yes! such is indeed the case; punishment is not altogether delayed until we enter upon a future state of existence. And if the blinded worshippers of Plutus, and the painted butterflies that flutter aimlessly among the haunts of fashion, have those portions of their existence embittered by self-accusations and remorse, which should be devoted to repose, reflection, or pleasing self-communion; with how much greater an amount of suffering are not those hours charged to the man of genius, whose soul has, time after time, breathed forth sublime aspirations for the supremacy of purity "in thought, word, and deed;" and who, in his seasons of inspiration, has caught glimpses of beings of unspotted excellence; alas! only beheld them, that he might turn, with a tearful eye, to the sad contrast presented by ever erring humanity? An offended conscience is, in such a breast, a fearful tormentor, ever pouring into his ears, "To whom much is given, of them also much shall be required."

In addition to all this, is not the man of genius—more especially the poet—almost always steeped in poverty? Too seldom, indeed, does Nature confer her patent of nobility on the wealthy or the titled; still less frequently does the "Muse divine" bind the holly round their heads;

and true genius will never inspire its possessor, however poor, to labour for the "gold that perisheth." Aiming, however—as true genius ever does—at the instruction, refinement, and consequent elevation, in the scale of being, of those amongst whom he has, providentially, been placed; surely he is entitled to expect that, as regards the means requisite to obtain the necessary support for the body, they—to whose well-being his time and talents are devoted—will see it their duty, as well as their interest, to supply. But how seldom, alas! and proverbially so in Britain, are those expectations realized! while those, whose amount of self-punishment for their frailties is, as we have just seen, but a mere tithe of that suffered by the man of genius, have at their command all the necessities, comforts, luxuries, and elegancies of life, which wealth, rank, or influence can obtain.

Had Mr. Knowles followed out some more lucrative, though less ennobling profession, than the composition of dramatic poetry, he might, with common prudence and assiduity, have now, and ever since the period at which he first became a dramatic author, been in the enjoyment of many of the comforts and luxuries of life, which have not, as yet, fallen to his share. Even as an author, he might have pandered to the bigoted views, and blind prejudices of sect or party—reaping thereby a golden harvest; or, for the same end, prostituted his time and talents by the manufacture—we can call it nothing else—of such pestilential fictions as that with which the author of Jack Sheppard has poisoned the minds of a large portion of the young and rising generation; or frittered away the precious hours of his existence in the construction of fashionable novels, for the perusal of perfumed and padded gay Lotharios, or their hooped and gaily bedizzened *cheres amies*. But, no! He chose a nobler and a more exalted pursuit; with higher aims than the mere amusement of his fellows; with higher ends in view than the mere providing of feasts for their sensual and momentary gratification. "His end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." And well, indeed, hath he performed his labour of love. We hesitate not to say it, he is the greatest dramatist that has ever written in our language, saving, always, and excepting, the many-memored Bard we have just quoted, whose deathless fame is the boast—the glory of England! as it is the admiration of the world!

But let us endeavour, if possible, to discover the source whence springs the specious charge of "lax morality," brought against Mr. Knowles. Lax morality, forsooth! Lax profession! we think, the majority of his revilers ought rather to say—measuring him by their own standard—and then advise him as to the quantity of this precious commodity which it will be necessary for him to manufacture, so as completely to coat himself with a sleek and shining outer garment, one on which the eyes of the world will look with respect, perhaps veneration. They ought also to inform him of the various ingredients required to make up this valuable compound: we have been told that the following list of the principal ones is perfectly correct, and from their nature we are not disposed to doubt it. They

consist of a little family worship—paying particular attention that the music be well heard ; a little religious conversation—with tabbies at tea parties ; an unlimited quantity of sober advices—to male and female dependants ; and a large amount of church attendance. These, together with a host of minor others—the catalogue of which we do not happen to have beside us at present—if well mixed, and sprinkled over, at reasonable intervals, with a few charitable donations, will produce a varnish which, if skilfully laid on—for much, in all probability, will depend on the manner in which this is done—effectually secures the character to which it is applied, from the effects, so dreadful to the naked and defenceless, of the blasting breath of scandal ; presenting to the eye a surface smooth and dazzling, which, to the mass of beholders, will be anything but transparent.

Lax morality, indeed ! Were all the individuals on whom civil pensions have been bestowed “weighed in the balance ?” and, if so, were none of them “found wanting ?” Are not those who, on the above pretext, deny that Mr. Knowles deserves a pension, straining at a gnat, in his case ; while they have, in regard to that of some of the others above alluded to, swallowed a camel ? Aye, and swallowed it, too, with the most heroic indifference as to the dangerous effects it might produce in the digestive organs of their moral structures. The position in which authors, in common with all those whose profession brings them prominently before the public, are placed in at the present day, is a very painful one indeed. Every word and action is subjected, by a certain class—busy bodies, “meddlers in other men’s matters”—to the severest scrutiny, and is criticised in the most illiberal and impertinent manner. Envy in unsuccessful candidates for honours which are showered, perhaps profusely, upon others, is frequently—too frequently, alas ! for human nature—the fertile soil whence spring those calumnious reports, which, like an “inky cloak,” are thrown over the character of many a possessor of genius. Catching hold of a few stray threads from some old “ravelled sleeve,” they set to work, and, with the utmost perseverance and devotedness of purpose, cease not until the dusky garment is completed.

Seeing, then, that the man of genius becomes, by reason of the honours—too frequently, alas ! empty ones—paid to his productions, the target at which the poisoned shafts of envy are constantly directed ; that cant and hypocrisy are ever on the alert to discover, and blazon forth to the world, as sinners of the darkest dye, all those who refuse to enlist under their banners, adopt their gait and watchwords, or be put upon with the glittering armour of a goodly profession ; and that, in all probability, Mr Knowles has to thank them for the exercise of their kind offices towards him. That he has chosen to become a public benefactor, rather than be benefited ; denying himself not a few of the necessities, many of the comforts, and almost all the rare luxuries of life ; manfully resisting every temptation to fall down and worship the golden calf ; and, instead, closely pursued and vividly illustrated, in its numerous and widely differing phases, the intricate yet elevating study of Human Nature—Human Nature ! what better teachers of humility are there than its many, many frailties ? And how, with the exception of

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witnessing or experiencing the dread realities, can these lessons be deeply or lastingly graven on our memories? Undoubtedly, the most powerful agencies that can be employed for this purpose are such living pictures of dramatic representation, as those which the genius of Mr. Knowles has produced, and which, with all their variety of colours, strong lights, and deep shadows, bear the evident impress of a master's hand!—That the devotees of Plutus, and the votaries of fashion, have at their command all that gold can purchase, while he, by devoting himself to the production of intellectual wealth, which all may freely share, has doomed himself, for long years, to the heart-burnings of poverty, and the blood-chilling thoughts of a too apparent neglect; suffering, at the same time, for his “omissions and commissions,” a far greater amount of self-punishment than they. That the charge of “lax morality,” sought to be laid at his door, is utterly unjust, if *specially* preferred. That he has given to the world such works as “The Hunchback,” “*Virginus*,” and “*William Tell*,” which, though forming but a small portion of his writings, would, though he had produced nothing else, have sufficed to stamp him the possessor of talents for the composition of dramatic poetry, such as has never been surpassed, or even equalled, by any but the immortal Bard of Avon! And, lastly, that a pension of two hundred pounds per annum has been so lately bestowed—honouring the observance, as regards poetry—upon one, who, however talented, falls so far short of him in the power necessary to sustain a long and lofty flight, in majesty of conception, and in the skill requisite to lay bare the anatomy of the human mind; and vividly to illustrate its curious and complex mechanism! Seeing all this, we would now ask, what good reasons do really exist for any longer refusing a pension to Mr. Knowles? Is it even so? Instead of a long array of objectors, do we behold nought but retreating shadows? Instead of sturdy, frowning facts, denouncing him with vigorous enunciations, hear we nought but faint and expiring echoes?

In conclusion, may we venture to express the hope that Mr. Knowles may yet, and that at no distant period, have bestowed on him a pension adequate to his merits—we ask, he expects no more. If those whose province it is to confer such marks of a nation's gratitude upon individuals whose time, talents, strength of soul and body, are, or have been, devoted to the enriching of our stores of literature, neglect or refuse to listen to his claims—ignorance of them they cannot plead—then the country, independent of the government, must be appealed to; and, together with those of other localities, Mr. Knowles has, from former association, a peculiar claim on the opulent merchants of Glasgow.

Surely if a testimonial of such enormous value could be so easily obtained for George Hudson, by an appeal to the merchants, traders, &c., of Great Britain, they will not refuse to give forth, out of their abounding substance, wherewith to fund a suitable annuity for one of the brightest and most valuable intellects of Britain! What a miserable delusion was that which prompted John Bull and his “canny brither, Sawney,” to scatter their gold in such profusion at the feet of one whose sole claims to their gratitude lay in the wonderful agility he had displayed in climbing the mountains of Plutus, and in enriching himself,

bag after bag, with such a vast amount of the world-worshipped ore ; and his having aided and abetted the airy creation of so many of the "bubbles of the day !" Shame will affix itself, during their existence, to the men of the present day, should they refuse to listen to an appeal made for such a purpose as we have above alluded to, on behalf of Mr. Knowles ; and, when their brief sojourn here shall have ended, aught but kindly remembrances will be attached to their memories. That the necessity of such an appeal may be speedily obviated, by the bestowal of a government pension on him whose cause we plead, is, we repeat, our unqualified and fervent prayer ! It has been too long delayed already, and, come when it may, still it is late. "Better late than never," is an old saying, so let it be bestowed now ! It cannot come an hour too soon, were it only for the purpose of redeeming the honour of the nation. Delay a little longer, and perhaps he, whose useful life an adequate pension, bestowed now, might serve to eke out, may have "gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Then indeed, all honour shall be paid to his genius, lamentations and praises sufficient to canonize his bones, be poured forth ; and over his cold remains, as they are laid in the "narrow house," mayhap, many a voice shall exclaim, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." And when the costly and storied pile shall have been raised to his memory, bearing witness alike of the splendour of his talents, and the unselfish purposes to which they were devoted, it will also, to our shame, tell of the comparative poverty, and apparent neglect, in which his ungrateful countrymen suffered him to languish and die !

LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING LOCHLEVEN,

3D JUNE, 1844.

YE ruined walls ! white with the crust of eld,
 The fleshless skeleton of feudal power,
 Where noxious things have formed their loathsome bower,
 And rankest weeds dominion long have held ;
 Within whose circuit Scotland's beauteous queen,
 The hapless Mary, found a prison vile,
 Immur'd by fiends of avarice and guile—
 Even those who should have friends and guardians been—
 Your court-yard lone should evermore remain,
 Untouch'd by any hands save those of Time ;
 Nought should disturb the sweet though mournful train
 Of thoughts which here arise in mood sublime :
 But, mark how greed will holiest feelings harden,
 Ye Gods ! they've made it now a cabbage garden !

X.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER NAPPE,

HATTER IN SEESTU.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY TO THE REST—OUR HERO'S BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND
EDUCATION—EARLY PREDILECTIONS—CALF LOVE.

No bells tingled forth a merry peal—no flags flaunted from windows—no wine glasses were broken, or casks of ale broached, as the only son and heir of honest John Nappe, and his wife Janet, was ushered into this world of troubles. But there was excitement enough on a small scale, concerning this important addition to the population census. On the morning of the long-expected day, John could work none; repeatedly he sat down on his bench, and seized the shuttle, but there was a nervous shakiness about his digits totally interdicting a correct stroke; his knees knocked an accompaniment to the treddles, and somehow or other his spectacles required continual wiping. No wonder, then, he desisted by breakfast time, ordered the drawboy a play-day, and ascended the stairs. At breakfast, (which he and the *assistant* took in company, in the best room of his little house in Townhead,) John's appetite, usually so good, was completely gone—as fairly vanished as on the morning after a club anniversary; and, notwithstanding the assurances of Leezy Swaddleclout, that "things were in a fair way," his tea spilled on the table, his egg dribbled over his chin on his knees, and the first morsel of the fragrant bacon remained untasted on his fork. Then, after the breakfast was removed, and Leezy resumed her attendance on Mrs. Nappé, he stalked up and down the room, wringing his hands, wiping the perspiration from his face. Once he slipped down stairs, and across to Lucky M'Naught's for "a caulker," to refresh him, and back again, ere a minute had elapsed. There was a little collection of books on the drawer's-head; John lifted one, opened it upside down, turned it mechanically the right way, looked at the title page—it was the "Afflicted Man's Companion;" he threw it down in disgust. He walked noiselessly to and fro a little longer, sat down, rose again, took off his apron and pitched it into a corner, looked out at the window, and wondered what o'clock it was. Then he opened a drawer, and as he gazed into it, a grin of indescribable delight passed over his face. He cautiously took out something, held it up, and examined it. It was a baby's lace cap. Clapping it on his own head, he surveyed himself in the mirror, when suddenly the creaking of the door warned him some one was at hand. Plucking off the toy, he turned round and met Leezy full in the face. The low wail of a child issued from the kitchen. John, trembling like one in an ague fit, held out his hand to Leezy, gasping hurriedly, "Is it over?" Leezy tersely replied, "Safe; a braw laddie." "Heaven be praised," ejaculated John; "bring the bottle. Here's a crown t'ye, Leezy, woman." Thus did Oliver make his appearance on the stage of life, on the first of April, in the year of grace eighteen hundred.

We might pass over, without note or comment, the first few years of his existence, merely observing that both father and mother thought

him an extraordinary child ; it was questionable, indeed, if such another existed in the whole parish. By the way, this is a curious feature in the history of every only child, till it arrives at a certain age. This opinion was greatly strengthened and confirmed by the support of sundry gossips and relatives, who, besides invariably detecting a most astonishing resemblance in baby to its parents, instituted exceedingly favourable comparisons betwixt it and neighbour children. Oliver advanced in length, breadth, and strength, finding favour in his parents' sight, and equally so in his own. There was, we suppose, the usual number of black and red letter days in the period of his juvenile existence, albeit, of those we have no distinctly substantiated record. This, however, we may and can affirm, that to his faults his parents were by no means *wide awake*, and any neighbour who insisted pertinaciously, upon perfectly palpable grounds to other people, that he was nothing but a mischievous little vagabond, was immediately set down by these two worthies as spiteful and malicious. Many a broken pane of glass, many a robbed orchard, many a wrenched bell-handle, was laid to his charge, yet his parents remained firm in their disbelief, setting all such slanderous reports at defiance. While blind to all these things, they were completely versant with their son's virtues, and this being a fruitful subject, it never grew tiresome ; a friend had only to laud young Oliver, and of course abuse his detractors, to secure a glass out of John's bottle, or a cup of bohea with Janet ; and so long as such desirable results flowed from the distribution of a little "soft sawder," of friends and admirers Oliver had plenty. But, passing over all such uninteresting detail, till Oliver reaches his sixteenth year, when we may describe him as a tall, bony youth, his knees and elbows being disproportionately large to the other parts of his limbs—of a fair, good-natured countenance, in which simplicity and vanity mingled. Indeed, it is not at all to be wondered at, that he should have highly prized his own personal attractions, seeing they were made so often, in his hearing, the subject of laudatory comment.

As our married lady readers well enough know, every man has his weak side—his vulnerable point. Oliver's was very early developed ; and, as much of his future history hangs upon it, we may as well take heart and say, though it be with sorrow, that, next to vanity, his great failing was a petticoat. At school, before he was apprenticed by his father to the honourable art and trade of a hatter, there was a blooming young damsel, some two years his junior, whom he first eyed with peculiar favour. Lillie Graham's father was a baker in the Town-head, near Oliver's parental residence, who sold, in addition to the staff of life, divers kinds of buns and lollipops, very tempting and savoury to a growing appetite. Whether it was from this circumstance, or on account of Lillie's own personal attractions, that Oliver's tender heart was smitten, it matters not ; but soon it became apparent, from some cause or other, that a strong sympathetic feeling did exist. Lillie was the toast of the school, and of course he had enough to do in the way of defeating rivals, and plenty to endure from the jokes and witticisms of those who were not. He had, however, to pay for every smile of his dulcinea in another way than by suffering on her behalf, mentally or

corporeally. Lillie carried a small bag, which she usually, on entering the room, hung to a peg on the wall. This bag was made the medium of courtship, for it was seldom long suspended till one or more of the rivals managed to drop an apple or some nuts into it, while the owner, with the tail of her eye, watched from her seat the operation; and after school hours it was observable, that each admirer's success depended much on the extent of his offerings. Oliver soon found that to be favoured he must encourage another spirit than a chivalric one; and that, however unselfish his own sentiments might be, those of his adored partook very largely of an earthly character. A struggle soon ensued betwixt him and the others, who should conquer by means of the bag. Daily the gifts increased, until they arrived to such an extent that the bag was found insufficient to contain them, and had to be supplanted by a new one of larger dimensions. Whether it was owing to quantity or value in the gifts, or both, we know not, but ultimately Oliver gained the day. Lillie exhibited a decided preference for his company over that of his rivals.

Not long after, his education being considered complete, he was withdrawn from the seat of learning, and apprenticed; but the correspondence did not break up, as might have been supposed. Oliver felt the expectation of the thrice-a-week meetings, in the long dark close that led to Lillie's house, cheer and lighten his heart under the difficulties attendant on the profession, to say nothing of the pleasures of the meetings themselves. But "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards;" this is the universal experience of the human family, and the sequel will illustrate the text.

Oliver had finished the second year of his apprenticeship; had cast off the boy clothes and assumed the toga; had out his juniors, and began pairing his chin with a gully knife, in order to promote a growth of beard; when tidings were heard of a splendid ball got up by the drapers, to come off in the Town Hall on an early night. He had never been present at anything of this kind more extensive than a reel in a barn on a new-year's day night, or mayhap at a wedding. Having, therefore, a vague and visionary notion floating in his mind, of lights, music, and beauty, and hearing many inflamed reports of the pleasures of the ball-room, he greatly desired to go. Another motive crowned the desire—Lillie was to be present. For eight days preceding the event, great indeed were the preparations made by the young men and women who had resolved to go. Nothing else was heard of, or talked concerning, but new coats, vests, buckles, caps, and gowns. Small parties assembled and discussed the subject for hours in each other's houses, while the domestics followed the example at the mouths of closes. New steps were practised and old ones revived, under the superintendence of Roger Lichtgait, the dancing-master. Tailors and milliners were kept toiling and perspiring like galley-slaves; and youths of both sexes existed in a perfect fuss of anxiety, preparation, and conjecture. Oh! what a weariful day to Oliver was the Friday, on the evening of which the ball was to come off. There appeared to be double the ordinary number of hours in it. He went about in a very fever and fret of expectation till sunset, when, with leave of his master, he departed to dress. Coaches

by this time began to fly about in all directions. Crowds of women and children collected round doors and looked over windows, criticising new dresses and many other matters coming within the scope of their observation. At length Oliver issued from his parental domicile, and, with a brisk, impudent gait, swaggered through the town—the admiration, he thought, of every man, woman, and child whom he passed. With the air of a lord he mounted the hall stair, but on walking into the room, amid the glitter and glare of beauty, light, and dresses, his greatness felt wonderfully humbled. We may omit any description of the scene, every ball being so like another, merely observing that the ladies practised as many flirtations as they found convenient, and the gentlemen were as amiable as they usually are under such circumstances.

Oliver, betwixt Lillie and the company, discovered enough to engage his attention. As they were seated together, a tall ramshackle-looking fellow came up and spoke to the latter, who introduced him as Ephraim Horn. Our hero could not fail observing an unusual proportion of nose on his new acquaintance's face, beneath which an incipient moustache was in process of cultivation. On introduction, he smiled rather haughtily on Oliver, and condescendingly offered him the tip of his forefinger to shake. This done, he turned to Lillie, and seating himself closely beside her, began to carry on a whispered conversation, partly complimentary, and partly sentimental. Oliver thought Lillie seemed to enjoy her new friend's company just, if possible, rather more than he felt to be pleasant to a third and interested party. She laughed at the stranger's jokes, simpered at his compliments, and sighed at his tender poetic quotations, without ever deigning to look in the direction of her *ci devant* follower. Oliver's bile was beginning to work: he felt as if undergoing a species of horribly painful torture. Seizing an opportunity, he rose and asked Miss Graham to dance, perpetrating, as he thought, an annihilating scowl at Mr. Horn. Lillie consented, and he strutted up with her into the centre of the room. "Pride goeth before a fall," saith the proverb; people lifting their heads towards the sky, often meet with a downcome. This Oliver experienced the truth of. After executing part of a dance to satisfaction, suddenly, whether it was accident or by the malicious design of some one, we cannot say, but his foot slipped, and he descended with a tremendous thump upon the floor, dragging two or three along with him. Amid the shouts and jeers of the company, they retreated crestfallen to their seats, wishing the planks would open, and some yawning, fathomless depth receive them. As Oliver passed Mr. Horn, the latter observed, pretty loudly to him, with a smirk curling on his face, something about lowering himself in people's eyes, the import of which our hero did not quite comprehend, being in a rather uncomfortable mental condition at the time. Thereafter, Horn walked up to where Miss Graham was seated, and entered anew into conversation with her. Oliver followed, and expressed his regret at the untoward accident, adding, "I am really very sorry for't, Miss Graham, and fain hope you will accept my apology."

Lillie turned towards him hastily, saying, "Oh, go away, dinna bother me wi' your nonsense—you're a great silly cuif."

This was beyond all endurance, Oliver thought, considering the ac-

cidental nature of the mishap; but worse followed. She did not deign to look at him all night afterwards, but danced with his new rival, and in the intervals tittered and laughed at sundry sly allusions to his misfortune, which passed between them, as they sat on the opposite side of the room, while the object of their remarks, boiling with vexation, anger, and jealousy, slunk like a ghost into corners, but could never get fairly out of hearing.

When the ball broke up, Lillie was escorted home by Mr. Ephraim; and Oliver, who kept dodging at their heels, heard her say to her companion, as she descended the stair, "I wonder if the tumbling hatter's lame yet?" Tumbling hatter, in sooth! On hearing this, he rushed down the remaining steps in a frenzy, overturning sundry pacific individuals at the foot of the stair, in his wild career, which ceased not until he found himself at home, locked up in his own garret. Nothing short of murder or suicide entered his brain all that night. He rolled about wildly in bed, frantically tossing the clothes to and fro, but sleep visited not his eyes. Towards morning, he became exhausted, and, calming down, began to reason with himself, the result whereof was, that, to act like a man of spirit, he would never again look nigh Miss Graham. "No!" exclaimed Oliver, emphatically, smiting his breast, as he sat up in bed, "No! I, Oliver Nappe, of the honourable fraternity o' hatters, am not so mean a man as be jilted for a lang baboon-faced lawyer's clerk, (for so he learned Mr. Ephraim professionally was,) and slink back again to court the fickle smile o' a fause jade!"

Oliver, having thus delivered himself, and experienced a consequent relief, arose, and proceeded slowly to dress himself.

CHAPTER II.—OLIVER LEARNETH NOT WISDOM BY EXPERIENCE, BUT IS AGAIN CAUGHT IN A SNARE.

As one of our great objects is to warn youth against being led astray by appearances, it behoveth us, as a faithful monitor, to lay before the rising generation the experiences of men of past days, in order that such inferences may be drawn from them as shall prove beneficial in guiding them through the shoals and currents of the world. But, alas! we greatly fear that young men will be young men—thoughtless as the wild ass's colt—despite the advice of hoary age. Nevertheless, our duty is plain, and we shall endeavour to adhere to it.

Oliver was now about twenty years of age; hobbledehoyism began to merge into manhood; the chin, which he at first scraped with a gully, was producing a serious crop of stubble; and the longitude of his limbs less observable by reason of an increase of flesh. His apprenticeship was drawing to a close, nearly a twelvemonth having elapsed since the eventful night of the ball, yet many vivid reminiscences of past days would occasionally spring up in his imagination. These, though painful, were not altogether unmingled with pleasant regrets; so strong is the heart's first affection, that future cares and trials can never obliterate it.

It happened about this time that a singing school was established in Seestu, for the special purpose of training the young in the beautiful and sacred exercise of psalmody. Forty lads and lasses assembled once

a-week, in the evening, in a hall, to receive lessons from David Bangor, the Inchinnan precentor. This class Oliver was induced to join, being persuaded that he had a marvellously fine bass voice, a fact of which he seized every available opportunity of informing others. As the girls sat on one side of a long narrow desk, and the lads on the other, it was impossible they could avoid looking at each other. Glances and smiles were exchanged—these of course led to meetings after dismissal—long walks, sentiment, and weddings. Oh! a deal of mischief was wrought in that singing class.

There was one bright black-eyed, wicked little maiden, who invariably sat opposite Oliver, and although he struggled manfully for a time against the fact, he could not help noticing the piercing glances she shot at him from beneath her long eye-lashes, nor help feeling that the frigidity of his heart was rapidly thawing. Often, when the tune was going on, he sat gaping and gazing at her, entirely forgetful of his bass, and, we verily believe, instead of "Old Hundred," he was sometimes singing "The lass wi' the bonnie black een." Matters could not long remain thus, and, albeit they had never yet exchanged words, Oliver's fancy led him to suppose she was correspondingly heart-sick in love. One night, as he was thus wrapt up in admiration, oblivious to all else save the young lady's charms, he thought he felt a tiny foot touch his; it rested there just for a moment, and was again withdrawn, while a slight smile played upon her face. Oliver experienced a sudden thrill rush through his veins, an unwonted palpitation arose in his breast, which beat audibly against his ribs, for full ten minutes. Could it be possible she was enamoured of him?—he joyfully inquired at himself a hundred times over. There was hope and doubt in the question; but resolving not to remain a prey to the latter, whenever the class dismissed, and having learned her name to be Mary Scott, he sidled up to her, observing, "that it was a beautifu' evening."

"Hem," replied the young lady; "it is, as ye say, an uncommonly fine nicht."

A pause of some duration ensued. Oliver wot not well what to introduce next. An idea at length occurred to him, he pursued—

"I think the class is rapidly improvin' under Mr Bangor's tuition—the female part o't especially."

"Na, na! Mr. Nappe, not the females but the gentlemen. I dinna profess to ony great skill, but I am sure anybody with half an ear, micht discover the astonishin' progress o' the bass singers"

"I'm really unco proud to think you deem such to be the case," replied Oliver, "and must yield to your view, for gin ane micht judge of the correctness of an ear, frae the sweetness of a voice, you maun be able to decide such a point."

"Thank ye for the compliment," replied the maiden, "though, I'm sure, its no deserved. I fear I'm takin' ye ower far oot o' your road."

"Oh, no! Miss Scott; no road is ower lang wi' such company as you on't. I shall gladly see you hame, if you ha'e nae objections."

"Nane ava. Many a time I wish gin I had sic an offer, for I'm whiles feart to risk the road in the dark. I could aye feel secure in such company."

She said this with a slight sigh; but what a world of hope did even

that indication open up to Oliver's mental vision. Though far from thinking so, he said he did not believe he would be any great company for Miss Scott.

The young lady expressed herself to the effect, that he should not think so; indeed, he had no right to form any such opinion.

With much more such pleasant badinage, Oliver at length saw his new enchantress safely home; and promising, with consent obtained, to visit her some early night, he departed on his way, rejoicing.

We ought to have stated that she was the youngest of three daughters, of Mark Scott of Brackenlea farm. Mark was reputed to be a wealthy man, and moreover a very singular character; but the former report had great influence, despite the latter, on a host of beaux, who hung about the outskirts of the house after sunset, anxious for a word with one of the three graces, who, though all good-looking girls, yielded the palm to Mary.

Mark was dreaded by the wooers, as he was known to be of an irascible, violent turn, possessing a great abhorrence to anything in the shape of dandyism; the only test of a man's worth, in his view, being his physical strength. He frequently, at evening, prowled about the outbuildings, armed with a massive horse-whip; and woe to the unfortunate buck who was found upon the premises—"With, or by your leave," being words unknown in Mark's vocabulary. We may give a curious instance of his disposition, although not having reference to the punishment of the *genus homo*, but something widely different. Mark had become proprietor of a barometer, purchased from a travelling pedlar, who warranted it "all the go." The article was suspended in the hall, and hung there for some time, ere reference to it was found necessary. One harvest day it came on wet; Mark fell anxious, his bile began to rise, he walked to and fro, scratching his cranium. No prospect of a change appeared. At length he bethought him of the barometer, and, marching into the lobby, gave it two or three gentle taps—the hand stood at *fair*. Gratified extremely, Mark's face brightened; he possessed himself in patience till evening, but still no change in the atmosphere occurred. Still hoping, he went to bed—rose early next morning—looked out; it was blowing a hurricane of wind and rain. In a frenzy, he rushed, minus his inexpressibles, to the hall, and gazing at the glass, rubbed his eyes, gave it three smart raps—could he be mistaken?—no! it stood at *set fair*. In a twinkling it was dragged down; he darted to the door with it, and holding it up to a fearful gust of rain, exclaimed, "Megsty me! will ye no believe ye're ain een," and so saying, dashed it against the ground, into a thousand fragments. But enough of Mark, let us proceed with our narrative.

With no small degree of confidence and self-assurance, Oliver, one afternoon, about a week afterwards, assumed his Sunday coat, knee corduroys, and silver-buckled shoes; and, having stuck his long sugar-loaf hat on, just a trifle to one side, set out, about gloaming, to keep his appointment. The evening was clear and cloudless; the sun had just set, leaving a long red streak across the sky, while the moon seemed combating with the little day remaining. The stars came one by one winking and peeping out of their holes, just to see if the

monarch of day had gone, and, when fully assured he had disappeared, then they twinkled away right merrily. Gloaming began to gather on, though scarcely perceptible, so bright was the silver light the moon cast around. By the time he reached Brackenlea, the echoes of the thrush's song had ceased to resound through the wood, and silence had succeeded a joyous vocal harmony. After taking a turn or two, as he came in sight of the house, just by way of recruiting his flagging spirits, he gave his hat an extra gratuitous squeeze down on his head, and marched boldly forward. It was now almost dark. The tall elms and firs that surrounded the house were throwing their giant shadows across the road. Drawing near the house, he saw the figure of Mary standing at the barn door, evidently in expectation of him; but, just as he came up to her, the tramp of a man's foot was heard coming round the steading, and she hastily said,

"There's my faither; awa into the barn. Quick! I'll follow you in a minute."

The warning was sufficient to quail a bolder spirit. Without another word he hurried in, and, groping his way in the dark, found a seat on a sack of corn. There he waited, all impatience, for ten minutes, when he heard the door open, and a soft sweet voice whisper, "Oliver!"

"Here!" replied he, in the same tone, gallantly rising, with the intention of conducting her to the sack, could he possibly have seen her.

Without hesitation, she came forward, and, having seated herself beside him, said, "I'm glad ye've come. Oh! how I've wearied every night o' this week expectin' ye."

Oliver felt inexpressibly happy, as he answered, "Did ye, dear," taking her soft warm hand in his at same time. Having some fear as to personal safety, he then inquired, "Is your father gone?"

"On aye, dinna gi'e yoursel' ony uneasiness on that score; I ettle he's safe aff to bed," replied she.

They then sat in silence for a few minutes, Oliver's heart being too full of joy and gladness for speech. At length Mary spoke.

"Oliver, d'ye think there's sic a thing as love at first sight. I merely put the question, as some dispute its possibility; I would like to hear your judgment o't."

"Surely," said he, speaking sententiously, "there must be. Generally, love is the effect o' acquaintance wi' the object; but there are some objects in the world that man would be callous and stony-hearted indeed wha could fail to worship, nay, amaisht adore, at sight." And so saying, he circled her waist with his arm, drawing her towards him; while she, nothing loath, dissented not.

Another long pause.

Mary gave a prolonged sigh, as she resumed, "Oh, what a sad thing it maun be for a youthful, devoted, ardent spirit, to discover that the object on which it has lavished its affection cauldly disregards and spurns it."

"I wad ca' the man wha did so," quoth Oliver, waxing valorous, "the greatest villain on earth. In my esteem, he wadna be worth a damaged four an' ninepenny—no, I mean wordy the regard o' the vilest creature."

Mary was evidently much agitated by the reply.

"Oliver, have you ever loved?" she inquired, in a tremulous tone.

This was rather a poser. It knocked him stupid in a manner at first. A thousand conflicting thoughts whirled about in his brain. For a young man to be inquired at by a pretty girl if he ever loved—and that, too, on the second night of their actual acquaintanceship—was indeed carrying matters with a high hand. Though staggered a bit by the query, he recovered, and faintly answered, "Once!"

"When, Oliver?"

"This hour," said he, madly enthusiastic, "and the dear creature is in my arms," giving her a smack at the same time, which, to his surprise, she heartily returned.

"O! can it be true? Would it were," quoth Mary, pressing his hand, and pillowing her head upon his shoulder, deeply affected, and shaking like a leaf.

Completely stunned betwixt love, joy, and wonder, Oliver dropped upon his knees, alongside the corn sack, and poured forth the story of his affection in the wildest imaginable words man ever employed for a similar purpose—and wild enough these are at times, if tradition can be accredited—for we boast no personal knowledge. He entreated her to be his—the princess, the jewel of his heart—his through life. He'd love her faithfully, as never man loved, would make all his will, his desires, subservient to hers—would only exist in her presence. Going on in this strain, suddenly there arose a tremendous roar of laughter, from a far off corner, in which Mary joined. Starting to his feet, bewildered, he perceived half-a-dozen lads and lasses, one of whom carried a lantern, by the light of which he recognised the real Mary among them, who, addressing the object at whose feet she had been kneeling, said, "Jamie, produce your lover; let's see the hatter." "Hurra for the hatter," roared the others. Quickly gathering his remaining faculties, Oliver made a sudden rush through the party, leaving his chapeau behind him, and bolted out at the door, amid deafening shouts of "Catch the hatter." He never stopped or tarried by the way, but fled on the wings of the wind, till he reached home. In a state quite indescribable, he flung himself on a seat. The whole truth was now before him. He had been duped, deceived, foully imposed upon. A brother of Mary's had personated her in the dark, and the rest had listened to his nonsense. He felt as if twenty fathoms of salt water could not quench the burning shame he experienced when he thought of his ridiculous position, and the consequences of an exposure.

Next afternoon, while standing in the shop, in a very hang-dog sort of condition, a little boy, with a snub nose, entered with a hat wrapped up in paper, and handed it over the counter.

Oliver inquired if it was to mend, renovate, or alter.

The little fellow, with a grin, curling the nose, replied, "Gin fowk wad keep their heeds richt, their hats wadna need sae muckle mendin'," and darted out of the shop.

Not comprehending this altogether, Oliver untied the paper, and beheld his own best head-piece, which he had left behind him in the barn the night previous. A bit of paper lay inside of it, whereon was inscribed—"To the love-sick hatter; done for the sake o' somebody."

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MY OLD ARM-CHAIR.

A SEXAGENARIAN'S REVERIE.

I HAVE a great regard for my old arm-chair, and, when snugly seated thereon, with elbows leaning on either side, a pleasing sensation of exquisite pleasure creeps over my whole frame. No other chair pleases me half so well, even although it were made of the finest wood, carved and ornamented in modern fashion, and overlaid with the richest crimson. On it, I feel thoroughly constrained, experiencing the sensation of the schoolboy, when, dressed in his best attire, he perceives, but cannot, lest he soil his habiliments, participate in the playful gambols of his schoolfellows. But, nestled in thee, my venerable supporter, I give myself up to the dictates of fancy, who, taking the reins of imagination under her sway, skips wildly hither and thither, unchecked and uncontrolled. On these occasions, many a bright vision has flitted before me, on which I have gazed with delight, and wished, but wished in vain, that such were realised in active life. I am an incorrigible castle-builder, fancying continually to myself the bright fate laid up in store for me. However convinced of the folly of indulging in such aerial speculations, and conscious of the unsubstantiality of their foundations, I cling to them with fond delight. And when, after the labours of the day are closed, I seat myself on my old arm-chair, by a blazing hearth, I erect my ethereal buildings, and count myself as happy as a king, envying not the great their titles or their wealth.

Venerable relic of time now past, thou look'st not gay and sparkling, as when thou left'st thy maker's hand. Age hath dimmed thy lustre, and while friends who call upon me scout thee as an ugly appendage, and recommend thy removal, my heart warms to thee more closely. Age, which to the eye of strangers tends to mar thy beauty, but the more endears thee to my sight. Poverty, when it presses hard on man, makes him part with valued relics; but griping indeed must be that poverty, bitter indeed must be that distress, which will cause me to part from thee, my dear old arm-chair! Thou art the first object that meets my gaze as I enter my room—the last on which my eye alights as I leave it. Would that thou hadst a tongue. How many pleasant stories couldst thou not recite—how many reminiscences of former days couldst thou not unfold!

My earliest associations are connected with the old arm-chair. I have distinctly impressed on my mental retina the appearance of home—of the old chair and its occupant, my much-loved father—now, alas! no longer a denizen of this world, but the inhabitant of a brighter realm above. My father was one of the best of men—kind and affectionate at home, respected and esteemed abroad. Often were we, his children, called around him, when, seated on his arm-chair, he laid aside his book, and taught us lessons of wisdom. These were, indeed, days of happiness. A delightful privilege we esteemed it—one of which we always took advantage—to cluster round his chair, and drink in with eagerness the words of sound instruction that fell from his honoured lips.

He had been a soldier in his youth, and often would he pour into our delighted ears tales of his adventures. These he related with a felicity of diction I have never heard surpassed; while from every scene he drew some useful lesson to imprint on our young minds. Wrapt in eager attention, we have sat around him; and our gentle and loving mother, whose slightest wish it was our pleasure to obey, could, on these occasions, scarcely prevail on us to retire to rest, and leave the charmed circle round the old arm-chair. These bright days proved transient. A severe cold, caught in the duties of his calling, stretched him on a bed of sickness, from which he never rose; and, surrounded by his weeping family, he calmly breathed his last.

Often, with fond delight, do I look back on these scenes and recal the pleasant hours thus spent. The instructions then sown in my mind have never been effaced; and whatever success I have met with in this world, I trace to the valuable maxims and wholesome counsels imparted by my father, when seated on his favourite chair. Of the strictest probity and honour himself, he inculcated the same to his children; not in the stern authoritative tone of a harsh master, but in the sweet convincing accents of a gentle friend. Our faults he never allowed to pass unnoticed; and we feared his rebuke more than all the physical punishment he could have inflicted. His hallowing influence has followed me through life; and if I ever hesitated between justice and self-interest in any of my transactions, I soon resolved to adopt the former path, by thinking how, in such circumstances, he would have acted; and never have I been deceived. Best of parents! this is but a feeble tribute to thy merits; but it is the genuine tribute of the heart. My utmost wish is, that I may be able to pass on through the world as thou hast done—blameless and loved; and die as thou hast died—"the death of the righteous."

How sad and desolate our home now looked! A heavy gloom hung on all the members of the household. The light of our eyes, the sun of our little system, had now sunk in night. Children as we were, we felt the change. We looked on the venerable chair; but, alas! its much loved occupant was gone; yet we loved it the more because it had been the favourite seat of our departed parent. Our tender mother bore up well and bravely under the severe shock, but for our sakes alone, otherwise she would have wished to quit this world, and be with him whom on earth she loved so well. All those things he had loved and used, she carefully preserved, and among these, she, in particular, regarded with peculiar affection the old arm-chair, on which, but a few hours before his death, my father had desired to seat himself once more. How carefully did she dust it morning and evening, and often, in the midst of her household occupations, would she fix her eyes, suffused with tears, upon its well remembered form.

Our worldly prospects, which before had been smiling, were soon destined to be overcast. The bank, in whose funds was deposited the whole of our little fortune, failed, and in one brief hour we were plunged from comparative affluence to poverty. Oh! Poverty, thou art hard indeed to bear, and this the more to those who have, but a little before, been basking in the sunshine of prosperity! We were

indeed poor, very poor, but we had the consolation that our poverty was the result of causes over which we had no control, and resulted not from extravagance on our part. Privation pressed severely upon us, and to meet stern necessity, our chattels, one by one, were sold.

Our arm-chair was, however, preserved to the last. But even it, loved as it was, must also be sacrificed. Our landlord, inexorable, claimed and seized it, and, with other articles, it was to be sold to the highest bidder. This last proceeding gave the finishing stroke to our misfortunes. Poverty and hardships, bitter as indeed these were, we endured patiently, with scarcely a murmur, so long as the old arm-chair, the relic of former and plenteous days, was ours. It was a remembrancer awakening in our bosoms tender recollections—a sweet instrument whose every tone vibrated exquisitely in our ears.

The auction day arrived. It was a day, wet and gloomy, and, in our estimation, accorded well with the proceedings to be enacted. I attended—to buy—alas, no!—but to watch into whose hands the much loved treasure fell. Calmly I beheld article after article disposed of; with immovable countenance I looked on; but when, with ruthless hand, the auctioneer grasped the old arm-chair, and laughingly—ah! it was to me most insultingly—asked, “What’s bid for this article; this old grandfather’s article?”—my whole frame quivered with indignation. Juvenile as I was, I could have felled him to the earth. I felt hot and feverish. I looked around and scanned the faces on either side, and wondered how they could feel so calm. With cold calculating deliberation they bade, as if it were a matter of the merest indifference whether they did or did not obtain the offered article. I could not enter into their feelings, for, with me, how different—the chair was all in all. In the heat of the moment I also bade—it was only a bid—the painful reality forced itself upon me, that I had not a plack in the world. Still the bidding went on. Unable to bear the sight, I closed my eyes, and averted my head.

The chair was at length knocked down to a stranger. As he took it, I wept. Am I ashamed of those tears? No! I glory in them, for they were the outpourings of the heart. I sought the purchaser, and obtained from him the promise that he would preserve in its integrity the revered old chair. I looked at it once more, and then tore myself from the room.

From that moment an entire revolution was effected in me. I vowed that, from this time, I would strain every nerve within me to recover this valued family relic, and restore my mother to a state of affluence and comfort. The world may smile at the idea that the sale of an old arm-chair should produce such a change. They may scoff such a thought as the crack-brained fancy of an enthusiast, or as a subterfuge to conceal an inordinate love for wealth. Let them do so. I care as little for their revilings as I do for their insinuations. They, who indulge in such sneering observations, know little of the workings of the human heart—know little of the slight causes that bring its powers into play, and direct them with a steady determined purpose towards a fixed aim. The mightiest conqueror of modern times wept when he heard the tones of the church bell, familiar to him in his childhood. The sound recalled to

his remembrance those early days, when, buoyant with youthful vigour and unstained by bloodshed, he gambled with his playmates on the green fields and grassy knolls of the village. The mariner, on the stormy ocean, when waves are raging high, and winds are howling fierce, is cheered in his arduous labours by the hope of reaching home, and enjoying its pleasures. So have I felt. My course has been chequered, and I have experienced the griefs as well as the joys this world abounds in; but the former were alleviated, and the latter enhanced, by the thoughts of a comfortable home, and my old arm-chair.

I kept my vow. Long I battled with the world; many a severe encounter I had to struggle against; but, thanks to perseverance and assiduity, I overcame. Now that, so far as fortune was concerned, I was, comparatively speaking, easy, I resolved to put into execution a plan I had long conceived. I purchased a cottage, far away from the city, finely situated on the banks of a lovely stream. This I fitted up with all things suitable. One particular room I furnished, as nearly as I could recollect, like the one we sat so oft in at home, and there I placed, as it stood of yore, the old arm-chair, which I had procured from the purchaser, who, true to his word, had carefully preserved it. The grounds around I had tastefully laid out, and soon, such is the magical influence of money, combined with skill, the whole was fair to look upon.

I returned to the city and entered my dwelling. My mother was there, and seated by the only window in the house that commanded a view of the garden. Garden, did I say? What mockery of the word! A piece of ground four steps could traverse either way, was all the garden I could boast of. Deprived of the sun's genial rays, by the intervention of surrounding buildings, the growth of the flowers and shrubs was miserably stunted, and to my mother, whose whole life had been spent among green fields and pleasant gardens, the contrast was painful. As I softly entered, I perceived a tear stealing down her cheek. The sound of my footsteps roused her, and, hastily wiping these crystal dew-drops from her countenance, she sweetly smiled her welcome.

"My dear mother! why these tears?" I exclaimed. "Has any unpleasant circumstance been jarring upon your feelings? If so, tell me, I entreat you, that I may mingle my sympathy with yours."

"Remembrances of former days, my dear son, have been forcing themselves upon me. That little green spot," pointing to the garden, "small though it be, affords me more pleasure than all the sights this city can afford. The busy hum of the world fatigues and pains me, and I long for green fields and a purer air."

"Your wish shall be gratified. Like yourself, I love not the city; and, now that fortune has smiled on my industry, I shall quit for ever the mart of commerce, and, in the country, enjoy quietness and repose."

"You gladden my heart with these words," said my mother. "Do not, however, I beseech you, for any strongly expressed wish of mine, endanger your pecuniary interests. I love, no doubt, the country, with its green fields and rural pleasures, as my earliest recollections are

associated with them ; but, unless you be a sharer in them, they cannot gratify me. I have now not long to live in this world, and it matters little where I spend the brief period of time that may still be allotted me ; in this matter, therefore, consult your interest rather than my wish."

"Have no fears on that head, my dear mother," I gaily replied. "I have already more wealth than suffices to accomplish my intention. I have only to square up my accounts with a few parties, and then we shall bid farewell to the busy town, and welcome the rural plains. Talk not of death, my dear mother, it makes me sad. The sight of green fields will resuscitate your frame, and we will yet, for many a day, enjoy retirement together."

I soon completed my arrangements ; and having satisfactorily disposed of business matters, I, along with my widowed parent, bade adieu to industry's busy hive. As we left the town, and advanced into the country, my mother's eye began to brighten, her cheeks to assume the colour of the rose, and her whole frame seemed to acquire fresh vigour. Reminiscences of former times flowed from her lips. Every stately tree, every green field, every babbling brook, awoke a recollection in her bosom, and the emotions of her heart found vent in words that filled me with delight. Soon we reached our destination, and, handing her from the carriage, I led the way through the garden, the culture and arrangement of which she could not sufficiently admire. In like manner was she delighted with the apartments. I had shown them all but one room ; this I reserved to the last. Taking her hand in mine, I said,

"Dear mother, I am glad indeed that all my arrangements confer upon you so much pleasure. I have now shown you every room but your own. If the rest delight you so much, I doubt not this one will give you even greater pleasure."

"That will be rather a hard task," said she, smiling ; "a hard task, indeed. All that I have seen is beautiful, and pleases me exceedingly ; and I know not what you could shew me that would afford me more gratification."

"Come and see, then," said I, "and judge whether I am not correct."

I then opened the door, and, in silence, pointed to the old arm-chair, which, under the mellowing radiance of a declining sun, had a most pleasant aspect. My mother started with joy. Her whole frame quivered with emotion. She turned, and fixed upon me a look of love and affection—a look I shall not forget to my dying day. She fell upon my neck, and, in a voice feeble with emotion, faltered, "My dearest son, you are right, I thank you ; I have now nothing else in this world to wish for."

As I pressed my mother to my heart, I felt supremely happy. This moment of joy amply repaid me for all the hardships I had endured—the difficulties I had overcome—the disappointed feelings I had often experienced. From that moment that room became our favourite one. There did we spend chiefly our time ; there we held sweet converse regarding him who had gone before ; there we matured schemes of active benevolence ; and in that room, seated in the loved arm-chair, my

mother, in a ripe old age, calmly departed this life, bequeathing me her latest blessing.

I was now left alone in the world. Wanting the sweet countenance and cheerful company of my mother, the cottage looked cheerless ; even the old arm-chair appeared more sombre ; and seemed as if it, too, were grieved for a departed friend. The pursuit of wealth had hitherto so engrossed my attention, that love, otherwise all-powerful, had made no impression on my heart. And now that I was in the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, prudence whispered in my ear, that to enter into any engagement of a matrimonial kind, would be an act of folly. Acceding to the justice of these suggestions, I felt, at the same time, that it was not good for man to be alone. I wished a companion to relieve the tedium of my lonely hours, and on whom I could bestow the affections of my heart, which were yet warm and ardent. An opportunity soon presented itself. My widowed sister, long in a distant part of the country, died, and commended her daughter, Ellen, to my charge. This task I gladly undertook ; and never have I had reason to repent the step. She filled up the gap in my affections ; and attended to me with more than a daughter's care. My wishes she intuitively guessed ; and her sole aim was bent on rendering my old age comfortable. I took upon myself the office of teacher. I trained her young mind, and inculcated on her those lessons of wisdom I had received in earlier years. Seated on my arm-chair, in front of the house, with Ellen beside me, I spent many a happy hour. Never had master a more apt and docile pupil. She acquired as fast as I could teach ; and in my own experience I found that it was indeed

"A pleasing task, and full of love,
To train the minds of youth."

Ellen has become a tall, handsome, and accomplished girl, and is to the full as fond of the old arm-chair as myself. She polishes and re-polishes it, till the old relic so shines and glistens, that often I am at a loss to know my ancient companion, so altered is its appearance. Ellen fondly loves her uncle and his old arm-chair ; but I now begin to suspect, from various symptoms, that she also loves some one else. I cannot conceive what brings young Edward Morris to the cottage so often ; or why he should so suddenly have fallen desperately in love with botanical science. He used not to care about botany, till Ellen had said how fond she was of flowers ; and since then, Edward seems to have nothing in his head, saving the nomenclature of flowers and plants, herbs and shrubs. There is sometimes no accounting for changes of taste. He has also a great respect for the old chair, which must be owing to the stories I relate regarding it, to all of which he listens most attentively, though his eye wanders oftener than strict attention warrants, to the pretty fingers busily plying the needle at one corner of the room. I must excuse the young man. Old men are garrulous, and dwell long upon subjects which, though interesting to themselves, are tiresome and dull to the young and spirited. I must dub them both as ungrateful ; for no sooner, on an evening, do they wheel me in my arm-chair to the cottage door, than off they set to prosecute, as they term it, their botanical studies. Well, well, it's of no use to complain. They are both

deeply in love ; and the best way to cure it, is just to let them marry. I will be no barrier in the way. I will do all I can to make them happy ; and shall feel content to pass the remainder of my days, cheered by their kind attentions, and in the undisturbed possession of my old arm-chair.

Such are a few of the associations that hallow thee, my old arm-chair, in my remembrance. Sweet feelings of early days, as well as those of riper years, are entwined around thee. As I gaze on thy loved form, I seem to renew my youth, and to traverse the paths I did of yore. Seated on thee, my hand trembles as I pen these lines, for old age has now laid his withering touch upon me. Soon will I be called on to follow the footsteps of those who have gone before. Loved in childhood and in manhood, thou art venerated in old age ; and with me thou shalt abide, till these aged eyes, which now look so fondly upon thee, are closed for ever by the hand of death.

PARTING STANZAS.

OH ! there are keen and agonizing pangs,
That harrow deeply in the inmost soul,
While fearful tumults of despairing thoughts
Rush through the 'wilder'd brain beyond control !
'Tis when we part from those we love as life—
Those of our warmest hopes, our fondest fears,
The blessed themes—perchance ne'er more to meet ;—
If ever, then in far, far distant years.

Farewell !—thou bitter mockery on love,
Thou blasting herald of the fiend Despair,
Unto the lonely heart : yet heavenly hope
Hath with it many madd'ning struggles there.
Farewell !—thou art an anguish-breathing word ;
Which, uttered in the last fond heaving sigh,
Dispelles fancy's golden dreams of bliss,
That, like bright sun-beams, wake, gleam forth, and die.

We turn into a cold and sordid world,
And strain our energies—it recks not how—
To win the red gold, honour's high boons grasp,
Or wreath Fame's fading laurels round the brow.
But often in the bustling throng of men,
Or in the holy calm of midnight's hour,
Gleams of the blessed past steal o'er our minds,
Diffusing balm—and Memory wields her power.

Yes ! there's in mercy left a beaming star,
That round the soul a glorious halo throws ;
That sends the blood, like lightning, bounding back
Unto the gladden'd heart in thrilling throes ;
That spurs the flagging spirit into hope,
And from the soul hurls gloomy reverie ;
That wafts us back to joys of other days,
In thy green fields, soul-cheering Memory !

ABIEL.

NIGHTS AT THE PEESWEEP.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

Scene—The interior of the Peesweep. *Mahogany*—A table of fir-deal; benches of ditto. *Walls*—Whitewashed. *Hangings*—A blue and white striped calico apron, drawn across the window on its own string. *Materials*—A grey beard of whisky; water from the moss; oat cakes; and Dunlop cheese.

Dramatis Personæ—SMELFUNGUS; the BARD OF GLAZERT; the HERO OF AN HUNDRED SONGS; and the LOCHER BRIG GHOST. *Costumes*—*Smel.*, rusty black; *Bard*, Philabeg of Tilliecultry cloth; *Hero*, court suit; *Ghost*, chemise surtout, with a turnip-lantern for a false head.

Time—After sunset.

Ghost. You write a Noctes, Maister Smelfungus! I tell you it's no to be dune out o' Kilmalcolm or Kilbarchan!

Smel. We'll try, nevertheless.

Bard. Wha wrote "The Peesweep?"

Smel. We.

Ghost. It's no that ill dune, only you should ha'e let me, or somebody frae Kilbarchan, criticeese it in the *Adverteeser*, instead o' Fife—he didna understand it.

Bard. No, nor anything else. He yance cut me up like this whang o' cheese.

Hero. An' damned me wi' faint praise.

Ghost. An' slashed even at Charles Mackay's unearthly poem, "The Salamandrine," in the *Kilmarnock Journal*.

Smel. Conducted he the *Journal*?

Bard. I see it all! I sent for three copies by the carrier, expectin' a favourable review.

Smel. Truce, gentlemen! we've "reformed all that indifferent well." No more of him. We've cut him off with a shilling; and now look at us!—we reign instead. But here comes the Saxon.

Enter Saxon, singing "The sunset red is streaming."

Saxon. Birds! yes, indeed, as good a hoax as this here hotel itself. Why, I shot a snipe—very good shooting too. But sorry, gen'lm'n—no plover. Very sorry; but missed a feast.

Smel. It matters not—sit down and taste "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Saxon. Where are they?

Ghost. Echo answers—"Where!"

Bard. Echy answers naething o' the kind. I've seen waur gaun i' the Backwoods than sit bannocks an' whisky, forbye Dulap cheese. The sowl that coudna feast upon that, kens naething o' the joys o' yearth, let alane gettin' a glimpee o' heev'n.

Hero. That's no the feast the Preses means, man; cum, we'll begin't. Wha's read this lad Liviston's volum?

Smel. Gentle, simple, childlike, as Wordsworth done into Scotch. What astonishes us is Jeffrey's letter, acknowledging its merits so exactly, while sensible to the full of its defects. We should have thought that Jeffrey's mind was too highly pitched for appreciating thus the unlettered muse, innocent of—

Ghost. —of anything like elegance. Here's a line,

"The place that's no yewkie, ye'll get it to claw."

That would not for an instant be tolerated in Kilbarchan.

Smel. Still, there is a delicacy in the expression, which we appreciate keenly; though we much fear a man of Jeffrey's artificial mind could not; and hence his notion, that some one comic piece or other in the volume is "about as bad as possible;" and that Livingstone should not try that vein. Why, there are many of the pieces strictly comical; and they are decidedly on a par with the best.

Bard. Na, Liviston does the pathetic best—witness his "Auld kirkyard."

Hero. Noo, then, to lead on the conversation farther—Hae we nae poets o' our ain?

Bard. Nane but corsels an' Willie Finlay.

Ghost. An' some in Kilbarchan.

Smel. And Park, a Renfrewshire—nay, even a Renfrew man. Most voluminous, too, are his productions. The following is a *Local Sketch* of his character.

Bard. Dinna tak' aff Park. I ha'e a respec' for him, and I'll dand this dunt o' cheese at ye if ye do. He made a radikel speech yance on Renfrew hustings.

Saxon. No politics. Take a monthful of cheese, like a good fellow, will ye, and stop that.

Bard. A mouthfu' o' speerits rather—thank ye; rax the ait bannock—the water!—the water!—hech, that's het!

Smel. Andrew Park, the celebrated poet, was born in the small, but royal burgh of Renfrew, of respectable parents; and early shewed a passion for the muse. At an early age, he published a singular poem in sonnets, for stanzas, called a "Vision of Mankind;" and, within a year afterwards, another, in which is displayed a freedom of versification, characteristic of the future song writer. This is the "Bridegroom and the Bride;" the design of which, developing the volcanic emotions that disturb the equanimity of domestic life, in consequence of a murder on the eve of a marriage, is not unlike—indeed, it is almost entirely similar—to the plot of his latest piece, "The Squire's Daughter." Some of his songs and occasional pieces, were likewise given along with these volumes; amongst which there is a very pretty one, like what one meets in—in—Greek—it's all the same—

Ghost. —in German poetry. It needs a ghost, ye see, Smel, my boy, to rise an' tell ye that. I ken what ye mean, its about three pieces o' straw or stick floating doon a stream—an gang by the ither, anither by the ane, lauchin' in their turns, till the hinmost o' a' gaes by at last, lauchin' at them baith. There's naething like that in Bion or Moschus, I ken. The German, that's the only region o' moral reflection!

Smel. Well, well. To proceed—

Saxon. Cut it short—I'm uncomfortable.

Smel. Park, however, was not known or appreciated according to his deserts as a song writer, till he went to London. But before that, he was in business in Glasgow, and even conducted a periodical called the "Regenerator," or some such name, every word of which he wrote himself, under the guise of different contributors, down to an apocryphal

set of answers to correspondents, who had never asked the imputed questions. Once in London, Park connected himself so much with the music-sellers, and obtained so much practical knowledge of the art of composing words for music, that to this period, and these circumstances, may be referred the principal portion of his reputation as a song writer. He was of opinion he could achieve something beyond this, and he became the author of an English opera, called "The Mariners," the libretto of which is conceived with much spirit, and which reads so agreeably, that if the music had been at all passable, it must have been presented on the stage with eclat. It was, however, set aside on the eve of being triumphant, in favour of some stock piece or other. The numerous stage effects in this opera, might better warrant the idea of Park's success in the production of the acting drama, than the result has as yet justified; at all events, it furnishes evidence of Park's possession of one advantage—one, too, which has so much tended to confine the profession of play-wright to the mere actor—a knowledge of the stage.

Hero. Your prose is very dry, Mr Smelfungus. He coudna imitat a single sang o' Burns!

Smel. Facts are stubborn, you know. But——

Saxon. Wet your screamers, gen'lm'n; help yourselves, and pass the jorum!

Smel. I'm just done. "Blindness, or the second sight restored and lost," followed, we think, the opera of "The Mariners." The author has hardly got out of the habit of stringing together his songs by means of connecting links; for in "Blindness," will be found incorporated, "The Queen of Merry England," and some of his best known lyrical effusions. Most of his songs have been published with the music; and there is a small collection of them which has appeared repeatedly. It must have been immediately after his return to our western sphere, that Park brought out, as its editor, the poem of "Silent Love," which will one day furnish some occasion for controversy, in order to decide whether he himself wrote it, or whether it was the veritable production of James Wilson, the Paisley apothecary.

Hero. Neither me nor ony o' the contemporirreys o' Tannahill ever kent sic a man; an' whaur did the hooes jut oot near the Cross? was it at the Toonhooes he means? there was na ony doctor's shop there; or at Bailie Henry's corner?—that is a doctor's shop—but naebody wad threep that the bailie was a poet.

Smel. Near the Cross, mine Hero; not at it; it might be in the Hole in the Wall—which is now a considerable breach; at the Hut; or at the Smithhills; none of them far from the Cross; and I think I have been told of a Doctor Wilson, who dwelt near the latter locality. I'll see if I can't get him for a local sketch.

Saxon. Then heaven help him!

Smel. To conclude. "Silent Love" has run through four or five editions, some of them handsome ones, particularly that with Noel Paton's illustrations. But the great demand for the cheap editions, shews its popularity. "The Squire's Daughter," a tragedy, seems to be an attempt on the part of Park to connect his name with some one great effort of his genius, conscious, as he must be, that many a fair fame has been forfeited, lost, or injured, by having no predominant representative in men's minds. Songs, especially, bring evanescent honours.

Hero. Maybe he never wrot the length o' a hun'er.

Smel. More; and "Hurrah for the Highlands" worth a hundred itself. The "Squire's Daughter" is as delicate and beautiful a piece of poetry as ever was put into blank verse. The smooth current of the domestic affections, uninterrupted by the passion of youthful love, flows on in harmonious numbers through the first, and partly the second act. The impetuous will of a spoilt libertine, the knavery of a liveried slave, fail to disturb the gentle meanders of this dramatic poem. But the time for action in tragedy must some time or other arrive.

Saxon. Bravo!

Smel. It had been better, perhaps, considering the philosophical quiet of the opening scenes, to have deferred the convulsive or tragic excitement to a period even somewhat later than usual.

Ghost. The interest would have flagged.

Smel. It would have been different—not absent; and since, taking the plot as a whole, the interest was not superabundant at any rate, the concentration of it all in the denouement, might have preserved its own quiet character of beauty to the literature of the piece.

Ghost. It would have been damned before the curtain dropt.

Smel. Not at all; the mystery could have been protracted till the climax, with its excitement, came in to save it; and you will find that if Park gets his friend Macready to bring it out on the stage, this is what must and will be done with it. Meanwhile, the play, as it stands, is a reading play, abounding in fine passages, and should be read.

Hero. What keeps James King oot o' print? O' a' the contemporirreys o' Tannahill, he's the man who approaches him nearest, except, in ane or twa instances, mysel'.

Ghost. What! is Taylor, puir fellow, no livin'?

Hero. Livin', ou, I daursay he's livin', in Edinbro' somegate; but what's a'e single sang, tho' it be the "Covenanter's Lament,"—an' that mair than behauden to R. A. Smith. What's a'e sang to a hun'er?

Saxon. Hurrah, for Smith! You Scotch fellows can't get on without us.

Bard. There's neither breeks nor Englishmen in the Vale of Glazert! There's ane Dunlop, in Stewarton, that writes fine ballads on Scotch history, but, waes me, they're written in English, an' aften leuk sae pitifu' that I'm fain to *cressh* them wi' the native accent in recitation, joost for pure pawtriotism.

Saxon. Poor patriotism that, indeed! Take another mouthful of spirits, my dear bard.

Smel. Do you know anything of Miss Aird, of Kilmarnock, up west? She's the most touching female poetess of the day: and having chosen the heart for her subject, knows how to touch its real feelings rather than its conventional ones. On this account, Eliza Cook is in every way her inferior; and even the high-flown Miss Barrett, in the exaltation of her artificiality, is not Miss Aird's match. "The Blind Girl," "the Irish Girl," and all the pet poetesses together, cannot be named in the same breath. Whilst they are trifling with the flowers, Miss Aird is producing substantial fruit; and, instead of their common-place, however prettily expressed sentiments, she touches the true chords of human feeling. Thus, instead of very refined flirtations and love passages, she gives expression to the household tones of domestic affection, or

the lofty aspirations of religion. Her "Herd laddie" brings the tear of pity into the most callous eye.

Ghost. Have you seen the Seestu artist's painting o' that! Man, it is as like a herd laddie I saw out at Kilbarchan, at the back o' Lillias'-day fair, as could be.

Hero. I've heard it was a Kilmalcolm herd laddie, noo.

Ghost. Kilmalcolm!

Smel. Where were we?

Bard. Gey an' near the bottom o' the gray-beard, I'm thinkin'.

Smel. No, Sir! As we were saying, Miss Aird's mind is essentially of a religious caste; nothing more delights her than the description of those oriental scenes and characters which illustrate the Bible. With the eye of a prophet of the past, she will follow the career of the conqueror, the flight of the vanquished, the rise and fall of the empires and cities of Asia Minor, and the splendid procession of events, through that panoramic field of history. Her compositions are therefore enriched with these allusions, and even tinged with the sublime impulses they inspire.

Bard. The gray-beard's a' dune!

Saxon. Then, gen'lm'n, I'm off. Let's away.

Hero. Tak's wi' ye.

Bard. I'll aff tae Glazert.

Ghost. I also 'gin to sniff the morning dew.

EXEUNT—*The Saxon, Hero of an Hundred Songs, Bard of Glazert, and Locher-Brig Ghost.*

Smel. (Solus.) Then we have our own Finlay, equal in graphic power to any of you. His satire has in it the freedom of a jest, along with the bitterness of a sneer—the readiest pen—the most musical versification—the aptest application to the purposes of the moment—characterise the lyre of William Finlay. He is the local poet of Paisley, and, (I say it without jealousy,) has given forth the best of our "Local sketches." Yes! I'll revenge myself by making him the subject of one of mine. What! all gone? The candle just expiring? Oh dear!—I'm off.

(Exit *Smelfungus*, who, however, never reached home, having been frozen motionless with fear on the moor, by the turnip-head of the Locher-Brig Ghost.)

THE DAYS OF YORE.

THE days of yore—the past! the past!

Time had not long began,
Before thy saddening spell was cast
Around the heart of man;
Our banish'd sire oft look'd behind,
Tho' "earth was all before,"
It had no spot like *that* for him—
His *paradise* of yore.

The sun of eve, the western sky
With glory may adorn,
Yet we remember, with a sigh,
The milder lights of morn:

And thus we oft recal, alas!
 From memory's cherish'd store,
 That Eden of life's wilderness—
 The young heart's world of yore.
 The days of yore! the days of yore!
 The friends of other years—
 I see you, in the forms ye wore,
 Thick rising thro' my tears.
 But tears (tho' blood) all vainly flow,
 They never can restore
 The loves, the joys, of long-ago—
 The days—the days of yore.
 The heart may bleed, or burst, or break,
 Or harden in the mould
 The iron world doth for it make,
 But never can grow cold:
 It never can grow cold—oh, no!
 Some warm drops round the core,
 From the soul's fountain, welling slow,
 Keep up the fires of yore.
 The days of yore! the days of yore!
 The sinking spirit mourns,
 As echo faint, of loves no more,
 Back on itself returns;
 The cold world's false philosophy,
 The stoic sage's lore,
 Are vain against the shades that haunt
 The memories of yore.
 Heaven! may we hope the time will come,
 When suffering, past, shall seem
 But as the dim delirium
 That fills a fever-dream:
 When kindred soul with soul shall meet,
 And, the world's warfare o'er,
 The life of love be all complete
 As in the days of yore.

GREENOCK, *September*, 1846.

R. L. M.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

[IN our progress through life, we have invariably observed that a strict adherence to the principles of probity and honour, not only stands the test of time, but carries with it a degree of respect and influence, that, whatever may be expected from an opposite course, is never gained. We believe that in ninety cases out of a hundred, the dishonest courses adopted by desperate individuals, are not done with the direct intention to commit evil, but rather from a carelessness of the rights and feelings of others, or in the hope that a lucky hit will enable them to make up their deficiencies, and to conceal the questionable conduct of which they are guilty. The man who puts himself in the position, even, by which another may be hurt from the failure of his schemes, we consider to be guilty, in principle, of the evil consequences which may ensue, whether they occur or not. The following story, founded, we believe, on facts, sent us by a Greenock friend, amply illustrates our remarks.—ED.]

In the year 183—, Elizabeth Pollock was a blooming country girl, shrewd, intelligent, and handsome. According to her rank in life, which was a farmer's daughter, she may be said to have been educated above her class; for she had been taught music and drawing. A few of the amatory poets, and the works of Burns, formed the extent of her reading; her judgment of men and manners could not, therefore,

be profound. Skilful, however, in fathoming the designs of others, she was rapid in taking advantage of their foibles or weakness. She had many admirers: she gave audience to all, though incapable of loving any; and, like the angler who hooks a fish, and, for amusement, keeps it running up and down the stream, so she kept all baited, but in check. At length, Robert Muir, an extensive horse-dealer, the son of a neighbouring farmer, came to reside on the adjoining farm. On that account, an acquaintanceship was soon formed. Muir was tall, robust in constitution, having a manly countenance, and prepossessing exterior. Apparently without exertion, he gained the friendship and regard of the fair sex, as well those to whom he was formally introduced, as those which chance or accident placed in his path. To them he was mild, courteous, and unassuming; but to men in general, and to the class to which he belonged, in particular, he was rough and boisterous in manner. He scrupled at no project to attain an end; and would have sworn undauntedly that "black was white," if, by so doing, he could screen himself or injure an enemy. From the nature of his business, Muir was often in pecuniary difficulties; and in the year our story begins, not only from the sudden depression in the price of cattle, in which he had speculated to a large extent, but also from the murrain, prevalent that year, which swept his byre of almost every hoof, he became so embarrassed in circumstances, that his bills became dishonoured as they fell due, and he thereby was rendered insolvent. The officers of the sheriff were his daily visitors; lawyers harassed him with letters of horn and poid. Still, however, he struggled on; but it was almost without hope. Muir and his affairs were the subject of conversation at the manse, the mill, and the smiddy—all considered him a "broken" man.

At this period, while walking near the romantic glen of P——, Elizabeth Pollock one day met Muir, who, absorbed in moody cogitation, would have passed her unobserved, had she not drawn his attention by asking him the cause of his ungallant conduct.

"A mind distracted," said Muir.

"On what account?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Want of money," replied he.

"That being the cause, I am sorry I can be of no service to you."

So saying, she was about to bid him adieu. He retained her hand, however, and said, in a low emphatic voice, "You *can* be of the greatest service to me. This is no time," continued he, "to talk soft nonsense, to speak of dimpled cheek or rosy lip; I will say, however, that I love you. Such language, I know, has been repeated to you a thousand times; but, in present circumstances, weighed down by misfortune, oppressed and harassed by relentless creditors, hunted like the very beasts that perish, literally 'without eye to pity or hand to help,' surely, Elizabeth, you will not refuse me your love? at least, your pity, sympathy, and friendship?"

A soft pressure of the hand told more powerfully than words—the earnestness of Muir's manner had had its effect. Both, however, doubted each other, and knew, though kindly words were used, these were not heartfelt. In truth, Muir cared little for Elizabeth, and she still less for him; but he, with that quickness peculiar to him, saw at once a tool placed in his way by which he might work out his deliver-

ance from pecuniary difficulty. He had gained her sympathy; if he could only blind her to the consequences of the request he was about to make, he was confident of success.

At this point, we must bring a third party into view. Barr of Bawhirlie was a man verging to dotage. He had no family, and his wife was old, infirm, and bed-ridden. Barr was wealthy, intimate with Elizabeth's father, a frequent visitor at his house, and made no secret of his fondness for Elizabeth. Muir knew Barr's fondness to be the current scandal of the country side; the thought therefore struck him to make Barr his scapegoat from difficulty, and Elizabeth the instrument to effect his purpose.

Keeping these things in view, we return to the point where Muir, flushed with almost unexpected sympathy, softly said, "A thousand thanks, dear Elizabeth, for your kind regard. That soft pressure tells, 'more eloquently than words, of faith and truth in absence.' I therefore at once tell you how you can assist me, and that is, by obtaining the signature of Barr of Bawhirlie to these two pieces of paper," taking two slips from his pocket-book and handing them to his companion. "These are called bill-stamps, and Bawhirlie's name to these, for four months only, will relieve me from embarrassment, and place me on the road to fortune. I swear by heaven above, that I intend no injury to Bawhirlie; I merely want the loan of his name. As soon as the bills become due, I assure you, I shall not only be able, but willing, to pay them at the bank. Bawhirlie will thus be none the worse, and my circumstances will be greatly benefited."

It so happened, Elizabeth, when she met Muir, was on her way to visit Barr: with very little persuasion, she consented to try to obtain his subscription to the bills. With this understanding, both parted, under promise to meet on the following evening. Muir did not enjoin secrecy, but his manner implied it; Elizabeth therefore resolved to obtain Barr's signature without his gaining a knowledge of the documents to which he should append his name.

After partaking of tea at Bawhirlie's residence, and permitting certain gallantries, to throw the old and doting man more thoroughly off his guard, she politely desired Barr's servant to bring pen, ink, and paper, as she had neglected to send a note to a friend at a distance, and if she delayed writing until her return home, she would unwillingly lose to-night's post. Writing materials were speedily on the table. Elizabeth proceeded to address her friend. Old Bawhirlie drew his chair near, and still more near, his fair guest. He could not but praise her penmanship. This was the moment she had all night aimed at. Placing the pen in his hand, she smilingly said, "Show me how *you* sign your name," and, folding up one of the bills so as to conceal the stamp, he, without reflecting, wrote his name thereon, clear and distinct. Elizabeth affected to say she could write his name better than he himself could, and, taking a slip of blank paper, wrote the characters, which, she asserted, if gallant at all, he must try to surpass, at same time handing him the other bill, folded as before, to which he again appended his signature. Her object was now attained. She placed the documents in her reticule, and bade Mr. Barr, as soon as she possibly could, good evening.

The tryst the night following was duly kept. The main question was, of course, answered in the affirmative. Muir expected the bills

would have been immediately handed him, but in this he was disappointed. Elizabeth had resolved she would not part with the documents except upon conditions.

"Where," asked Muir, "are the stamps?"

"At home," replied she.

"Why did you not bring them with you?"

"You told me yesterday," she replied, "that you loved me. How do you intend to show your 'faith and truth in absence?'"

Muir perceived he was caught in his own snare; but, knowing all depended on getting possession of the bills, he endeavoured, and succeeded, in smothering the passion which had begun to flush his cheek, and answered, "By the offer of my hand and heart."

"Which offer I accept," said Elizabeth; and before Muir could recover his surprise, she was out of sight.

Eight days afterwards, Muir and Elizabeth were married persons. The day following the ceremony, Muir presented the bills, which he had filled up to a large amount, at the banks for discount, and, Barr's name being well known, the money was handed Muir without question or inquiry of any kind. The money so obtained more than freed him from his difficulties. Many were the surmises where the funds were got. Some, more knowing than the rest, asserted Muir was in confab with a certain nameless gentleman in black; but he contented himself by saying, if the cash came from the hot quarter surmised, it was wonderful none of the parties got their fingers burned. Time passed on: Muir and his wife attended kirk and market, apparently happy and thriving. He, once more, speculated in cattle largely and successfully. Another month, and the bills would fall due. This did not dishearten him; he was now in good credit, and had contracted, along with another extensive dealer, to supply government with a large number of horses. This speculation exceeded expectation. The price of the animals was to be paid on the following day, and Muir's share would place sufficient money in his hands to retire Barr's bills without injury to his credit. Alas for human foresight! The money was paid to his partner, duly authorised to receive it, who immediately afterwards absconded, and was never heard of more. Muir was thus again left penniless. The eventful day on which the bills became due at last arrived, but, in the course of the previous night, he and his wife left their house, and went no one knew whether. The bills were protested, and diligence raised and executed against Barr of Bawhirrie. He resisted payment. The matter, by note of suspension, was brought before the Court of Session, on the ground of fraud and forgery; but Barr was unsuccessful. The banks were *bona fide* holders of the bills; they had not acted fraudulently; and, moreover, Barr's signature was proved to be genuine beyond the shadow of a doubt. Barr, however, would not pay, he was therefore put in prison; and poor Bawhirrie ultimately died there, a ruined and a broken-hearted man.

About a year afterwards, Muir and his wife were discovered, by a cattle-dealer, in a miserable condition, keeping a small public-house in a lonely and unfrequented place in the Highlands of Inverness-shire. Both had become dissipated, and, by mutual recriminations, most miserable.

Shortly after this rencounter, Muir became, if possible, still more

dissipated, caused by the alarm he felt in being apprehended as a criminal. Driven by a guilty mind, he fled from his wife to a distant part of the north of Ireland, where he acted as under-strapper to an hostler at a way-side inn. Whenever Muir could get whisky, or find money to purchase it, he became beastly intoxicated. In this state, it was supposed, he had gone into the hay-loft, and, not having extinguished the tobacco in the pipe he had been smoking, it fell from his pocket, and the hay igniting, burned him to death.

His wife, dejected in mind, and ruined in constitution, returned to G——, where she had some relatives, who received her coldly, and, it was said, treated her harshly. Be that as it may, she was found the morning after her arrival suspended by the neck to her bedside, and quite dead.

So ends this "strange eventful history." The moral requires no search:—"Honesty is the best policy;" we ought never to do evil that good may come.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS, BEING POEMS AND SONGS. By Alexander Laing, Brechin.
Edinburgh: J. Menzies. 1846.

ALEXANDER LAING has been long before the public as a song writer and a poet—he owns himself to having been in print for the last thirty years—and we will own, in turn, that there is nothing we could have desired more to see, than a collection of the numerous pieces with which we have become familiar under his name. Such is the present volume, dedicated to that prince of Scottish lyrists, Capt. Charles Gray, R.M. Laing has been late in doing that which is commonly the first essay of every newly-fledged poet—in giving a "volume of poems to the world." In his case, however, we have really the satisfaction of finding a *volume of poetry* added to our shelves, and cannot help breathing the wish, that other poets would at once imitate Laing, and the golden rule of Horace, by keeping their productions until they could tell of "the corrections they had been enabled to give them in maturer life." Nor was Alexander Laing altogether without his reward in the long literary probation he thus underwent. It was surely calculated to inspire an almost unpublished poet with more than mortal impulses, to hear his "Maid of Montrose" sung far and wide, by "lasses liltin' at the cow,"—or, in Laing's own words, to fall in with a little boy with the little tale of "Archie Allan" in his hand, and, being somewhat doubtful, from his extreme youth, whether he could read it, the boy promptly replied, "I can read it very weel, sir; I ha'e it maistly a' by heart."

Seldom do the poems of any author betray more heart than those of Alexander Laing. His laments over Hector Macneil, Tannahill, and poor Joseph Grant, accompanied by touching prose notices of these favourite poets, evince a fellow feeling which is more than wondrous kind. It is in the use of graphic Scotch that Laing has most excelled, however; and amidst the many refinements of which his muse has shown herself susceptible, the rough and ready vigour of "Pawky Adam Glen," still stands forth the first of his productions. A real character, by the by, was Adam, and his glorious death at Sheriffmuir, winding his pipes in the front and fire of the enemy, at the age of ninety, is perfectly heroic:—

Pawky Adam Glen,
Piper o' the olachan,
When he stoited ben,
Sairly was he pechan;
Spak' a wee, but tnat his win',
Hurkilt down and hostit syne,
Blew his belk, an' diocht't' a een,
An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.

Every one covetous of the possession of a genuine volume of Scottish song and poesy, by a genuine Scotch poet, will certainly patronise the "Wayside Flowers" of Alexander Laing.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

SCOTLAND—ITS POVERTY AND CRIME.

IN directing attention to the poverty and crime of Scotland, we shall, in the first instance, enter somewhat into details regarding the state of its great manufacturing metropolis, as calculated to throw some light on the origin and propagation of these great evils.

No city exhibits a greater variety of circumstance and character than does the city of Glasgow. In the west end, we find a city of palaces, inhabited by merchant-princes, and persons of rank and influence; in the east end, we have long rows of miserable habitations, peopled by forms the most squalid and revolting ever assumed by suffering humanity. Above six thousand persons in High Street, the Vennels, Burnside, Saltmarket, &c., have no settled habitation, but prowl about during the day and night, begging and stealing, or haunting in cheap three-penny and two-penny lodging-houses of the most miserable description. In 600 of these cheap lodging-houses, from 6000 to 8000 nightly reside. According to statistics most accurately ascertained, 489 of these houses contain 985 apartments and 1453 beds; at an average each house contains three beds, and the average size of each apartment is ten feet by twelve, and seven feet high—giving an allowance of 140 cubic feet of air to each lodger during the night, and that air tainted by the loathsome neighbourhood. Several gentlemen lately officially visited the greater part of these houses, accompanied by one of the police authorities of the city, who intimately knows that part where the houses are chiefly located. Those visited between nine and ten o'clock at night were in active preparation for coming visitors. In some of them a number of wretched girls—several of whom were apparently not fifteen years—were lounging in the kitchens, waiting for visitors; and in others, from ten to thirty men and women were promiscuously congregated—some eating, some drinking, some smoking, some cursing, while the landladies were actively employed serving them and getting the bed-rooms in readiness—and what bed-rooms! In addition to the usual beds, which had a kind of bedstead, a number of what are called “shake downs” were being prepared. These were simply a little straw and a

few dirty clouts, with a miserable blanket or two thrown over them. Among these, the visitors were divided in groups of threes and fours, and there can be no doubt a number of small inmates, in the shape of vermin, made very free with the lodgers. On visiting these domiciles in the morning, their appearance was, if possible, still more revolting. The entries, though they had been partially cleansed, still retained no small part of the filth deposited during the night. The stairs had, to all appearance, never been cleaned, and many of the apartments were still occupied with the female part of the lodgers, who were either in their so called beds or half covered with miserable rags. One of these wretched lodging-houses deserves special mention. It is situated near the top of the New Wynd. The keeper welcomed the visitors with a volley of oaths, and dared them to find aught objectionable in her establishment. In the lobby, sat a well-dressed young woman, whom she called her daughter, and who, to the knowledge of the official gentleman of the police, was one of nine whom she had induced to enter on a life of dissipation. In the kitchen, which was on the whole tolerably clean, were five or six girls, all lounging about, and seemingly waiting on for other comers. On questioning the landlady whether these were her servants, she swore lustily that they served themselves, but for her, she had a dumb servant who aided her to do her work. The bed-rooms contained from three to six beds each. The beds had posted bedsteads made in the rudest manner. Some of the beds were of straw, and had scarcely anything in the shape of pillows, and the whole bed-clothes consisted of a thin worn blanket and a miserable covering. Some of the other beds were made up of cotton. One bed-room was fitted up in a style greatly superior to the others, and for this room she swore she had often five shillings each night. Though there was certainly nothing very inviting about this house, the keeper was still more revolting than the house. To all appearance, she was about fifty years of age, and her countenance, which had once possessed good features, was miserably bloated through drinking and debauchery. In the most cool and unprovoked mood she used the most dreadful imprecations. Her language and gestures impressively showed the dreadful state to which a course of crime—for the keeping of a house for such purposes may justly be viewed as such—reduces its miserable victims. But though the keeper of this house was decidedly the most outrageous of any visited, the house itself was the *best of its class*! The deputation thus writes—

“Our guide conducted us next to what he called among the worst. We were led through another, and still more wretched entry, the stench of which was suffocating. We found a small area at the back of the entry, from which access was gained to sundry houses—and houses

more wretched imagination could not conceive. We first looked into the ground-floor of one which had not a single article of furniture, but something in the form of two beds, but which, in reality, were a few blocks of stones covered with dirty rags. On questioning a person who, with an infant in her arms, was standing at the door, she described herself as the wife of a carter, to whom she was married when only eighteen years of age, and she said she kept two lodgers, who were a married couple. Our guide denied the truth of her statements, and assured us that the house was one of common resort. Wet clay was the only floor of this dwelling, and not a single pane of glass adorned its windows. Indeed, on looking round the area, not one of the wretched habitations was honoured with a single pane of glass. We then ascended an outside stair, and knocked at the broken door of *one* of the apartments—for the stair granted access to several dwellings—when a female in rags, who was thrown into confusion by the official appearance of our guide, somewhat reluctantly admitted us, on being assured that we had no intention of taking her to the Police-office. In this dwelling, which consisted of only one small apartment, we found—besides the alleged husband and wife, to whom it belonged—no fewer than ten young females, half-covered with rags, and some of them in such beds as there were, though it was nearly noon-day. The keeper of the house, when questioned as to how these lived, drily answered that they paid her each one shilling weekly, and it was no object of hers how they obtained it; adding, that if it was improperly, they had the worst of it themselves. This house had the appearance of the very perfection of domestic misery. The shattered and dirty walls, the broken and ragged ceiling, the filthy and rotten floor, were all in keeping with the bloated and debauched appearance of the guilty inmates. We visited other houses in this wretched back area, and our guide assured us that, though all the accommodation could not properly shelter more than seven or eight families, not fewer than three hundred men and women crowded nightly its disgusting domiciles. Some scenes of the most heart-rending description were here witnessed. In one house we were shown into a back room, where we found a mother and daughter at their scanty breakfast. The mother had the appearance of having been one day respected and respectable, and the daughter was a good-featured girl, of about seventeen years old; but, on questioning the mother, who looked pensive, she all but admitted that they were living on the reward of crime. Our guide informed us that, in many cases, mothers, who have been reduced through misfortune, betake themselves to one of these cheap lodging-houses, and there spend the residue of their wretched existence on the earnings of the daughters—earnings that may be called something worse to the recipients of them

than the wages of unrighteousness, and to the givers of them than the price of blood."

In addition to these abominable dens, *see pawn* shops work much mischief. At No. 93, High Street, is an abominable place, known as Pipe Close. It is densely populated, with about 150 families, or about 750 persons. On a Sabbath morning in September last, a gentleman saw, in one morning, no fewer than fifty persons pop into a *see pawn*. Men, women, and children, doffed their jackets, petticoats, frocks, shoes, and carried them all to the pawnbroker, for which they would receive the veriest trifles.

It has been calculated that Glasgow pays for its paupers and thieves the enormous sum of £250,000 annually, or nearly one pound for each inhabitant.

Accepting Glasgow as the type of Scotland generally, it will follow that poor Scotland pays a sum of nearly three millions annually for the support of its rogues and beggars. A portion of that sum is given to what are supposed to be the deserving poor, and for the keeping up of our criminal machinery; and the residue is seized by thieves and robbers, wherever they can best find it.

The report of the Inspector of Scottish Prisons, which has just been published, tells a mournful story as to the inefficiency of our criminal laws. During last year, there were nearly 20,000 committals to prison, and more than one-third, or about thirty-six per cent., were re-committals, which shows the inefficiency of our prison discipline. But besides its inefficiency, its enormous cost condemns it. In addition to the earnings of the prisoners, which amounted to about £6,500, the keeping up of these prisons cost the public £33,000. Mr. Miller, of Glasgow prison, and others, are of opinion that every prisoner, under a proper system, would be worth himself—that is, the earnings of every prisoner would defray the expense of his conviction and confinement; and yet, at this time of day, Scotland pays £33,000 for maintaining its prisoners. Suggestions have been published by the industrious governor of Glasgow prison for erecting proper places of punishment, where the prisoners, by being set to proper work, and retained during a lengthened period, would both support themselves and stand a fair chance of being restored to habits of honesty and industry. The adoption of such principles in the treatment of criminals would rapidly diminish crime and the number of our prisoners; and there can be no question but, in the course of a few years, the progressive spirit of the age will necessitate this reform. Several of the American prisons are more than self-supporting.

Nor is reform among our paupers less necessary. The amount of pauperism in our large cities is becoming alarming. A taxation, amounting to five, and in some cases to eight per cent., is levied on the

rent of the inhabitants, and the working out of the new poor-law threatens vastly to augment even that sum, should no mitigating measures be devised. The deserving poor in Scotland are inadequately supplied, and will continue to be so, as long as the land swarms with thieves and vagabonds. The reduction of crime will have a salutary effect on the poor's-roll. Three-fourths of our beggars are directly or indirectly connected with our thieves, so that the thinning of them will diminish our paupers. Were magistrates and ministers properly to wield their influence, a mass of our paupers would be reclaimed to habits of economy and frugality. Unless in the case of the very aged paupers, who have no relatives, there seem no insuperable difficulties in restoring those on our poor lists to society. The case of the curate of Hinton Charter-house is well known. "I have been able," says he, in his reply to the Queen's letter to the Episcopal clergy anent the Church-building Society, "with the assistance of the intelligent inhabitants, to banish pauperism from this place." The poor rates were reduced from £800 to £200, and that not by removing but by restoring paupers to habits of economy. Were our 2000 Scottish clergymen to go and do likewise, they would command the gratitude and respect of Scotland and of the world.

DR. NICHOL'S "SYSTEM OF THE WORLD."*

Nor many generations have passed away in the history of man, since all that he saw of the beautiful creations of nature around him spoke in no intelligible language to his soul. In the sun, that gladdened him by day, and the moon, that cheered him through the lonely watches of the night, he acknowledged no aim or purpose but subservient to his own weak being; nay, even the stars, whose more distant orbs gemmed the blue depths of ether, and, in his fervid imagination, woke from their mysterious revolutions tones of divinest harmony, were but instruments to do his pleasure. Linked with his destiny, those wondrous spheres, that had rolled through countless ages, were supposed to rise, beam, and vanish with the existence of man—the child of a day!

Geology, as a science, was unknown; chemistry studied but for unshallowed objects; and the discoveries that were evolved from the crucible of the alchymist, passed not beyond the walls of his secret-chamber. In a later age, alchymy became the parent of chemistry; so, in the magic spheres and circles of the astrologer, we have, probably, the first dawn of astronomical science. Great men were not wanting to pursue it; and, through doubts and difficulties, and the darkness of false theories, the mind of man struggled on towards the truth; and,

* Tait, Edinburgh. 1846.

from the day when first it dawned on the mind of an humble Swedish pastor, our progress in astronomical knowledge has been most rapid.

From our own system, science began to turn her inquiring eye to the regions beyond, and soon discovered new affinities and relations, first in the nearer firmament, but gradually extending her domain, till, by means of her powerful instruments, she learned to revel, with delighted eye, far in the infinity of space, to find it everywhere peopled with the same beaming worlds, and full of the same glorious manifestations of an almighty creator!

The harmonious laws of gravitation govern all. We have satellites with their planets, planets with their suns, suns with their firmaments; may we not also deem that even these firmaments form but parts of some vast sidereal system, which, during the lapse of uncounted centuries, performs its mighty revolutions. And so on, from class to class, each system but the step to a higher. As the mind of the creator is unlimited, and the regions of space have no bound, we may believe that no part is left wholly desolate. But, in speculations like these, the narrow perceptions of frail man are bewildered by the very immensity of the theme.

Dr. Nichol's services in the advancement of the science have been neither few nor small. Labouring constantly and perseveringly in the glorious work, he has both eliminated facts and built theories; and, amid his mighty contemplations of the great arcana of nature, has indulged in speculations on their origin and destinies, which, though occasionally somewhat dreamy, are, without doubt, the grandest and most glorious in which the mind of man can engage.

His former works, on the "*Solar System*" and the "*Architecture of the Heavens*," were, when published, in the very front rank of knowledge. But since then, new discoveries, particularly those of Lord Rosse, have led him, in some things, to modify his views; and to show the bearing of these discoveries on former theories is the principal object of the work before us.

We confess it is not without a sigh we receive evidence calculated to shake our faith in the nebular hypothesis; a scheme which to us appeared so grand and complete; that new observation was more likely to strengthen than to shake it. However, the main ground-work of the theory is now taken away; the two puzzles of astronomers, the nebulae of Andromeda and Orion, are declared resolvable into stars—

"And thus doubt and speculation, on this great subject, vanished for ever! The resolution of the nebula in Orion into stars has proved that to be REAL, which, with conceptions of creation enlarged even as Herschell's, we deemed to be INCOMPREHENSIBLE, and shown that the laws and order of existence, on its grandest scale, cannot safely be supposed as all compressed among the processes and phenomena around our homes. Yes! the Infinite we had built up after the fashion of what had become familiar, was yet, with all its greatness, only an EIDOLA, and could fill neither Space nor Time. It was, indeed, a grand and noble temple, but yet not the temple of the universe,—issuing from the depths of whose awful adyta, that solemn appeal again seems heard:—'HAST THOU AN ARM LIKE GOD, OR CANST THOU THUNDER LIKE HIM? GIRD UP THY LOINS AND DECLARE! CANST THOU BIND THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF THE PLEIADES, OR LOOSEN THE BANDS OF ORION? CANST THOU BRING FORTH MAZZAROTH IN HIS SEASON, OR BIND ARCTURUS WITH HIS STARS?'

"And now, if only for a moment, contemplate that stellar creation in its unveiled

magnificence! Restrained no longer by the consideration of probabilities, freed from the necessity of discerning amongst its mighty forms only resemblances of those developments of power which more clearly surround us, we can recognise no limit, either to its stupendous extent, or inconceivable variety.

"In the masses of nebulous stars, circular or compact galaxies of all orders of glory may now be traced, leading from the splendid cluster in Hercules, as their *lowest point*, up through schemes of being, in which sun is nearer sun, until their entire skies merge into one blaze of light and one throng of activities; not like ours, coldly studded with points far apart, whose mutual influences are sundered by huge abysses! But high above all stands ORION, the pre-eminent glory and wonder of the sidereal universe. Considering it as so remote that its light cannot reach us in less than *sixty thousand years*, and at the same time as occupying so large an apparent portion of the heavens, how stupendous must be the extent of that nebula! It would seem almost, that if all other clusters hitherto gauged were collected and compressed into one, they would not surpass this mighty group, in which every wisp, every wrinkle, is verily a SANDHEAP of stars!"

Nebula thus ceases to have an existence as an acknowledged fact, and though we may still believe that the sun reached his present size and form by condensation, out of a gaseous one, and even that he threw off the planets, and they their satellites, exactly in the mode La Place conceived, yet we cannot now point to nebulae and nebulous stars, and say—Lo, there are exhibited the steps in the mighty mutation. These splendid hieroglyphics no longer seem to tell the secrets of the sanctuary, the phases through which the INFINITE elaborated his conceptions. Yet are they not voiceless; no, they tell now of higher mysteries, of convolutions still more august, of galaxies more stupendous.

The respective appearances of the nebulae, through the telescopes of Herschell and Lord Rosse, opens up totally new ideas on the constitution of these wondrous worlds, and the engraved illustrations are admirable.

What results we may expect from the revelations of the six feet mirror can hardly be guessed; as yet it has had barely time to give an inkling of its capabilities.

Want of space forbids us to follow Dr. Nichol through all the topics which he discusses, but some are so interesting, that we cannot pass them over. Among these are the speculations on the vibrating motion and evident disturbances observed in comets in their approach towards the sun.

"Besides being informed by them of the universality of gravity, we appear to be brought by their phenomena almost into the presence of other agencies, probably as extensive and far-reaching as gravity, which will immensely enlarge our views of the mechanism of the universe. The peculiar aspect of these bodies, which promises revelations so remarkable, is their *tails*. Taken in all its generality, the phenomenon amounts to this,—that the centre of figure is not the centre of the body's mass; inasmuch as, when they approach the sun, the nucleus or densest part never appears in the middle point, as certainly it would do under the mere influence of gravity, or if the interior arrangements of the particles were undisturbed by any force from without. Sometimes a vast mass of matter streaming from it in a direction away from the sun; and at others (as in Encke's), the body taking an oval shape, with the nucleus near one edge."

The mode in which this strange disturbance is explained, is by attributing to the sun both a negative and a positive attraction; in fact, making its powers akin to those of the magnet, so that a mass of matter coming within its influence becomes polarized.

If the sun polarizes the comets, we presume he exerts a similar influence over his planets, and possibly the disturbances and commotions in our earth's internal constitution, may in some way depend on this power; but this is theorising on a theory.

The zodiacal light from our sun, which was so easily explained by considering him a nebulous star, requires now a closer inquiry. Dr. Nichol supposes it to be "a luminous zone, elliptical, and circulating round the sun, but not attached to him"—either a nebulous fluid, or a stream of meteors too small for separate visibility, but numerous enough to give a faint light; and to this source he attributes the periodical showers of meteors which visit our atmosphere about the first August and twelfth November.

This, however, to our idea, leaves the zodiacal light pretty much what it was deemed before—a nebulous fluid; and the supporters of La Place may, therefore, still have it for their theory; but they have more,—Dr. Nichol leaves them the comets, which he deems nebulous, and farther, propounds the existence of an interplanetary ether, diffused through our system, and which, although too fluid to obstruct the planets, is dense enough to retard comets. We do think this suggestion rather premature, for the evidence to support it is the fact of Halley's comet having been behind its time six days, and this was calculated on a revolution of seventy-five years; and a more frequent irregularity in Encke's. These irregularities, however, we think might be accounted for by the influence of the larger planets, more particularly since the shortcomings of Jupiter and Herschell have been accounted for by the discovery of a new planet still larger than either, and which has been journeying on its unseen way at a distance of 3500 millions of miles from the sun. By the way, the situation of this new planet accords well with the place it would hold by the nebular hypothesis, its distance from the sun being nearly twice that of Herschell.

The second part of Dr. Nichol's work is devoted to geological research, and this, although scientific and logical, does not seem to throw any new light on the structure of our earth. The question of solidity at the centre remains as before; we think the density of the earth (four-and-a-half, or, as now stated, five-and-a-half times that of water is the strongest argument in its favour—the internal heat the sole objection; and if this heat can be otherwise satisfactorily accounted for, the question might nearly be considered settled; at the same time, we not think that the earth having, at some immensely distant period passed through a hotter region of space than she now traverses, is sufficient to account for the universally existing volcanic agency; and therefore, rather incline to the view stated by Mr. Hopkins and Huxley, that solidification, by means of pressure, commences at the centre, extending outwards; but that a crust formed outside, cooling, before the intermediate space was all condensed.

The effects of the extensive upheaving and degrading are constantly at work on our planet, causing a constant face, are ably shown. There can now be no doubt, but we think that Dr. Nichol is incorrect

tralia on a plain of subsidence, for, as far as we can learn of the structure of that vast island, we should imagine it to be the very newest part of the earth's surface, raised from the depths of ocean at a comparatively recent date, and still but little above it.

On the whole, we have been able to give but a slight sketch of this most attractive book, in which we hardly know whether to admire most, the grandeur of its views, or the eloquence with which they are argued. On the question of "Cause" we have not touched, neither have we adventured upon the somewhat dangerous ground of the relation these mighty mysteries bear to ourselves and our eternal hopes; but we earnestly advise our readers to peruse for themselves, and those who have not done so, to commence their studies with the two former works. They will elevate the soul, yet humble it to wonder and adore. We seem to stand upon the brow of infinity, and looking forward and backward into spaces of distance and cycles of time that the imagination can barely comprehend, we see myriads of spheres rolling in courses, whose miles can scarce be computed by millions, whose days are as a thousand years, and whose years as man's "*forever*." True, we do not see them as they are; those pencils of light that reach us now commenced their far journey through space millions of years ago, and long, long ere this, the parent orbs may have unrolled many a new scroll in their mighty destiny; nevertheless, still do they shine on, calm and majestic; yet, however great the epoch, but one moving of the minute-hand of Time, one step of the glorious progression, one link of the chain whose commencement is lost in the beginning of Time, and whose end is Eternity.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

A STIRRING memory of the times of yore
 Quickens the pulse, and kindles in the eye
 Of him, who, wandering by Clyde's upward shore,
 Pauses beneath these walls and turrets high,
 To muse on mighty deeds and days long since gone by.
 Such as were witnessed by these stately towers,
 On Bothwell banks, two hundred years ago;
 Though now all crumbling are its festal bowers,
 Its Ladies passed away, its Chieftains low,
 Humbled in dust, alike the warrior and his foe.
 And if with wayward step ye seek to climb,
 To ruined battlement or mouldering wall,
 No banner flaunts, as in the olden time,
 Nor bugle blast is heard, nor warder's call;
 But springing bush and brier and wild flowers wave o'er all.
 While over hill and valley gazing round,
 Not often dwells the eye on fairer scene,
 And every neighbouring spot is storied ground;
 Each wood, and crested hill, and valley green,
 Is in our hearts and thoughts hallowed by what has been.

If Scottish blood be circling in the veins,
 Or Scottish feelings nurtured in the heart,
 Then do those wavings woods, and yellow plains,
 And that bright river, to the soul impart
 High thoughts from all old tales that to remembrance start.

Tales of hard fields, and battles bravely fought,
 A people struggling in unequal fight,
 With tyrant rulers, who would trammel thought,
 And bow the heart's pure dictates to their might,
 Which even in defeat were steadfast to the right.

Days of old Scotland's more impassioned mood,
 Of eager hand to do, and heart to dare,
 When din of arms disturbed each solitude,
 And in the nation's heart were strife and care,
 And mad internal war that knoweth not to spare.

But a brave spirit, through the darkest hour
 Of persecution, stirred in all the land;
 And hearts were nerved by hope to fuller power,
 And taught, with patient energy, to stand
 Against oppression's sword, and hate's relentless hand.

What "Cloud of Witnesses" in Scotland then,
 Their testimony sealed with parting breath;
 Round every hill, and moor, and mountain glen,
 There hangs some tale of martyrdom and death;
 Of slaughter unaneled—of high unswerving faith.

Honour to those who thus so nobly fell,
 We reap the harvest that their blood hath sown;
 In freedom and unfettered faith we dwell,
 While they, bright spirits, round their Father's throne,
 Live on in endless joy, earth's sorrows long since flown.

G. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOCIAL EVILS.

"I'VE FORGOT."

"WELL, Tom," said Mrs. Campbell to her son, as he entered the parlour in search of his breakfast, "have you executed for me the message with which I entrusted you this morning?"

"Message, did you say?" ejaculated Tom. "Oh! I remember now. Why really, mother, I've forgot it!"

"That's always the way with you, Tom," said his sister Mary; "you are continually forgetting. Mother and I are going to insert your name in the black book, you are so thoroughly irreclaimable."

"Come, now, Mary," replied Tom, "don't be so hard upon me. I am not just so bad as you would make me. It is only occasionally you find me tripping."

"Not so bad!" echoed Mary "why I have not painted you in sufficiently black colours. I know of no young man who can for one moment be put in comparison with you. I really believe, were it not

that your head is attached most thoroughly to your body, and cannot be shaken off, it would also be forgotten.

"One thing you must confess, however," said Tom, laughingly, "I never forget to come home to breakfast or dinner."

"You can claim no credit for that," said Mrs. Campbell; "an inward monitor, as well as the example of those around you, tells you pretty plainly the time to wend homewards."

"Your forgetfulness, Master Tom," said Mary, mischievously, "betrays your whereabouts. Young men *attempt* to conceal from their sisters occasionally in what charming spot they spend their evenings. Now I have found out, in spite of all your cunning, where and in whose company you spent last Tuesday evening. Don't you try after this to conceal from me your visiting quarters, for I'll find *them* out."

"You're wishing to draw *me* out, Mary. It won't do. I'm too old in the horn to be caught," said Tom.

"Old as you are, or think yourself to be, Tom, you have been caught. Do you know this umbrella, with the words 'Tom Campbell' legibly engraved on the top? Now, tell me where I procured this?"

"Why, let me see—ay—yes—hem," said Tom, looking rather queer; this is certainly rather like my umbrella; but where you got it, is rather out of my power—"

"Come now, Tom, no nonsense," said the triumphant Mary. "I found it in the house of a *certain* lady, whose name respect for your feelings forbids me to mention. Only, in future, when you go to see ladies, and don't wish your sister to know it, pray don't forget to take away your umbrella."

"So, Tom, my boy," said Mr. Campbell, who just then entered the apartment, "I have been waiting impatiently for your arrival. Where are the papers I wished you to bring from the office?"

"Why, father," said Tom, just then suddenly recollecting his father's commission, "the fact is, that, on my way to the office, I met with a few companions, whose gay conversation drove your message entirely out of my head, and so I—I—"

"In short, you 'forgot' it," said his father, displeased. "What a weak memory you've got. It seems to be of no earthly service to you. I might just as well pour water into a sieve, in the expectation of its being retained there, as entrust you with a message and expect to have it properly executed."

"You are rather hard upon me, father," said Tom, abashed; "I flatter myself I am not just so bad as that."

"Every whit," replied the father; "and it gives me pain to observe the numerous illustrations continually occurring of this baneful habit of forgetfulness. Yesterday morning, you went off to the office leaving the keys behind you, and had to come trudging home for them, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain, while the men were lounging about the doors, awaiting your return, and laughing, no doubt, in their sleeve at your stupidity."

"This rarely occurs," said Tom, his face reddening.

"Rarely occurs!" echoed his father. "Why, similar circumstances are almost daily occurring. Why, no later gone than yesterday, you made a desperate push to catch the railway, having forgotten that you

were to go till it was near the time, and after much exertion you had procured a seat, you found that you had forgotten to take with you the very papers, without which your journey was in vain. You had thus a sweat, paid your fare, and for want of a moment's thought accomplished nothing."

"But, father," interposed Tom, "you know I was over head and ears in business; and, besides, we are all apt to—"

"Let me have no excuses," interrupted Mr. Campbell; "I have some hopes of a young man when he sees his error, and strives to overcome it, but I have none of him who searches through the whole category of excuses to find one to answer his purpose. This habit of forgetfulness is one so very bad, so ruinous both to yourself and those with whom you are connected, that you ought to esteem no labour too arduous, or any exertion too great, to shake yourself free from its trammels."

"I remember, Tom," said Mrs. Campbell, "that your uncle James, through this vile habit, lost an opportunity, which never afterwards returned, of making his fortune. His general knowledge of business, combined with agreeable manners, recommended him to a gentleman, who, having money, but no experience, wished to begin business in a line of which James possessed a competent knowledge. After some time spent in consultation, a day was fixed on for the completion of arrangements. The day arrived, but James forgot to make his appearance. He went the next, apologizing, by saying that he had forgotten the day. 'Very well,' says the gentleman, 'if in a matter of so much importance you forget your duty, I will not forget mine, and that is to have no further connection with you.' Your uncle thus, through his own culpable carelessness, lost the opportunity of securing a favourable business for life."

"And Emma Gardner," interposed Mary, "lost a sweetheart and husband from her forgetfulness; for she received a letter from him telling her that a girl who remembered nothing would make but an indifferent wife."

"You are now all against me," exclaimed Tom, "and all because I have omitted to bring a certain article home."

"You are mistaken, Tom," continued the father, "if you suppose that the remarks which have fallen and which will yet fall from my lips, are occasioned by to-day's forgetfulness. I wish to warn you against this baneful habit, convinced, as I am, that a continuance in it will be of the greatest detriment to your prospect in after life. I hope, then, you will listen with patience to what I have to say on this matter, and act upon the advice offered. I need not, at any length, point out to you the great disadvantages accruing from a forgetful disposition. You, first of all, sadly inconvenience yourself. By omitting to discharge certain duties at the time when these could have been properly managed, you entail upon yourself serious annoyance, and it may be loss. Suppose you have to balance your cash, or make up your books at stated periods, your allowing these to slip over without performing the task, plunges you into a sea of troubles. Your cash does not agree with your books, and you can't tell the reason, so long has been the time since you last balanced. Just now you tell me you are about thirty shillings behind, and you know not what has become of it."

"I've found it now," observed Tom; "I met Dick Johnstone yesterday, and he paid me that sum, of which I had given him the loan and omitted to mark it down."

"Well, that is just a confirmative proof of what I am advancing," continued Mr. Campbell. "If Dick had been dishonest, you would never have received your money, because you knew not where it had gone to. You are secretary to a society, and, in attending its meeting, you find you have forgotten to take with you the minute-book. Last year, when at Arran, you climbed, with infinite trouble, to the top of Goat-fell, and found, on arriving at the summit, that you had left your object-glass at home. You had laid it out on the table, and forgot to take it with you. In the course, thus, of your own limited experience, you have felt the personal inconvenience resulting from forgetfulness. It ruffles your temper, tries your patience, and causes you to undergo a vast deal of unnecessary trouble."

"I well remember," said Mary, "the pucker Tom was in about a month ago. A party of ladies and gentlemen had agreed to go on a pic-nic excursion, and Tom and I were to be of the number. As Tom was an excellent player on the flute, he was to bring it along with him, and assist in keeping up the pleasure of the party. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for setting off. The hour appointed came, but no word of Tom, and so the party had to set off without him. In about three hours, Tom came among us, flurried and in a state of disorder. He had forgotten the hour, had hurried down two hours after the time, and arrived soon enough to perceive the table completely cleared of its contents. After a little time, he was requested to give a tune, but on searching his pockets for the flute, he found he had forgotten it. What with his rapid walking, his abstinence from food, and his mortification at his own forgetfulness, Tom never spent a more unhappy day."

"A most apt and true illustration," ejaculated Tom.

"But," resumed the father, "over and above the inconvenience resulting to yourself from a forgetful disposition, there is to be added the annoyance, trouble, and anxiety resulting to those with whom you are connected, either by relationship or business. You cannot conceive the serious injury that may be the consequence to your neighbour. It may be the means of depriving him of the advantage of one favourable opportunity, the seizing of which would make him at once independent. You make an appointment to meet a gentleman, but, like the appointment referred to by your sister, you forget, till it be too late. You thus break your engagement, and disappoint the person whom you were to meet; it may be to his great detriment and loss. This habit, if indulged, will grow upon you so silently and surely, that you will find it to be impossible to shake off its fetters. Your business must be neglected, for if you forget to execute the orders of your customers, they will most assuredly forget to give you any. What kind of impression, as to your business habits, can you make on a customer, or what consolation can it afford him, when calling for an explanation, you coolly inform him that you had forgotten his order altogether? What else can you expect, or, indeed, what else do you deserve, but to lose your business and be branded with contempt?"

"You have, indeed," said Tom, "drawn a most frightful picture of the evils arising from using the expression, 'I've forgot;' but how am I to avoid it—I really cannot help it."

"You wrong yourself there," replied Mr. Campbell, "you can avoid it. It arises solely and entirely from carelessness on your part, and, in fact, on the part of all who use these words, and act upon the principles embodied in them. The memory is susceptible of high cultivation, and many astonishing instances could be adduced in proof. But your error lies in not keeping your wits about you. You allow your mind to wander at will, unchecked and uncontrolled. One idea chases another from its place, till all is in chaotic confusion. The consequence is, that memory sits uneasy upon her seat, and in a most inefficient manner discharges her functions. Your mind, like a watch, requires to be regulated and kept in order. Self-government is what all should learn, but to acquire that happy command of self, great labour is requisite, perseverance and watchfulness are absolutely indispensable. You will find it to be, indeed, no easy task to discipline aright your mind. Obstacles, arising from many causes, but chiefly from love of ease, will require to be overcome. Choose as your motto the lines from Rowe, which I have so often quoted in your hearing,—

'The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make th' impossibility they fear.'

Ere you leave the house in the morning, ask yourself the question, 'What have I to do to-day—what duties to perform?' and ere you retire to rest, 'Have I done all that I ought—have I remembered all and forgot nought?' Keep a strict watch over your thoughts, and fix them on the pursuit which at the time occupies the attention, for if once you allow them to wander—if once you allow yourself to forget, you will find it a work of herculean difficulty to recover yourself. It is easy to float down the stream when wind and tide are in your favour, but how difficult to return up the same stream if these are against you. So pleasant it is to be carried along by the current of your thoughts, in pleasing forgetfulness, without any definite aim; but, when you try to stem the current, to recal your forgetful thoughts, and place them under your control, you will find you have undertaken a task which requires the whole of your powers to be brought into play. Reflect, therefore, on what has now been said, banish those baneful words, 'I've forgot,' from your lips, and rest assured that the little inconvenience to which, in the prosecution of this laudable object, you will be liable, will be more than counterbalanced by the pleasure you will derive from the esteem of those whose esteem is valuable, and the satisfaction arising from a well ordered mind."

Tom said nothing. Lifting his hat, he went to the door, but ere he reached it, Mary whispered, "Tom, when you go to see the ladies, and wish to keep one in the dark, don't forget to——" The shutting of the door drowned the rest of the sentence.

When Tom came home to dinner, he brought with him his father's papers, and had executed his mother's commission.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT recollections of the past,
Of scenes gone by, and things that were,
Crowd through my mind, whene'er I cast
A look upon my father's chair.

How often have I climbed his knees,
To pat his cheek, and stroke his hair,
The kind paternal kiss to seize,
When seated in his old arm-chair.

And much of monitory lore,
Which bade me of the world beware,
His tongue hath uttered o'er and o'er,
While resting in his old arm-chair.

When evening called us round the hearth,
And storms raged through the wintry air,
What songs and tales of social mirth,
Did issue from the old arm-chair.

With summer's toil, and heat o'ercome,
When weary Nature sought repair,
Oft did he throw his languid frame,
Exhausted, in his old arm-chair.

When adverse fortune crossed his road,
And bowed him down with anxious care,
How oft he sighed beneath the load,
When seated in his old arm-chair.

But death long since has closed his eyes,
And peacefully he slumbers, where
A grassy turf is seen to rise,
And fills no more the old arm-chair.

That chair, which does these scenes recal,
Old age and wasting worms impair,
Will shortly into pieces fall,
And cease to be an old arm-chair;

Yet while its smallest parts remain,
My fancy shall behold him there,
And memory wake these thoughts again,
Of him who filled the old arm-chair.

Then, I was thoughtless, healthy, young,
And freely clamb life's uphill stair,
And fondly thought it would be long
Ere I should need a resting chair.

Now I am old, and weak, and lame,
My walk is slow, my bones are bare,
From toil I oft exemption claim,
And seek at eve the old arm-chair.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER NAPPE.

CHAPTER III.—RELATES TO THE "RADICAL TIMES," AND SUNDRY OF OLIVER'S DOINGS THEREAFTER—THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO TWO NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

NEARLY coincident with the events related in our last, appeared the first manifestations of that stirring epoch in our country's history, known as the Radical Rebellion. When we speak of its first manifestations, we mean, as a physician would say, that the symptoms had begun to develop into an understood form. Long before, as in the case of the French Revolution, the distant thunder of political, and, it might be, civil strife, sounded in men's ears; yet what these bodings of the storm indicated, few could with certainty assume. Even those who were more immediately connected with the leading events of the period, at first had but partial and indistinct views of the measures which might be proposed or adopted by the malcontents; and much of what was afterwards done, whether right or wrong we say not, was done merely as the nature of circumstances impelled to it, and not the result of previous deliberation. A large proportion of the labouring population were dissatisfied; they desired that an increase of political freedom should be accorded them; and the question in each man's mind was, how shall we obtain this? The press was not then the mighty engine it now is; and even those papers advocating the cause, dared not lift up their testimony in a significant open manner, but were compelled to keep in abeyance both their own sentiments and those of others on the subject, or else to publish privately, under danger of legal penalties, and, of course, with impaired efficiency, so far as diffusion of information consisted. These very difficulties were the sources of much more alarm and subsequent disturbance throughout the country, than would have been if the people had possessed what they now have—a free press—as, in order to convey sentiments, to direct or organize movements, to afford information, meetings were necessary. Often, the difficulty of obtaining information, and its incorrect nature when obtained, coming sometimes from imperfect sources, tended to keep alive jarring feelings, and excite those passions which are invariably adverse to the immediate attainment of political rights in any attempt of the people to gain them.

It is far from our intention to enter into any discussion upon the causes of the excitement then prevailing, far less to consider whether these causes existed to such an extent as was believed, or were sufficient to call forth the angry murmurings of discontent. An enlarged political franchise was conceived essential to the maintenance of rights, the want of which, it was believed, led to oppression and tyranny on the part of the aristocracy, between whom and the people a breach of distrust and enmity was daily widening. Society, like a complicated piece of machinery, is equally dependent for its proper regulation and working upon every minute piece of organization, as well as upon those sections which seem of most importance; and, just as in the case of a watch, if one spring or wheel goes wrong, the whole suffers in consequence. At this time, the working population, conceiving themselves aggrieved, but

partially discharged those obligations which heretofore were presumed to subsist, and in their refusal, until certain rights were acceded, to fulfil these duties, arose the disturbance which afterwards created so great a sensation throughout all ranks. It seems to us, that the political, like the natural world, requires, for its healthful tendencies, that an overloaded atmosphere be cleared of the malarial which gathers and proves detrimental to the comfort of the body social. The storm purifies while it first destroys. Discontent must always have a safety valve, even though it be in a revolution; and all the chances are, unless the evil is timely and wisely remedied, that in such must ever terminate a popular outcry of "Give us our rights." It is as vain to suppose that the thunder-cloud of the heavens could quietly disperse, as it would be to expect that a people who have been unjustly deprived of privileges and immunities, rightly theirs, and who have arrived at the knowledge of the fact, could have their voice silenced by indifference on the part of those to whom they appeal for redress. Those who advocate the now stale doctrine of allowing such things to die out of themselves, are gradually becoming aware of the truth, that the hidden fire, though it may slumber and cease to appear in one direction, always re-appears, with greatly increased vigour, and under, perhaps, new aspects, in another. We never knew of a popular agitation, provided it sprung from a genuine cause, dying out of itself, until its end had been accomplished, and that sometimes through mournful scenes of rapine and bloodshed.

The political agitation of which we now write, was at first discernable in the inharmonious working of different elements of society. We have already alluded to distrust, and nowhere was this feature more prominently brought forward than at the demonstrations which began to be held in the neighbourhood of the town. Large bodies of weavers and other artisans congregated at the Meikleriggs Moor, where they were harangued by the leaders, besides meeting in dissenting churches and halls throughout the town in smaller numbers. At the former of these, the mass often partook of the character of a procession. Bands of music accompanied them, and banners flaunted in the air, bearing in their frightful mottoes and devices the impress of the popular mind. Such inscriptions as—"A man can die but once;" "Bread or blood;" "Our liberties or life," might be deciphered upon them; and, in general, the whole proceedings were characterised by the same spirit of determination and energy. The very children were infected by it; for crowds of boys, imitative of their seniors, assembled and paraded through the town, with harsh discordant music, and grotesque flags, composed of tattered linen, handkerchiefs, and shirts, to the great annoyance and terror of the civic authorities, some of whom were held in no loving repute, and feared all such outbreaks accordingly. But afterwards, as the tumults began to resolve themselves into something definite, and the magistrates exerted themselves for the suppression of the evil, it became expedient, in order to conceal their designs, to hold such meetings in secret, and under cloud of night. Secret unions or associations were thus formed, with the intention of strengthening the measures, and affording each other support and encouragement. Violent measures, which, at first, would have been regarded with horror, were

proposed as alternatives betwixt perpetual suffering and restoration of right. These gained ground by degrees, till at length a civil war was regarded by many as not improbable. Preparations for such an event were made; instruments of bloodshed manufactured and sold in secret, kept concealed in treddle-holes and closets during day-time, and produced alone at the night drill.

Now, the fears of government were fairly aroused, and out of these arose the execrated spy system, than which, few things have tended more to advance the cause of democracy. How far the legislature is justified in employing such means for accomplishment of its own ends, we leave others to determine; already the question has been often mooted. From the time that suspicion of espionage shed its fetid breath over the minds of the discontented, their united power was weakened. They doubted each other. If one wore a better coat than his neighbour, or appeared well to do in the world, without the cause being sufficiently ostensible, unless his fidelity was of long and unimpeachable standing, he was a marked man, feared and distrusted by his brethren. Personal safety, and successful measures, therefore, demanded increased caution and prudence on the part of the radicals, who were now doubly beset—by the open agents of the government, on the one hand, in the person of the military and yeomanry, and by secret emissaries on the other.

Our readers will, we fear, find this episode tiresome. It has been pursued to a greater length than we at first intended; but still, it has a bearing upon our narrative.

Oliver's bias had, from the first, been to the reforming cause. Old John Nappe was a staunch democrat; the weekly club he attended were staunch democrats, and so were the five weavers who wrought in the same shop with him. John's house, at night, and the shop during the day, resounded with the noise of discussion. There the Reform doctrines were enunciated, the *Spirit of the Union* read and expatiated on, and the latest news retailed, amid many a long-winded comment and harangue.

John was ever true to his principles, and this is a great thing to say of any man. He was a thorough hater of all aristocracies and aristocratic institutions; and, though a good-natured, simple-hearted being, would, we believe, have carried his views to such a length as to refuse acceptance of a light to his pipe from one differing in sentiment from himself. Indeed, we heard it affirmed of him, that, rather than be indebted to a tory, he once walked half a mile, on a dark morning, to get a candle lighted at a friend's, his fire having gone out. It cannot be a matter of surprise, then, that young Oliver imbibed his parent's views, seeing he had been brought up in the very atmosphere of reform. His apprenticeship was now ended; he had begun business on a limited scale on his own account, and was looked up to, by a considerable circle of acquaintances, as a young man of promise, and one who would shine in the world—a view which he himself quite coincided in. He had taken an active interest in the proceedings of the Reformers, and had oftener than once been promoted to the platform at secret meetings. Oliver considered himself fully qualified as a leading man, in virtue of

his connection with a histrionic society, then flourishing in Seestu. This association held hebdomadal meetings in an obscure hall, where it numbered some twenty strong. Its members possessed, as the members of all such societies do, an inordinate conception of their own powers, each individual tailor, draper, or clerk, of which it was composed, living in anticipation of being enrolled amongst the Keans', the Kembles', or Matthews' of the day, to the great detriment of their own or their masters' business. It was really wonderful, the amount of theatrical slang, silliness, and conceit, that marked their behaviour. Their whole knowledge consisted in a superficial acquaintance with Johnson, Shakspeare, or Otway, without a self-existent idea floating through the chaos of their narrow intellects. Once, that association had volunteered their services as amateurs in the little old theatre, or rather had obtained forcible possession of it, during a vacancy, and, with the assistance of an aspiring draw-boy, a bill-sticker, and cripple tailor, who acted respectively as call-boy, scene-shifter, and prompter, murdered Macbeth, to the disgust of a sensible audience. Well, in virtue of his connection with this society, or rather in virtue of the egotistical impudence such a connection conferred, he became orator at a radical meeting or two, and his speeches, possessing the adorning influence of sundry Shakspearian mis-quotations, were applauded by a certain portion of his hearers, to whom nonsense and the judicious plain remarks of others, who spoke as they thought and felt, came equally alike. He could not, of course, long remain unoccupied, every individual, having leisure and any means, being engaged to the extent of his ability. Oliver engaged himself. Vast thoughts of future greatness floated through his mind. In perspective, he was already a Washington, a Bonaparte, and a great deal more. His soul burned for military fame. Glory, not the good of his country, he panted after. And his ambition found a channel in his being elected corporal at a night drill.

One day as he stood musing in the shop, with these lofty thoughts flitting through his mind, two men entered. Oliver did not at first observe them, and they stood hesitating a few moments. One of them was a tall man, dressed in a buttoned-up faded black surtout, and exhibiting about the neck the corners of a shirt, out of which, as an Irishman would say, the white had been washed, surmounted by a calico striped neckerchief twisted round his throat like a hay rope. His complexion was pale, his cheek-bones and nose prominent, and his eyes greyish and restless. His companion was of a lesser make, and more respectably habited, save that in his dark countenance there were lines, if physiognomy be correct, indicative of deep cunning, concealed under a garb of bashfulness. Perhaps this appearance was contributed to by a peculiar cast of one of his eyes, occasioned by a scar on his cheek, and the creamy greasy colour of his face, contrasting strongly, as it did, with masses of sleek moist black hair hanging down over his ears. Noticing Oliver's abstraction, he nudged his companion by the elbow, who inquired, in a snivel, with a slightly English accent,—

"Pway, seer, aw yoo mistew Naapp?"

"Yes, gentlemen," said Oliver, hastily, just aroused from his dream of ambition; "ony thing in my way—can recommend a grand article t'ye."

"We aw heaw on buthiness veway impowtant," replied the elder stranger, glancing uneasily around; and lowering his voice, added, "could we have a woud wi' yoo in pwivaute?"

"Maybe, Mr Nappe," said the other, stepping forward, "you could lock the shop twa minutes, and come ower to the Golden Ram; we'll awa ower, and ye can follow; we'll be mair oot o' the way than staunnin' here. Aiblins ye'll can read this yepistle, whilk'll explain in a manner oor business, while we try tae get a quite corner ower bye." So saying, he took off his hat, and handing Oliver a letter from it, departed with his companion.

Our hero, not a little flustered by this unexpected appearance, and consequent procedure of the two worthies, had scarcely brought his faculties to bear on the fact of their presence, when he again found himself standing alone, with the letter in his hand. In order to obtain some clue to the mysterious conduct of the visitors, he opened it, and, on perusal, discovered that it was a missive from the Glasgow United Brotherhood, deputing two of their number to wait upon Mr. Nappe, and give and obtain such information relating to recent movements, and present prospects, as might be considered worth communicating; adding, that something important was about to be attempted.

Oliver felt exceedingly flattered at the condescension of the Glasgow Brotherhood, in applying to him for information, and determined at once to do all he could in furthering their request. Procuring the aid of a neighbour's spare boy to look after his shop for a little, he marched over, full of dignified importance, to the Golden Ram, where, in a little back room he found the deputies, imbibing whisky and water, and awaiting his arrival.

"Coom away, bwothaw," said the taller, who appeared as principal spokesman; "gwad to haue the honaw of yooow company."

"Jist sit doon, Mr. Nappe, we'll be a' gude freens in a wee, ance the dryness o' acquaintanceheep were washed aff. Taste a drap o' speerits; let's drink success to the cause o' freedom," added the other.

"Now, my deaw thir," said the tall brother, after a few commonplace observations had been disposed of, "yoo will be awawe fwoam owa lettaw of the ewwand on which we coom. Yoo may pewhaups be also awawe, ow yoo may not, that the gweat stwuggle of wight against owuel savage oppwession ith about to begin—a stwuggle," pursued he, in a low energetic tone, "that will fow eveaw establish the owush'd bwoken-heawted victims of awithtocwatic powaw in thei' wights, and huwl the bloated cawcass of dethpotism into oblivion. Yeth, such is the case. Heaven speed the cause, fow it is heaven's own. Soon, vewy soon, shall the dawk cloud be wolled away, and the people of Bwitamin shall be a fwee people!"

"True," responded the other. "As men, as Britons, we winna be langer trampled on. The proud tyrant maun fa', and the standard o' freedom shall flutter whaur the lordly robber reigns!"

Having delivered himself of this euphonic sentence, the gentleman leaned back against the wall, and looked knowingly at the pint-stoup.

"I believe we mutht make the monthtew disgowge his ill-gotten booty—the spoil shaull be taken frowm the mighty, and the powaw fwoam the

hands of the twaitow—but how ith this to be done? What do yoo thay, bwothaw?"

"Why," said Oliver, pondering for a reply, "though not very clearly understanding the question, by the people themselves, I should say."

"Wight, fwiend; give us yooow hand. Yoo awe a man of sense—one of the twne blue!" So saying, he stretched his paw across the table, which Oliver, in the fervour of his principles, seized and heartily wrung.

"Noo," said the smaller brother, after the enunciation of these great principles had died out, and the two had settled down; "Noo, let's to business. Mr. Nappe is a man o' the worl', an' kens, I premeese, the importance o' promptitude an' despatch; we maun return a speedy answer to oor constitooents anent the progress o' affairs here."

Oliver's heart being now fairly opened towards the deputies, he entered upon a long detail of the proceedings of the reformers in Seestu, giving all information regarding the leading men, their means, professions, numbers, &c., and receiving, in return, an account of the different associations and unions in Glasgow. The deputies further informed him, that it was wished by the Glasgow brotherhood that a deputation from Seestu should attend a certain meeting, to be held on an early night, at which, he vaguely hinted, conclusive measures would be adopted. At its close, the small deputy inquired at Oliver if he had many on drill.

Our hero took from a red leather pocket-book a slip of paper, which he glanced at, and committed himself to a number. A significant look passed betwixt the two, as he further informed them that there would be a meeting that night at Stanley, and he would be happy to introduce them. After some hesitation, they agreed to the proposal, and adjourned till evening, having fixed first upon a rendezvous in the Golden Ram, prior to the drill.

CHAPTER IV.—DRILLING BY MOONLIGHT—OLIVER MAKETH ONE OF A "SMALL PARTY."

The moon was high and full, shedding abroad a glorious mellow radiance over hill and dale, as Oliver and his new friends journeyed along to the place of meeting. As the town was strictly guarded, and none allowed to move abroad after sunset without liability to interrogation, they choose to take back lanes and fields, if possible to escape observation. Soon, without obstruction, the town was passed, and they stood upon the heights above, looking down at the countless lights that shone from shops and windows, stretching out far beneath and beyond them. There was little of that dull continuous hum borne on the night-wind that arises from the heart of crowded towns. The very voices of the street children, at their games, were hushed. Almost, so still was all around, you would have thought it a Sabbath eve, had not the many lights glared from the streets. So heavily did that anxious suspense which preceeds a threatened civil agitation, hang at the hearts of the people, that they hurried anxiously to and fro at business; and on the streets, appeared like men haunted by some fearful dream. When they spoke to each other, it was in whispers, with many a suspicious glance

around. The children were not allowed to move abroad at night, and those of them who were under no restraint, met to devise mischief, and not to play. No wonder, then, all was so still. As our travellers left the town behind, at first a single straggler, bent to the same destination as themselves, sometimes passed, others emerged from cross-roads and by-paths, each carefully avoiding the society of his neighbour, till once the town was fairly out of view, when they gathered together in little clusters of threes and fours, and conversed in low tones, fearful that any night breeze might waft along the sound. In a short time, the ruins of the old keep of Stanley appeared in view, standing in front of the long dark shadow of the hills that rise behind it. The scene was one of great loveliness. All the dell was bathed in the clear silver light of an autumnal moon, the very shadows which it created, so deep and dense, giving an additional majesty to each hill and wood. Not a breeze rustled a leaf, or stirred a blade of the long fen grass that clothed the meadows; not a sound ascended to the sparkling cloudless canopy, save, perchance, the occasional baying of a farm dog, or the plaintive cry of the night-bird. By the time our party reached the castle, there were gathered round it, in groups, some two or three hundred men, though, at first, only a practised eye could have detected their presence, owing to the broken flitting shadows, caused by the clumps of furze surrounding the building. At times, you might see a number diverging into light from the shade of the crumbling ruin, and then lost amongst the brush-wood; others started up, as from the ground, and disappeared in the castle, almost as if the spirits of the past again, in some nocturnal revel, thronged the halls which once echoed with festive sounds. On an acre of fallow ground, which spread out like a carpet in front, at a signal, the men collected and formed into military order. They were divided into several detachments, under the superintendence of different leaders. They performed various military evolutions, consistent with the system of drilling then adopted. A solemn stillness pervaded the assembly. They looked like men in dreadful earnest about their work. Had it not been for the tramp of the many feet slightly resounding on the green sward, and the voices of the officers, a spectator might well have supposed the whole some spectral illusion.

"Come," said Oliver to his friends, after the drill was over, and they had been formally introduced to various of the patriots, "and we will show you our armoury." Forthwith, the deputies were conducted into the ruin, where, a quantity of brush-wood being removed, and some large stones dislodged, a straggling moon-beam revealed, lying in a pit, which had been dug for the purpose, a large assortment of pikes and muskets, heaped promiscuously together."

"Ye can inform the Glasgoot freens," said Bowlweft Jock, a self-dubbed sergeant, "that we're no sae ill provided for on the score o' implements o' warfare."

"Ye're richt there, Jock," replied Dressing Tam, his crony. "Loesh, man, gin the cavalry or yeomanry cam tae a tussle wi' us, dog ont if we wadna lick them. Heth, we needna be cow't noo—lead on, I say, an' the day's oor ain."

"I wad advise ye, my men," interrupted an elderly man, known as

Douce Dauvit, "to luik a wee langer afore ye loup. Count the cost fully first, syne execute, is what I say."

"We'd better gang," said the lesser deputy, nodding to his companion; "it's gayan late already. Mr. Nappe, maybe, will be kind aneuch to accompany us part o' the gate hameards."

Oliver assented to the proposal, and, taking an arm of each of his friends, proceeded homewards. They kindly invited him to the Golden Ram, to take a bit of supper and a glass of punch ere they parted, just to cement the friendship which was already formed. Oliver could not withstand, as the gentlemen seemed anxious to secure his company, and were very cordial in their way. He found the supper most acceptable, after the long walk and exercise, and the punch no less so. Hour after hour passed unheeded, so numerous and entertaining were the stories of the deputies. Oliver, at first cordial, got communicative, jolly, uprorious, patriotic, then enthusiastic, sung several wild democratic songs, and spouted all Shakspeare and Home he could remember, and perhaps a little more; finally, he became lachrymose, and then oblivious, winding up with a descent beneath the table.

How long he thus lay, it is impossible to ascertain; but, somewhere among the morning watches, he awoke, dreadfully confused, without the remotest notion of his locality. Supposing, from the circumstance of all being dark, and sufficient evidence existing of the fact that he was within doors, that he was at home, he began to undress and prepare for bed. After having removed all, to the last garment, he commenced, with oscillating steps, to feel round the walls for his couch. Round and round he went, but not the slightest indication of it existed. In a half-drunk, half-sleepy puzzle, and shivering with cold to boot, he calculated, by some inductive process, that it should stand on the left side, and he must have missed it. So, staggering over a lot of chairs, and bruising his limbs in his haste, he reached the desired spot, and attempted to throw himself in. Nothing could be felt there but the bare wall. Annoyed beyond all endurance, he shouted out, at the pitch of his voice, "Halloo! where's the bed, confound it?" Suddenly the door was opened, a flood of daylight rushed in, and the landlord of the Golden Ram stood gazing, in unmitigated surprise, at his guest.

Oliver, half doubting that he was either asleep or under some very grievous mistake, took a few steps backwards, and, after a protracted stare, recognised the linaments of the countenance of the host. A vague notion of his position flitted across his bewildered brain, broken in upon by the landlord exclaiming,

"Dear me, Mr. Nappe, hoo comes it that ye've been left here a' nicht. I didna see you when the ither gentlemen gaed awa, and locked a' up, thinkin' ye had gane afore them."

"So they're gone?" echoed Oliver, hastily pulling on his nether garments, for he perceived the faces of the landlady and servant peering curiously in at the door, anxious, no doubt, to ascertain the particulars of some expected catastrophe.

Having completed his toilet, and extracted a promise from the host to say nothing about the matter to any one, he departed to his shop, with a fearful headache and queer sensation about the pit of the stomach.

On accidentally turning over his red pocket-book, in the course of the day, he discovered that the list of patriots, exhibited on the previous night, was gone. Rushing over to the Golden Ram, he inquired at the landlord, whom he knew to be a true man, if such a thing had been found on the floor of the room in which he supped. It had not, nor could it anywhere be discovered.

[*To be continued.*]

A POEM ON THE BATTELL OF SHERRIFF MOOR.

To the tune of "Dool fa' my een."

[THE following relic of the olden time was lately found among the family papers of a gentleman belonging to this county—a descendant of a Highland race; and although we have no trace of the author, it appears to us that the manuscript is an original document. It possesses little or no poetical merit, but as it is a literary curiosity, and also a historical exponent of what we may consider to have been the political feelings of the times in which it was penned, we think it worthy of insertion. In several places the manuscript is quite illegible, and we have been under the necessity of occasionally interpolating a word or two. It may be interesting to the curious in those matters.—ED.]

THE prudent Earle of Mar, that valiant man of war,
 He deserves many talents of glory;
 The Union, Dumblain, and Perth, give him name,
 Which will still be remembered in story.
 His politicks you may trust, they religious are and just,
 From Purgatory sure they'll defend him;
 The 16 oaths he took, the 16 oaths he brook,
 To the Pope and Pretender commend him.

2.

For villany and shame shall rest npon his name,
 From this time through all ages to follow,
 And his unhandsome ways shall bury all his praise,
 And his name in reproaches shall wallow:
 For if perjury was base among heathen in old days,
 And unfaithfulness the worst of all evils,
 Then what shall we Christian men conceive of such a train,
 But they're acted by some of the Devills.

3

Their orders were go on, and see that you spare none,
 Returne not till Forth you pass over;
 And then the Duke of Mar shall our parliaments debarr,
 And renounce all the race of Hannover.
 If to Glasgow you advance, you will find them in a trance,
 And not able to make a resistance;
 Or if otherwise it be, you shall not want supply,
 We'll call in France for our assistance.

4.

And all the Whiggish blood, both evil as well as good,
 I'll give you a certain relation,
 For to gratifie the Pope, we will hang them on a rope,
 And expell them out of the nation.
 You plunder shall your fill, drink usquebea and ale,
 Get a putter, and a schise, and a shiller;
 Their volunteers you'll kill, and take goods with good will,
 You'll drink and carouse, and be fuller.

5.

But the heavens quickly spyed their villany and pride,
 And crush'd them in their whole intentions;
 Though they, as rank as hell, of popery did smell,
 Yet discovered were all their inventions.
 And K. George gave command that his men should them w'stand,
 And Argyle marched up to their border;
 The clans then gave a wheel, and the rest began to reel,
 Which reduced them all to disorder.

6.

When noble Argyle, who never could beguile
 Either King or his country, appeared,
 With the Scots royal grays, who never were abased,
 Nor the face of their enemies feared;
 When this hero did advance, and his horses they did prance,
 And their swords on their skulls they did clatter,
 Then Red-shanks was feared, and Loose-tails reteired,
 And fled back towards Allan watter.

7.

Glengary he stood with the clans in a wood,
 Not knowing what to do further,
 Whatever way they went, it was with all consent
 They marched to St. Johnstone harder;
 And there to remain, to shelter their train,
 Till relief come from the Pretender;
 But instead of reliefe, in spite of their teeth,
 They were all obliged to render.

8.

Their castles and their towers, their houses and their boures,
 Their cities and trenches give over;
 And instead of bideing fight, they ran away at night,
 And gave up all the land to Hannover.
 They are back again to France, to learn another dance,
 And complain to the Pope, their old father,
 Since Lewis he is dead, you must surely be our head,
 And no doubt that you prosper not neither.

9.

For our name and our fame are sunk into shame,
 And our honour recover shall never;
 Our forfeited estates shall end all our debates,
 And our persons are banish'd for ever.
 But if clemency we find in K. George to remain,
 We'll come home and make our repentance,
 For it's always understood that he'll not seek our blood,
 But deliver us a favourable sentence.

NIGHTS AT THE PEESWEEP.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

Scene—An oasis in the desert. A long (imaginary) tent, decorated with plate-glass, and white and rose-coloured draperies, leading from the posterior of the Peesweep, to an (enchanted) octagon tent, 120 feet in diameter; each side crowned and supported by faeces ornamented with flowers, whence spring an elegant umbrella roof, terminating in a ventilator, decorated with large gilt cords and white muslin; the walls within the groins decorated with white muslin draperies, (Paisley manufacture in all cases,) and eight large plate-glasses, round which the draperies are elegantly disposed. In the centre, a garland of artificial flowers (from the mercer's shops) in shape of a temple, suspended by a large gilt rope from the roof, in which (in the absence of Galloway's and Thomson's bands) Tim Houligan, the piper of Cashel, is ultimately ensconced, as in an orchestra. Tables for tea, coffee, ices, fruits, &c. placed around; a collation set out on the chief one, under the united auspices of M'Lerie, Weddell, and Macanah. A spacious promenade seems to open from the polygon, decorated with white draperies, and ornamented with rose-coloured cords. In this are several recesses, lined with draperies, the whole terminated by a Corinthian temple, with a large mirror at the farther end, over which the "Star of the Peesweep" is fixed in cut glass, like the gloria over a shrine; and in front a life-sized statue of "NOMODY AFFRIGHTED" stands perched on a verd antique column, forming an attractive and appropriate object.

Dramatis Personæ—Various.

Time—Indefinite.

Saxon. Snug little affair of our own, you see, gen'l'm'n! Draperies and decorations taken, I assure you, from the temporary erections in Carlton Gardens, in which the Prince Regent entertained the Duke of Wellington! Didn't like the last set at all!

Squire. You didn't like them—no! by gum! nor I—
 A set of caterwaulers, puny men,
 Who rhyme away, and think themselves inspired,
 As if the Tennysonian trash they trump,
 Of cats, of bats, of butterflies, or fleas,
 Bees, beetles, buzzards, bitterns, newts, or frogs,
 Together with all sounds howl'd at the moon
 By a whole wilderness of monkeys, were
 The very soul and quintessence of song,
 And floated graceful on the Muses' ear.

Young Greenock. "Still harping on my daughter," Squire! One would think you claimed or coveted, as well as envied, Tennyson's pension. But methinks you compliment the *Bards, Heroes, and Ghosts* of our native minstrelsy somewhat too well in naming them in a breath with him.

Saxon. To bis'ness, gen'l'm'n !

Squire. No business I, till settled this debate
 'Twixt this sweet sir of whistlecraft and I.
 There was a sickly strain of silken sound
 Once fell upon mine ear, in angry mood,
 For I could not endure it. Passion seized
 My very soul, to think that common prose,
 In dancing decimations parcell'd out,
 Should ape the poet's art and win his bays ;
 " I went to Mary's house," the driv'ler said,
 (And I to Taffy's, to myself thought I) ;
 And for such stuff a pension must be paid !

Young Greenock. Hold, frere ! The simplicity which assumes that unsophisticated form of expression, may it not be "impassioned truth" in deshabelle ? The passion and the truth, not the dress, are the poetry. When Dr. Johnson ridiculed the artless simplicity of our ancient ballads, did anybody believe in his criticism or concur in his condemnation, because he was able to render the ballad strain apparently ridiculous by the paraphrase—

" I put my hat upon my head,
 Walked forth into the Strand,
 And there I saw another man
 With his hat in his hand."

No, truly ! The impromptu (if it ~~were~~ composed in any time short of a fortnight !) was in itself a stroke of genius, admirable versification, an apt and excellent ballad stanza. With the aid of any suitable story, it might easily be made to form part of a fine frolicsome ballad, about "a frog who would a-wooing go," or any other history of the kingdom of Cockaigne ! Moreover, the doctor, wise as he was, would not likely, if he put his own hat on his head, find another man pat to his purpose, in the open street, (it raining perhaps cats and dogs—see "London, a poem,") with his hat in his hand. It would have been far better for the doctor to have said or sung that he carried his own hat out into the Strand, there to find another man's on his head, which he was sure to have done. The old ballad would have ordered matters thus. Not only does Dr. Johnson here violate the probabilities, therefore, but in his very second line destroys the unities—there being a change of scene.

Saxon. Whew—w—w ! I like this set worse than t'other. Hur-roo, gen'l'm'n ! here's the piper !

Enter Tim Houligan, piper of Cashel.

Tim. *Oxis doxis, et cætera*—are yez all present ?

Omnes. All !

Tim. Thin, *cead mille faillithe* ! an' thim's as kind words as ivir wer spoke in Eyrish ! Ah ! the Eyrish tongue ! the Eyrish tongue ! for blessin', ar cursin', ar playin' the pipes in, there's nothin' can bate it ! 'Twas raal Eyrish, divil a thing else, I played to the Queen !

Saxon. The Queen ! God bless her ! (*Bumpers round.*)

Squire. (sings.) "The Queen of merry England,
What queen so loved as she?
Her gentle mandate rules the land,
Her might commands the sea."

Tim. 'Tis more, thin, as Mister O'Connell would say, than the might av yer Sassenach King Canute could! Only stop till I git me pipes right, an' I'll play yez *Grammachree*, (as the Queen called it—his Royal Highness pronounced it *Graa-machree*). 'Twas the first tune her Majesty axed for. 'Twas in the drawin'-room, beyant there, at Windsor Cassle, tirty-four feet by sixteen; the Honourable Misther Murray led me in. I axed to be set as far off as possible from thim I had to play to, bud they all cam' crowdin' round me, the craturs!

"It's the Queen speaks to yez!" sed the Honourable Misther Murray, wid his hand on me shoulther.

"Can ye play *Grammachree Molly asthore*?"

"I can, an' plaze yer Majesty," sez I.

"What's the difference," sez his Royal Highness, "atween *Graa-machree* an' *Molly asthore*?"

"No difference at all at all, yer Royal Highness," sez I; "sure they're all the wan words." Wid that I played them *Grammachree Molly. (Plays.)*

Saxon. By Jove! that's "The harp that once through Tara's halls."

Squire. By Jingo! Piper, you're the boy can do it;

Your very discords are adroitly drownd,

And your transitions fleet from key to key

Arouse sweet harmonies that charm the ear,

Speaking delight to the entranced soul!

Tim. Yer healts, gentlemin! an' thank yez for the compliment. None ov thim spoke to me bud only the Queen, an' his Royal Highness—an' Misther Murray, I mean the Honourable Misther Murray, to tell me who they was. An' the Queen only spoke to me bud wance again, whin I was discoorsin' to his Royal Highness about Eyrish music, an' Carrol O'Leary, an' the Queen of the Fairies drawing him to her wid a trawneen; an' the Prince axed me av there was much difference atween the Italian music an' the Eyrish, an' I was just playin' *Di tanti palpiti* for to show him the miserable Italian, when the Queen called out mighty sharp—

"Go on wid the Eyrish airs."

Bud that didn't stop our discoorsin', anyhow.

"How do you bring out the chromatic scale?" sez his Royal Highness.

Well, I showed him.

"An' how the diatonic?"

Well, I showed him. [A little more sugar in that poteen.]

"What are thim kays in the minor?" sez the Prince.

Well, I towld him. [A little more poteen in that sugar.]

"An' what in the major?"

"A, C, an' E, yer Royal Highness."

"An' what is that drone?"

"D, yer Royal Highness."

"Thin, that drone is a discord."

"A mighty big wan, yer Royal Highness." [*Sotto voce*.—A little more sugar an' poteen, an' the *laste* taste av hot wather!]

"How did ye learn to read music?"

"Sure I had it read to me, yer Royal Highness."

"How?"

"This a-way, sure." (*Sings the gamut.*)

Thin I heard thim sayin' (the craturs) amongst thimselves, that it was a thing that when a piper lost his sight, his sivin sines wint into his fingers.

"Which would yez rayther have," sez his Royal Highness, "yer sight back agen, an' be deprived av yer music, or yer music widout yer sight?"

"Why, thin, yer Royal Highness, av it wern't a sin, an' wer the will av God, an' all the same to yer Royal Highness, I'd rather have *me pipes*." Wid that I played thim the *Coolin'*, an' *Nora Creina*, *My Native Highland Home*, the first and siccond lamentations ov the *Fox Chase*, *Erin go Bragh*, *There's nae luck about the house*, wid all the other raale Eyrish airs composed in the seventeenth century by Carrol O'Leary, for two hours an' ind; and that's the whole av my audience at Coort, clean out. [Might I throuble yez for the poteen, gentlemine, wid sugar, as before, av convenient!]

Saxon. Your health, my brave piper!

Tim. Thank ye kindly. God save yez, gentlemine all, barrin' heretics; an' that's what I'd have towld Prince Albert himself, knowin' he was a rank Lutheran, an' all his family.

"Beggin' yer pardon," I might have sed, "yer Royal Highness, av I might be so bould, it's a pity ye ever had to do wid Luter."

"Why?" sez his Royal Highness, (supposin').

"Why!" sez I; "is it why! yer Royal Highness? Why, Luter ate a bushel av salt wid the divil!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" sez his Royal Highness (supposin'), laughin' jon-teel-like, last the Queen 'ud hear him—"Where?"

"Is it where?" sez I; "where bud at the—*Diet av Worms*?" [Is there any sugar an' poteen remainin', gentlemine, an' plaze yez?]

Saxon. To be sure, Tim. You're going a-head, though! That's your seventh double tumbler of the same.

Tim. Fait an' I've seen whin it might have been me sivinteenth! There *was* a piper used to play up in Tipperary, in Lord Clare's—I name no names—bud, betuxt night an' mornin' his lordship counted that he drunk tirty-five glasses av whisky, as I'm a livin' piper. "An' what's more," sez his Lordship, "though he might have been as drunk as a piper, he walked off as steady as a judge." Did I ivir tell yez the story av Big Bill, the piper of Cork? [Mind me poteen and other matayriels, gentlemine, till I tell yez.] Big Bill was a middlin' good piper, barrin' his manners, an' they were onjonteel, for he had a durty way av nudge-nudgin' his shoulthers when he spoke, mighty low an' vulgar-like. Well, a gintlemine agrees him to play at a wedding breakfast, for five an' sixpence an' his dinner. So he goes an' plays till all was blue, an' the guests wer going away near dinner time. So the

gentlemin had a bit dinner set out for himself widin in the next room, consistin' av a joint av ten pounds av mutton, an' about a peck an' a half av potatoes, besides tree or four pound av other mate, a peck loaf, an' two Irish quarts av porther, about half a gallon av yer durty Sassenach measure. The gentlemin goes up to where Bill was sittin' playin' like vengeance, an' sez—

"Bill!" sez he, "the guests do be gone, ye'll just step up an' ate yer dinner, an' excuse me till I can see thim out."

"Fait an' I will," sez Bill, nudgin' his shoulthers mighty fain, for he was hungry for his dinner. So he goes an' aates it, an' is back in less than no time, playin' like mad, though there was no wan to play to. By an' by the gentlemin goes up to ate his own dinner, but sure there was nayther mutton, nor mate, nor porther, nor bread, nor potatoes, nor nothin' widin bud bones! So he calls the servant—

"Mary," sez he, "have you dined?"

"No, sur," sez she; "nobody has dined bud the piper."

"Could any dog git into the room?"

"By no manes, sur. The dure was shut whin the piper wint up, an' shut agin whin he wint out."

"Why, thin," sez the gentlemin, "do ye think it might be a thing that one man could pick the bones ov tirteen or fourteen pounds ov mate, wid a peck an' a half ov potatoes? an' pursue the dhrop he's left ov two quarts ov porther?"

"No, sur," sez she, "I think not." Wid that she goes to the kitchen to tell this to the other servant, a girl beyant from Cork.

"Is it Big Bill," sez she. "Och! millia murther! did yez nivir hear av his atin' fourteen pounds av mate? Sure he done it often beyant at Cork for a wager!"

Wid that the gentlemin flew in a passion, an' refused Big Bill his five an' sixpence.

"What for?" sez Big Bill, workin' his shoulthers. "Sure ye hired me for that same an' me dinner, an' I only ate me own; I brought no wan wid me, but only ate me dinner."

Bill then calls the gentlemin up to the Coort of Requests, for the five an' sixpence.

"What are ye," sez the Judge, "tu yer thrade?"

"A win' marchant, yer honor," sez Bill, nudgin' at his shoulthers mighty onjonteel.

"How a wine marchant?" sez the Judge.

"Nivir believe a wurd ov him, yer honor," sez the gentlemin, "he's only a piper."

"Sure, an' if I'm a piper," sez Bill, "I sell my win'."

Wid that the Judge laughed heartily, an' still more so at hearin' the sthory, an' sez to the gentlemin, sez he—"Ye med a blind bargain, I fear, wid Bill, sur, for ye'll have to pay him his five an' sixpence over an' above his dinner as agreed on."

Saxon. Now, Tim, my lad, that'll do. Get up into your aviary there, and discourse with your pipes alone for the remainder of the evening.

Tim. Amin, gentlemin; bud be generous wid the poteen.

[*Tim ensconces himself.*]

Enter THE STELLAR BAND—Messrs. *Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Sagittarius, Aquarius, and Pisces*, with Mesdames *Virgo and Libra*; led by Captain *Stramash*.

Captain. (singing)—

"Then away we'll a' be speeling, lads,
Till of heaven we reach the ceiling, lads;
O, we'll dance in the moon,
To some auld Scotch tune,
While the planets are round us reeling, lads!
"We'll hound the *Dog* at the *Lion*, lads,
An' follow the chace wi' *Orion*, lads;
And at night we'll regale
On the *Scorpion's* tail,
While the fishes for supper are fryin' lads!
"When wi' *Venus* we've danced a measure, lads,
O' the *Bull* and the *Ram* we'll make seizure, lads,
And, yokin' the twain
In *Charlie's* wain,
Come jogging away at our leisure, lads.

* * * * *

"'Twas glorious us mounting, lads,
The stars our companions counting, lads;
Now we're landed again,
Inspiration we'll drain
At mair than the *Muses'* fountain, lads!"

Stellar Gentlemen. We will, we will.

Stellar Ladies. We won't, we won't.

Saxon. Hey, *Gemini*! anything new?

Gemini. Nothing but a sonnet.

Virg. et Lib. To a bonnet?

Aquarius. Or on the visit of Miss *Virgo* and Mr. *Pisces* to the Sounding Aisle, referred to in the *Starry Night*, No. III., "in our next?"

Gemini. No, but

SONNET.

ON THE RECENT EPIDEMIC. (*With Notes.*)

AFTER fierce July's heats, September's rains
Were follow'd by a *purg-atry* of pains;
The man of business soon forsook his callin',
By rail and road to reach the Bridge of Allan;
For there alike the hod-man and the hatter
Are eased of pain with heated salt and water!
All hail! O *Airthrey's* health-inspiring brine!
While, ill at ease, the dark dyspeptics pine,
E'en florid fatness shrivels in its skin
At some vile torture in the realms within;

Thy saline virtues, scouring ev'ry vein,
 Give back the rampant energies the rein !
 Ye laughing gods ! to you this might be "nuts,"
 But oh ! ye little fishes ! tranquillize the g—ts !

NOTES.

September rains. September, from *septem* (seven), and *imber* (a shower of rain).—A.M.

Purg-at'ry. See diagnosis of the epidemic.—M.D.

Collin's—Bridge of Allan. Highly original rhythm.—B.M., Oxon.

Hatter, from *hauteur* (Fr.), pride, indicated by the cock of the hat. *Hodman* is taken by the poet for one of the humblest ; *Hatter*, in virtue of its derivation, for one of the highest professions.—Ph. D.

Dark Dyspeptics. They this year, certainly, had the worst of it, from the tropical character of the season, inducing actually yellow fever in a modified form.—M.D.

Gods—Little fishes—Guts. The fishes are naturally appealed to on the subject of guts, with more poetic grace than the immortals.—A.S.S.

Pisces. I admire the way in which you bring in there the "gods and little fishes." This is a first-rate sonnet, but not equal to "Loch-l-v-n Castle." The notes are as good as those to poetry in general.

Sagittarius. What ! *Pisces*, "are you the editor of the *Renfrewshire Magazine* ?"

Pisces. Why, Mr. Archer, that is a secret : but, if I am not he, thank goodness he is neither a sump nor a sneak.

Cancer. I beg next to be heard.

Leo. Cum notis, like Gemini ?

Cancer. Not at all ! This is something in the ballad style.

Pisces. And crab-bed enough, we may rely.

"THE PIG IN THE POCK."

A MODERN STREET BALLAD.

AIR—"Kilmarnock Nightcaps."

I SING o' a thing that has happen'd in Killie,
 To a sneak o' a chaffering, higgling Billie,
 Who lately play'd off there a rum sort of joke,
 And all by the sale of—"the pig in the pock."

This Billie was skilfu', 'mang few or 'mang many,
 At trying a dodge or at turning the penny ;
 But his last doit is turn'd noo, 'mang a' decent folk,
 Since he's ta'en to the sale of—"the pig in the pock !"

This pig nor this pock were ne'er read of in volumes,
 The *H—l—d* would not have it soil its "Free" columns,
 But, lest such a sally had ended in smoke,
 Our keen Billie printed—"the pig in the pock !"

The old days are fled now of "Leper the Tailor,"
 Of "Paddy from Cork," and such wretched *canaille*, or
 We never had seen such a spec on the stocks
 As two hunder' eighty foul pigs in their pocks.

But, finding that vending the thing was a bother,
Our Billie resorts to some old hag or other,
With whom all the schoolboys of Killie might troke
For the sale of this infamous "pig in the pock!"

Some parent, detecting the scandalous purchase,
Untied all the winds—not "to fight 'gainst the churches,"
But to batter and blast, in their furious shock,
The owner of this wretched "pig in the pock."

A circ'lar was issued, exposing the whole,
The Billie denied it on conscience and soul;
To a clergyman loudly and fiercely he spoke
Of this filthy, disgusting, old—pig in a pock.

Now the Council bell rang, and our Billie was call'd
To face his wroth betters, amaz'd and appall'd,
For an hour he stood out, but at length was awoke
To some sense of shame for—"the pig in the pock!"

Down, down on his knees goes the Billie, and cries—
I confess to a fault, and I'll tell no more lies;
'Twas only of business a bit of a stroke,
I was tempted, and issued—"the pig in the pock."

From the civil he pass'd 'fore the clerical powers,
Who handled the matter for two mortal hours,
Dread Law's grim approach then he heard in each knock,
And all for the sale of—"the pig in the pock."

When, seizing his hat and contents of the till,
Distracted, our Billie rush'd forth from old Kil—
He could stand it no longer—Cora Linn's dewy smoke,
Nearly ended the tale of—"the pig in the pock!"

Saxon. Confounded Scotch! What was it, then, this pig in a what-d'ye-call-it?

Pisces. Not to be mentioned to ears polite. The ballad is too good for the subject. Its moral, however, forms a rare exemplar of "vice its own punishment." For the sake of a paltry profit of a few pence, to see a person expose himself to run the gauntlet thus, is really, as Sam Slick says, a *caution*! Inquire in Killie.

Tremendous noise, and a shrill cry of "Who's afraid!"—occasioned by the downfall of the statue of "NOBODY AFFRIGHTED"—when the whole illusion vanishes.

P O E T R Y.

BY MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF THE "HOME OF THE HEART."

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

GENTLE maiden ! gentle maiden !
 Dost thou never sigh ?
 Is thy soul ne'er sorrow-laden,
 Tearless still thine eye ?
 Love—ne'er changing, like the moon,
 Fading, like a rose in June,
 O'er its thorn,
 Night or morn,
 Is thy heart ne'er weary ?

Yes ! you're sighing, while you sing,
 All around is dying ;
 Hope's a bird upon the wing,
 Ever, ever flying ;
 Lov'd ones may forget and leave us,
 Friends, once kind, despise, deceive us,
 Or depart—
 Leave the heart
 Lorn, alone, and weary.

Wherefore, green affections twine
 Round a wither'd tree,
 Pour upon a broken shrine
 The young heart's fragrancy.
 Mirth, like snowfal on the billow,
 Melts to tears, on death's cold pillow ;
 Pleasures gay
 Fade away,
 Leave the cold heart weary.

Love, at best 's a beam of morning,
 Fading in the noon ;
 Friendship, evening's gold adorning
 Night's o'erclouding gloom.
 Where no cold wind ever blows,
 Where no evening shuts the rose,
 Seek above,
 Changeless love,
 There—no hearts grow weary.

Listen, lady, there *is one*
 Who will ne'er deceive thee ;
 None can love like Him, ah ! none,
 He will never leave thee.
 Nothing from his love can sever,
 For *He* lives and loves for ever ;
 On his breast,
 Ever rest,
 For he loves the weary.

KILMARNOCK.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

"What is affection's token—oft a trifle."

Fond memory loves and lingers o'er
 The picture of an "absent friend,"
 And sweet the sight our bosoms pour
 O'er ties that time or distance rend;
 And dear, though fragile, is the thing
 We cherish as affection's token,
 Where parted spirits meet and cling,
 O'er heart-revealings unforgotten.
 And thus, on this memorial leaf,
 My heart would commune here with thine;
 Affection glow, through joy and grief,
 Unruffled by the storms of time;
 Together here, live o'er again,
 The look unutterably tender,
 And hope will soothe the parting pain,
 In words we only can remember;
 The hope, even of the perfect day,
 That brighter ne'er the zenith shineth,
 Till morning shadows flee away,
 And break the light that ne'er declineth.

KILMARNOCK.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LITERATURE, AND LITERARY CRITICISM.

(*To the Editor of the Renfrewshire Magazine.*)

THAT in a community assuming to itself the name of Commonwealth, there should have sprung up an aristocracy, unparalleled in its exclusiveness, might well be matter of surprise, did not all past history bear testimony to the fact, that there is inherent in human nature a thirst for power, and that when the individual cannot rule alone, he is willing to become one of a ruling faction. To a hereditary aristocracy much is conceded on account of long descent from illustrious ancestors; time has thrown an imaginary halo round the representative of an ancient and honourable name, which, provided he is worthy to wear, few, even in these democratic days, will fail to treat with becoming respect. There are other aristocracies whose pretensions we are more inclined to dispute; with them, however, (we mean the overgrown ones of wealth and fashion,) we have for the present nothing to do; their gilded idols and fluttering butterflies have, doubtlessly, conferred benefits upon society, for which it manifests its gratitude by humbly worshipping the one, and servilely imitating the other. But it is with a very different class we have to deal, the high caste! the aristocracy of literature! it surely has no title whatever to assume rank on account of ancestry, or wealth, or fashion, (though there is such a thing as fashionable writing). Genius, thank heaven! is above and independent of the laws of primogeniture and entail—it cannot be transmitted, like wealth or property, from father to son, but is derived immediately from the source and fountain of all honour; such being its tenure, we conceive it to be beneath the dignity of a body so holding, to wall itself round with the paltry partitions which the patricians of mere civil society erect, to prevent their being elbowed by the mobility. The individual member of the literary republic on whom the mantle of inspiration has fallen, may, like the great military captain of modern history, date the patent of his nobility from his first victory—yet, having risen, like all his predecessors, from the ranks, let him ever be ready to accord to the young aspirant to literary honour, the full degree of merit due to his exertions; and, looking down from the eminence he

himself may have attained to, evince a fellow-feeling for others, even as he has had a fellow-experience of the difficulties that lie in the path, the thorny path of literature. But the reverse of this is often, too often, the case; the literary plebeian, who, a few years, or it may be but a few months ago, trembled for the verdict a "discerning public" might pass upon him, having been by that very public, i.e. a few of the critical literati of the day, (perhaps not very discerningly,) admitted within the patrician pale, turns round and looks down upon his less fortunate brethren with all the superciliousness of the *parvenu*, whose new-tried honours seem to touch his brain. So much for this part of our subject; now for criticism as sanctioned by this body representative of the republic of letters.

Literary criticism, in its distribution of rewards and punishments, is a tribunal wherein justice is as sparingly dispensed as in any other with which we are acquainted. Books are often condemned unread, and receive a passport to oblivion from the pen, perhaps, of one who has only cast a casual glance over pages of matter, anything equal to which, it may be, he has not a tithe of the ability necessary to compose, without one thought upon the moral responsibility he incurs, or the effects of his critique; on the composition of which (by the way) he bestows that attention which should be devoted to a careful analysis of the work he presumes to criticize.

How much the world of letters has lost by its cold neglect of genius, and, what is worse, the illegitimate and reckless system of criticism it has tolerated, cannot now be estimated.

To one or other, or a combination of these causes, may be attributed the melancholy fate of the gifted, but unhappy Chatterton—the premature death of the amiable, though over-sensitive Keats—and the lamentable, the untimely end of our own *Tannahill*, who, as a lyricist, is not excelled even by the prince of Scottish song, *Burns* himself; and that Burns felt keenly the blighting and withering effects of severe co-temporary criticism, may be fairly inferred from several passages in his writings.

"Vampire booksellers" drained "him to the heart,
And cut-throat critics" pierced his "better part."

And that, after a life-struggle, he now rests, wrapt in the sod of his native land—that land he loved so well, and sang so sweetly of—she in whose praise he poured forth, from the overflowing fulness of his Scottish heart, those impassioned, inimitable, and imperishable strains, which will be co-existent with her language, may be attributed to one of those chance-directed accidents to which mankind owe so much, that a blind old man should see and appreciate, in the neglected peasant, then on the eve of self-expatriation, the genius which was to be the idol of, and shed a lustre on his country throughout all time, is not a little singular, and serves to prove to us on what seemingly trivial incidents our destinies hang.

Much has been thought, and said, and written, concerning the causes of those morbid bitternesses, and that dark misanthropy, which occasionally manifests itself in the works, and throws a nightshade over the transcendent genius of Byron; may not the severe (not to say unjust) critique, on his first volume, have stirred up the gall and wormwood of his else noble and gentle nature, and given a taint to all the after current of his thoughts. His mind was made up of "sterner stuff" than to be crushed by the first blast of criticism, and the flame of his genius too strong to be quenched by the first flow of its icy waters; the one rose like the eagle above the blast, and the other burned and blazed above the torrent, a beacon star of glory to attract the eyes and call forth the admiration of all succeeding ages.

Yet who can doubt that the iron entering into his soul at that most susceptible age, when the human heart receives impressions for good or evil, which are never to be eradicated, and more or less tinge the tenor of future life, gave to his spirit that hue which his greatest admirers must ever deplore!

The little dependence to be placed upon the deliverance even of leading journals, is evidenced by the fact, that a work lauded to the skies by one, is often condemned *in toto* by another. Is there, then, no standard of literary taste? no scale to measure comparative excellence in composition? Can thought, as embodied in, and evolving from sculpture, or painting, be capable of mensuration? and yet, when manifested in language, a far less subtle element than either of the preceding for its transmission, have no proper gauge. Is the scale of literary merit for ever to

be a sliding one? While institutions, in accordance and keeping pace with the increasing intelligence of society and the age, are daily springing up amongst us, are we never to have a *national institution* for the protection and encouragement of a *national literature*? The question we have just put may, to many, seem to savour strongly of Utopianism; yet, when we have before us so many instances of authors, whose first and perhaps best works, composed during the full flush and energy of the intellect, could scarcely obtain a publisher, afterwards passing through many editions, thereby realizing a return for their labours, and securing for succeeding publications a ready demand, because, like "good paper" in the money market, they bore the superscription of a known man, it surely is calculated to impress upon us the necessity of having some competent tribunal, where new works might have fair and impartial judgment passed upon them, and, if not found wanting, introduced to the world, under the sanction of an authority which would be a guarantee for, at least, their literary character.

The improved and healthy tone such a legitimate censorship would impart to our general literature, would soon become apparent. Men who read now-a-days, think also for themselves. The unlimited and irresponsible power the self-constituted critic was wont to wield, behind the shelter of the editorial *see*, though exercised occasionally as of old, has lost much of its weight and influence. An author's auditory has lately increased a thousand-fold; composed, chiefly of a class, who, provided they have substantial food for the mind, care little for the vehicle in which it is conveyed, and are capable, to a certain extent, of forming a judgment for themselves. Thanks to the cheap publications (a distinctive feature of the times), which have been to the intellect of the artisan, what the screw and the lever are in his hands, instruments of power, for raising him in the social scale.

The intellect of the age is in full progress, but this very movement of the public mind, like the forward march of a great army, requires the nicest guidance. Its leaders, to be useful, must possess and command its unlimited confidence, and possessing it, and being equal to their task, there is, there can be no estimating the proud heights of literature, and science, and philosophy, to which, even in our own day, they may have the high honour of conducting it.

As in politics, measures, not men, are fair and lawful objects of attack, so would we be understood, in the preceding remarks, to have directed our animadversions against a system, not individuals: a system, which it will be admitted on all hands, has not hitherto worked well. Instances in support of this allegation might be adduced and multiplied *ad infinitum*, from the days of Dr. Johnson's ungenerous strictures and verbal criticisms on the poet Gray, to the present hour; but, we trust, those we have produced, selected from a period of time not too remote, yet far enough from the present for the mists of prejudice to have cleared away, will fully support our position.

We have little hope that a voice from this remote corner of the land will be heard with influence in high places; yet, as truth is in itself indestructible, peradventure, like bread cast upon the waters, we may find it after many days, not wholly thrown away; and should it only have the effect of bringing some abler pen to bear upon the subject, and treat of it more fully, we will consider our object as attained.

M.

DEATH.

DEATH glides amongst us, and we know not whence
 He cometh—where he silent speeds his way
 To his next victim. Bright the glow of health
 Shines on the cheek, and in a day 'tis fled,
 And those we loved are silent, cold and dead!
 And yet we know it not! So quick, so strange,
 A spirit's parting, that we linger still,
 And gaze upon the pallid features, till,
 Alas! the truth falls strangely on our hearts!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEALTH. By John Crawford. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1846.

THIS volume, the production of our townsman, Mr John Crawford, writer, is written on a question which we consider of the utmost importance in a social point of view. Dr. Adam Smith has enriched our literature and our country by his philosophy of commerce, as developed in his "Wealth of Nations;" but, while he has spoken effectively of the creation of wealth, he has left untouched as vital, if not more important, a section of social economy—the distribution of wealth. Whatever may be the views entertained by individuals, as to the remedy for the astonishing and anomalous phenomenon that presents itself in this country, of immense wealth acquired by the non-productive classes, while the productive are doomed to a state of the extremest poverty, the work must be acknowledged to be cleverly written. The "Philosophy of Wealth" was originally delivered as a lecture, before the Philosophical Institution, Paisley, several years ago, after which, it was published in the form of a pamphlet, and engrossed a large share of popularity. The present edition is, however, so far enlarged and amended as almost to be said to be a new work. The subjects proposed and discussed in separate chapters in the volume are, "What is wealth?" "The standard of value;" "Money, or currency;" "Banks and banking;" "The monetary system of England;" and "The fixed price of gold." In the chapter devoted to the latter subject, the author remarks—

"This system of making money scarce and dear, making it so scarce with relation to other commodities, that their value falls in relation to the money, and that large quantities of the commodities have to be exchanged for small quantities of the money, creates a dire struggle for money: it is made an object of such keen desire, that, in its attainment, men forget that they may pay too dear for it. In place of considering it as a means to an end, they regard it as the sole end of their being; and they sacrifice, not only their bodily health, by extreme labor, but all moral integrity and mental independence, to secure the largest share to themselves. All 'generosity and all nobleness of feeling' in the national character, as General Harrison says, 'comes to be destroyed.' By the money standard everything is judged. 'A good man,' is a man possessed of money. 'Will it pay?' is the test of every undertaking. The economy of pounds, shillings, and pence, governs the spirit of our legislation. The largest amount of revenue is the surest sign of the national well-being, the smallest expenditure in the support of the poor, the most perfect administration of the law, and if our annual exports shew great in figures, we are held to be carrying on a profitable foreign trade, though our imports in return may not be equivalent to one-third, when estimated in what constitutes their real value, the labour employed in their production. We mistake the sign for the thing signified. In our deadly competition for gold, in our anxiety to get hold of, and to accumulate it, by sacrificing or giving away large quantities of our goods annually in exchange for small quantities of gold, and toiling and starving our people to enable us to do this, we forget, that gold and silver are not reproductive. We forget that there is that which 'withholdeth more than is meet, yet tendeth to poverty;' whereas, if we would give our attention to real, or living wealth, in all its powers of reproduction, just as we are told that there is that which 'scattereth, and yet increaseth,' we should find that, in communicating a bountiful share of the wealth they create to our labouring men, and by paying them high wages for their labour, by their increased consumption, increased production would be required; trade would be stimulated, production and con-

sumption would go hand in hand; and we should hear of nothing of those dogmas of 'over production,' 'over population,' &c., which a false system of political economy has inculcated; and which arise, not from the inability of the people to consume, or because all their wants are supplied, but because the legislature conceives that the accumulation of gold in the coffers of the Bank of England, under pretence of keeping the foreign exchanges in our favour, is the *summum bonum* of all civil polity, the great end of national exertion; and that, provided this end be accomplished, it matters not that the people be kept in idleness, their energies be wasted, and their comfort and happiness destroyed. What is it that induces all gambling and speculation, all the jobbing on the Stock Exchange and in the Share Market, all the craft and cunning, falsehood and fraud, by which modern mercantile enterprise is now so unfortunately characterised! The *auri sacra fames*, the accursed thirst for gold, induced by our gold-equivalent currency. The honest pursuit of industry has now no chance; *cheap* prices—*dear* money, afford no opportunity for gaining a comfortable or respectable livelihood by the steady pursuit of business, or in the quiet walks of trade. Political corruption, mercantile cupidity, speculation, gambling, jobbing, fraud, and falsehood, not to refer to the many broken hearts, pining in obscurity, and suffering all the ills of poverty, through the *artificial* scarcity of money, or the thousands of respectable females driven from the paths of virtue, just from the same cause—prices being so low, labour so *cheap*, that it is impossible for them to earn an honest livelihood. How true is it that money may be bought too dear! How true that the love of money, or the inordinate desire which is the result of a wicked law, compelling us to pay too dear for it, is 'the root of all evil!'"

Such is his sweeping denunciation of our present system of currency; but he is not without hope of better things.

"It is cheering and satisfactory," says he, "that the people are beginning to discern the truth on this great question. There are symptoms of the awakening of the minds of the people to a consciousness that there is no inevitable necessity, let Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Lord Brougham, say what they please to the contrary, why, in the midst of abundance, they should be starving—why, with the power of creating wealth *ad infinitum*, and of a spirit of enterprise and energy of purpose adequate to the greatest undertakings, they should not be insured the greatest amount of social happiness, instead of being denied that happiness, all through false doctrines of political economy, and an ignorant and unscientific, or fraudulent and wicked, and totally inadequate monetary system. Already it has been proposed, that the railway world should issue their own currency, so as to free themselves from dependence on the capitalists, or exclusive and legally protected money power. The working classes are establishing banks of industry, to be worked by their own currency—mutual exchange companies are multiplying—also investment associations, all tending to new organizations of credit, founded on, and representing not only realised wealth, but the skill, enterprise, industry, and capacity to create new wealth, and the integrity, energy, and intelligence, or moral and intellectual power of the people themselves, by which means a commercial currency will be constituted, independent of government, broader in its foundation, more enduring, more efficient for its purposes, than all the gold

'Which far
Outshines the wealth of Ormus and of Ind;'

or than all the gems

'The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.'

Our author devotes a chapter to the "Remedy," in which he proposes that gold be liberated from its fixed price—concurrently with free trade in corn, that there be free trade in money.

Mr. Crawford has been long known as a steady and consistent advocate of currency reform; and as he is actuated by the noblest of all aims—the elevation of the labouring and productive classes, and the consequent increase of national prosperity—he has our best wishes. Mr. C. professes to give only a digest of the principles of Mr. John

Taylor, whom he regards as the greatest authority of the present day on the subject of the currency. In our opinion, he has faithfully executed his task; and we earnestly recommend his work to the careful attention of our readers, as an able exposition of the views of that enlightened and daily increasing party—the currency reformers.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF AYRSHIRE. Illustrated with Sketches, Historical, Traditional, Narrative, and Biographical. Series First. Paisley: Robert Stewart. Ayr: John Dick. 1846.

THE object of the editor, in this undertaking, is to collect in a volume the stray lyrical effusions of the Ayrshire muse. The brilliance which the genius of Robert Burns has thrown over his native county, may lead us to expect that “much of legendary lore” may be drawn from its lurking places. The domestic history of a pastoral county, like that of Ayr, can often be best traced in the repositories of its ballad lore; and how much Burns was influenced towards song by this circumstance, can scarcely be told. Burns has celebrated his shire as the land of “honest lads and bonny lasses;” the beauty of its lasses, then, must have afforded its ancient, as well as modern bards, a theme for the inspiration of their muse; while the honesty and the truth of its gallants must also have been fruitful of many a mournful ballad. We find, in the first series, one or two pieces, which also find a place in the works of Robert Burns, but which, probably, he either only added to, or “g’ed a brushing up.” It would have been better had the editor given the ancient and original versions of these productions. Several pieces are claimed as Ayrshire productions, of which the authorship is not very clear, but which Ayrshire has probably as good a claim to as any other county. Several efforts of the modern muse are judiciously introduced, from the able pens of Mr. Andrew Aitken, Beith; Mr. J. D. Brown, Ayr; Mr. John Moore, editor of the *Ayrshire and Renfrewshire Agriculturist*; &c. Although there may be few new pieces brought to light, still the illustrative notes and sketches are highly interesting, and serve to throw considerable light on the ballad lore of the West. The *getting up* of the work is excellent; the selection curious and good; and no Ayrshire man, nor, indeed, any lover of Scottish song, ought to be without a copy of it.

TALES OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. By Sholto Clanduilach (John Costley). Edinburgh: J. Menzies.

CONSISTING of two stories—the first, of the days of King James I. of Scotland; and the other, a short piece, tacked on, evidently, to fill up the volume. The former, “Fort Dragon,” is a spiritedly-written production, exhibiting considerable knowledge of Celtic habits and customs in former times. We regret want of space forbids our attempting any outline of the plot and characters, both of which are romantic in the extreme. Mr Costley is, we suspect, a young writer; there is hope of him.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1846.

SCOTTISH POETS.

FERGUSON AND BURNS.

WHAT about Robert Ferguson! Few know much, or care much about him, beyond his having been a clever "writer chiel" in Edinburgh, upwards of seventy years ago—a good social fellow, who sung a capital song, wrote humorous verses, neglected his business, fell ultimately into bad habits, and ended his days in a madhouse, at the early age of twenty-three. Alas, for his untimely fate! His chequered history, though somewhat romantic, is still commonplace enough. His productions, though very superior, have failed, in our day, to make that impression that they must have made at the time they were written, although so few years have intervened. His book is much less frequently to be met with, now-a-days, in the "winnock bole" of the cottage of the Scottish peasant, or in the "ha' library," than that of many others who have since warbled their less melodious notes, especially in the west of Scotland, of which we can speak from personal observation. We scarcely know how to account for this, otherwise than that the peculiar phraseology he has employed is of a less universal character, especially among the humbler classes, than that adopted by his successors and contemporaries.

And Robert Burns! what do our readers hope or expect to learn or to hear about HIM, that they do not already know? Every Scotchman knows everything worth knowing regarding his pet poet. Herd callans, associates of smugglers, farm servants, lovers drowning in the tender passion, toiling flaxdressers, hopeless wights, ploughmen, excisemen, with or without top-boots, striped waistcoats, and broad-brimmed hats, poets, and philosophers, all glory in recognising him one of themselves, and in being able to go over the leading incidents of his story as they would the alphabet of their language. We will not, therefore, pretend to throw any more light on the varied page that is occupied by his history; but we may be excused for hazarding a few remarks upon a subject on which we delight to dwell. If everybody knows everything regarding everybody's poet, then everybody has a right to indulge in and to express his opinion of that poet's productions.

With these prefatory words about Burns and Ferguson, we proceed to offer a few observations upon the poetry of each—upon the relation they bear the one to the other; in short, we mean to consider the question—Does Scottish poetry owe more to Ferguson than to Burns?

We will not arrogate to ourselves the power of deciding this important interrogative aright. We wish our *dictum* to be taken for no more than its value. A thorough acquaintance with the writings of these eminent Scottish poets, and not that alone, but also a considerable intimacy with the contemporaries of each, and especially of the former, who preceded Burns, and, indeed, with the whole Scottish muse, would only qualify us to do so. This would be the more necessary, when it is found, that the chief arguments in favour of Ferguson's claim are those that go to prove that Burns took Ferguson as his model, and, ergo, that, but for the originals of Ferguson, we could never have had the superior copies by Burns, and would enable us to decide more clearly Ferguson's own claim to originality. For, even were it conceded that Ferguson was Burns' model, the credit of being so could only be proportionate to the claim the model itself had to originality.

Be it distinctly understood, that we are not inquiring which is the greatest Scottish poet. This separate question would be easily answered, for Burns is the greatest and most popular of our Scottish poets. His works are far more generally known than those of any other of his predecessors or his contemporaries; and however much, as some urge, cant and nationality—especially the former—may have had to do in extending and propagating that popularity, we hold that, apart from the romance of his own private history, his works owe that popularity exclusively to their genuine abstract worth, apart from all other considerations.

Much might be urged in favour of Ferguson's claim. Portions of the writings of both may be compared to bear it out. In the first instance, however, we may state that we have never once heard the originality of Ferguson questioned, save in one instance, and that by Burns himself, who, in speaking of the Edinburgh poet's, "My only jo and dearie, O," says, "it is written after an old song, much superior to it;" but he does not—for what reason we won't pretend to say—give the *original*, but gives what he calls the *copy*. We have searched out this *original*, and have found it much inferior to Ferguson's song, being full of false rhymes, and it only bears a distant resemblance: it is called the "Warehorse;"* but we shall make an extract in order that the reader may form his own judgment.

* In explanation of the term *Warehorse*, Motherwell says that along the rocky and steep coast of the east of Scotland, the adjoining lands were manured with a kind of sea-weed called *ware*, which was carried on the backs of dwarf horses, in wooden creels or *curroches*, and led by the young women belonging to the farm. The men's duty was to gather it from the sea, load the horses, and afterwards spread it on the land.

ORIGINAL—SECOND STANZA.

" But how are ye sae bauld, Sir,
 And you my father's cottar, O;
 As row me on the lea-rigg,
 And me his eldest dochter, O?
 As row me up, and row me down,
 And row till I be weary, O;
 And row me on the lea-rigg,
 My ain kind deary, O."

FERGUSON'S—SECOND STANZA.

" Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
 But laverocks whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
 While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O."

We could not deal fairer with the question, than by making a few extracts from both poets, and the reader can then form his own opinion as to how much Burns owed to Ferguson as a prototype. We shall also, in justice to both, not lose sight of the Ayrshire bard's own acknowledgments in the matter. There is a dignity, a loftiness, in one great man acknowledging his obligations to another.

Burns's "Elegy on the death of Mailie," was evidently suggested by Ferguson's "Elegy on the death of David Gregory," and his "Elegy on the death of Scots Music."

FERGUSON.

" Now mourn, ye college masters a' !
 An' frae your een a tear let fa',
 Fae'd Gregory death has ta'en awa'
 Without remeid ;
 The akaith you 've met wi' 's nane that 's sma'
 Sin Gregory 's dead."

BURNS.

" Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose :
 Our bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remeid :
 The last sad cap-stane of his woes ;
 Poor Mailie's dead."

We could cite other stanzas of the two elegies, to show the great similarity, but content ourselves with these.

All acknowledge the striking resemblance of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" to "The Farmer's Ingle" of Ferguson, not only in construction, but also in sentiment. Burns's poem contains some very fine passages ; but, as a whole, it does not surpass its model for genuine truthfulness to nature, that goes at once to the very heart. For example, what can excel the following, descriptive of the closing scene by "The Farmer's Ingle :"—

"Then a' the house for sleep begins to grien,
 Their joints to slack from industry awhile;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
 An' haffin' steeks them frae their daily toil;
 The cruizy, too, can only blink an' bleer,
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
 Tacksmen and cotter eke to bed maun steer,
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till waukent by the dawning's ruddy glow."

What a delightful feeling comes over us as we read the lines we have italicized. Who could envy the uneasy head that wears a crown, pillowed on a sleepless couch of down, after reading this stanza? We see the cottage, with its healthy, contented inmates, abandoning themselves to the supremacy of the "leaden god;" the fire is "gathered" for the night, the ingle-cheek chair is at length deserted, for a short season; and the click of the old clock—an heir-loom in the family—the pur of sonsie bawtie, and the snore of the aged colley, as the two nestle on the hearth, are alone the sounds that break the solemn stillness of the scene. The morn, anon, wakens up in ruddy beauty, upon a scene of innocence and love. The virgin ray of the first glimpse of the "unweary sun" steals silently in through the lattice; refreshing sleep hath fulfilled her kind office, and forth stalks the farmer with willing sickle. Mark the concluding stanza:

"Peace to the husbandman an' a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
 Lang may his sock and couter turn the gleyb!
 An' banks o' corn bend doon wi' laded ear!
 May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green,
 Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bein,
 Frae the hard grip o' ails an' poortith freed,
 And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!"

Burns begins his "Cottar's Saturday Night" with a dedicatory stanza, which arrangement Ferguson's wants; but, with this exception, he goes into his subject in the same way as Ferguson, and ends with a similar invocation. The works of both, we should suppose, are in the possession of most of our readers, who can examine the first and last stanzas of both poems for themselves; for we need scarcely quote the passages referred to to prove the obligations of Burns to Ferguson in this instance. Hear his brother Gilbert on the subject:—"The hint and plan," says he, "of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' were taken from Ferguson's 'Farmer's Ingle.'"

Turn we now to the "Hallow Fair" of Ferguson, and the "Holy Fair" of Burns; but these may be summarily disposed of by again quoting Gilbert. "Ferguson's 'Hallow Fair' of Edinburgh," says he, "furnished the title and plan of the 'Holy Fair.'" This testimony will, doubtless, be held as conclusive.

We might go on to speak of Burns' truly celebrated and much admired "Epistles," distinctly after Ferguson, and, in one instance, by a singular coincidence, both addressed to persons named J. S. (we don't say he copied the initials, but only mention this in passing, as

somewhat curious); we might set Ferguson's "Ghaists," and "Plain-stanes and Causway-stanes," alongside of "The Twa Dogs," and "The Brigs of Ayr;" "Caller Water," with "Scotch Drink;" the "Ode to Disappointment," with "Disappointment, an Ode;" "on the Author's intention of going to sea," with "on a Scotch Bard going to the West Indies;" "the Election," and "Leith Races," with "Hallowe'en," and "the Ordination;" and "My only jo and dearie, O," already mentioned, with "the Lea-Rigg." In fact, we have only to turn up the contents of both works, to pick out the very copy in names or titles of the various pieces.

But Burns himself frankly acknowledges his great obligations to Ferguson; indeed, he sets the matter at rest, for, in speaking of his studies while at Irvine, and also about the time he and Gilbert jointly rented Mossgeil—"Rhyming," says he, "except some religious pieces that are in print, I had then entirely given up, *but happening to meet with Ferguson's Scotch Poems, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour.*"

Thus, it will be seen, that Burns had, at the period referred to, resolved to give up the profitless practice of rhyming altogether, when the circumstance of falling in with a copy of Ferguson put him distinctly into the track that led him on to produce those works that are at once the delight, the pride, and the honour of Scotland and of Scotchmen. From that eventful hour—his meeting with Ferguson—he began to write those works on which depend his celebrity as a Scottish poet. Great events often take their rise from the most trivial occurrences; and who can tell that, but for the trifling circumstance of Robert Burns, a plain farmer, but a shrewd observer of nature in all her most intricate workings and recondite phases, and already possessed of some local notoriety as a rhymers, falling in with a stray volume of Scottish poems by Robert Ferguson of Edinburgh, we should never have heard of the Ayrshire Bard, or have read with pleasure, with wonder, and delight, the inspired effusions of his matchless muse. Otherwise, it might have been better for himself, though an irreparable loss to his country; still, Burns would doubtless have written in any circumstances, and risen, too, to his proper sphere, though his literary efforts might have been confined to essays on the growing of turnips, or on draining and manuring the soil; and his other powers have been developed among his "class," at fairs, or markets, or at agricultural meetings and dinners, where he would have been looked up to with deserved respect; but if that important accident already adverted to was the means of putting the world in possession of his "thoughts that speak, and words that burn," the poetry of Scotland certainly does owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to the memory of the amiable, the gifted, but unfortunate and lamented, Robert Ferguson. Peace to his ashes! Scotland owes much to her poets, but to none more than to him.

CITY SKETCHES.

NO. I.—THE CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

On a wretched pallet lying,
 In a dark and squalid room,
 Lay a sickly infant dying,
 Sinking to an early tomb.
 By her infant sat the mother,
 Care and anguish in her heart;
 Yet no tears had she to smother,
 Dried by many a former smart.
 Through the long night, dull and dreary,
 Lay the infant pulling there,
 And the mother, worn and weary,
 Sought no respite from her care.
 Mother ! let thine infant slumber,
 Let it seek its early rest,
 While its sins are few in number,
 And its heart is pure and blest.
 Earth brings nought but sin and sorrow
 To a lowly child like thine;
 And if a stray hope lights the morrow,
 'Tis as swift to fade and pine.
 In life's lowest shades a dweller,
 Nurtured amid want and woe,
 What had she to teach or tell her
 How affection ought to flow.
 Yet, though of heavenly hope unweeting,
 Surely heaven upon her smiled,
 When the mother's heart was beating,
 Fondly o'er her dying child.
 Thus, through sin and error, even
 In the darkest depths of ill,
 Lingers some faint light from heaven,
 Mid desolation beaming still.

G. A.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER NAPPE.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER V.—PRIDE ENGENDERING PAIN—A PLEASANT TEA PARTY—WOMAN'S LOVE.

It is now necessary for us to retrace our steps a little, and pick up one or two of the characters brought forward in the early part of our domestic drama, that we may be enabled to proceed with our narrative in a straight-forward, intelligible manner, as we hate mystery above all things. Our readers will be pleased to remember the circumstance of Oliver's first ball, and the dispute between him and Miss Graham,

arising from certain misfortunes we need not repeat, which, apparently, created an impassable barrier to further acquaintanceship. But, although our hero vowed to remember her no more, he found it a much easier thing to vow than to perform; for, despite all his efforts at erasing her from memory's tablets, still, the figure of Lillie at times floated before his mental vision, and many a sigh proclaimed the lingering reminiscences of the past. First impressions are always the deepest; they never wear out. The heart may be clogged by many a care, worn by frequent grief, or seared and blighted by contact with debasing influences; even age may throw a mantle of oblivion over much of the past, yet still there is a fresh, though often hidden spring, that wells up at times to the surface—that spring is *FIRST LOVE*. Often, Oliver felt a pang of regret stealing through his heart, when the matter involuntarily recurred, because he had not again sought to renew his friendship with Lillie; but then vanity came to justify him, on the plea that it was she who was in fault, and he had no right to make the first advances: after all, what was she but a silly girl, and why should he feel more interested in her than a hundred others, who, he felt convinced, would go on their knees to him any day. Secure in the armour of self, there was little chance, however much he might regret the past, that he would again seek to renew the ruptured bond. As to Lillie's own feelings on the subject, they were those of every woman who has loved and believes herself alighted. At first, she felt angry at Oliver. Coquetry and pique led her to play the flirt; and love of a little revenge (pardon us ladies) for the ridiculous position he had placed her in, induced her to bestow her smiles upon Mr. Horn. All this, however, was but assumed. Could Oliver have seen the depths of her woman's heart, could he have read the secret engraved there, he would have learned the sincerity of her genuine, trusting devotion. After her first impulse of displeasure had dissolved, she began to regret her hastiness, and sincerely wished that an opportunity of mutual explanation would present itself. No such opportunity did occur. Day after day, month after month, rolled by, and still the breach was widening—hopelessly so. Many a bitter pang, and sorrowful hour, did Lillie experience in her solitude. Often, an impulse prompted her to write to Oliver, and ask an explanation, or something of the kind; but anon, woman's pride revolted against such a measure. She felt her true position was to grant, and not sue for forgiveness. Here again, love was strong, but pride triumphed. Meanwhile, there were plenty of candidates willing to supply Oliver's place in her affections; for Lillie boasted a considerable share of personal charms, besides the additional one of a tocher; forming, as these things always do, no slight inducements to many rash individuals of the opposite sex to court her smile. First and foremost among these, was Mr. Ephraim Horn, who, like most of his profession, possessed the strongest favourable notion of his own attractive influence, of which nothing short of an absolute miracle could disabuse him. It mattered not that he met with little encouragement from Lillie. Being of a sanguine, hopeful disposition, he never entertained any doubt, though immediate pros-

pects were not favourable, of eventually succeeding in his suit. He dangled on, on the look out for the flood-tide which should bear him prosperously on its bosom into the desired haven of Miss Graham's affections—hoping all things, believing all things. More than once, he thought he had seized the happy moment, but was doomed to disappointment; yet, to confess the truth, such a result sat but lightly on his heart; it vanished always, like a mist, before a vast ray of expectation. One evening he encountered her, returning home from a walk in the country. Determined to renew the siege, he accosted her with a few of those soft nothings which the female heart is generally very pregnable to, and which, Mr. Horn fancied, he had often found very effective. Miss Graham listened patiently a while, hoping he would run himself out, or grow weary, but no such consummation appeared probable; and, as he was verging towards the declarative mood, wishing to put an end to what was likely to prove disagreeable, she bade him good-bye abruptly, on the plea that she meant to call on a female friend, whose house was just at hand. Glad of the timely relief which such an excuse presented her, she hurried up a tortuous stair to the house of one Miss Tibby Lythe, an antiquated spinster of her acquaintance. On entering, she was surprised to observe half-a-dozen elderly ladies seated round a table, discussing the qualities of tea and toast, and sundry necessary adjuncts. Lillie apologized, and was about to withdraw, unwilling to intrude; yet, fearing again to fall into Mr. Horn's company, who, she was aware, would continue to lurk in ambush about the close-mouth for some time, when Tibby rose, and insisted on her remaining, observing that a few acquaintances had just dropped in for half an hour's conversation, and they would be very happy if she could remain. The others, some of whom were personally known to Lillie, backed the proposition, and expressed their happiness at seeing her; and, in a few minutes, owing to Tibby's bustling, cordial disposition, she found herself quite at home.

"I raily wonder," said Mrs. Harness, relict of a defunct plaid manufacturer, after the temporary interruption caused by the entrance of Lillie had subsided; "I raily wonder what thir times will lead tae. Aften oor Walter used tae say, 'Girzoc,' quo he, 'there's dark days a comin' yet for oor lan'. The soond o' the pipe an' tabor shall na be heard; and desolation shall spread ower't like a garment.' Depend on't, its the judgment o' heaven, Miss Lythe, for oor sins."

"Tche, Misses Harness," interposed Mrs Tibson, who, in virtue of a visit to London, assumed the lady; "I don't think we should presume thus rashly upon what, in my opinion, is only a temporal eruption of excited feelings on the part of the industrial classes. I would denounce my view of it as a thing which will blow away in a very short period." This was said in a slow, sententious tone, while Mrs. T. balanced her tea-cup betwixt her finger and thumb.

"Weel-a-weel, leddies," broke in a little woman, in a black silk gown and white shawl, from a corner; "I think, whate'er be the cause, we can ha'e nae doot but the effects are bad eneuch; od, there's mony a nicht I canna sleep a wink, thinking some o' thae great bluidy yeo-

manry may come in, wi' the king's commission, an' harl us a', bag an' baggage, aff tae prison; for I mickle fear the guidman, though he dinna own't, is some way connected with the rebel core."

"I wonder you would permit yourself to be the victim of any such needless alarms: I would not nohow," replied Mrs. Tibson. "The smallest piece of sugar, Miss Lythe."

"Deed that's true, Mrs. Tibson," said Tibby. "For for a' the yeomanry luik sae big and burly, they're a set o' arrant cocards. I'll gi'e ye an instance; jist the ither day, when the streets were gairded, there was a feckless auld man, carryin' an umbrella, coming along aneath oor window, stoitering forrit, no unerstanning ava the meaning o' the disturbance. Weel, ye see, he cam thochtlessly in the gate, an ane o' the yeomans, wha was ridin' valiantly along, flourishing his naked sword, and looking like a wild beast got loose, what does he do, but makes a cut at the puir auld body, wha couldna, by reason o' his feebleness, win oot his road, but he missed him, and hit the umbrella; weel, he made a second and a third, the auld man defendin' himsel' wi' the umbrella, till it was a' haggled in pieces. Some folk were lookin' ower the window shouting 'shame,' for it was plain he meant tae murder the body, and wad hae dune sae, hadna some laddies scaured him aff wi' their clegs,* and haurled awa' the puir man."

"That minds me," said the little lady in black aforesaid, "o' a trick played by Mrs. Mutch's twa callants. The laddies had a notion o' a pistol, and no ha'en siller to buy ane, thocht, (for they're very mischievous ye see,) there couldna be ony great harm in stealing ane. After plotting and planning a while, they recollected, ye see, that ane o' the yeomen stabled his beast down a lang dark close at the King's Head; so, ye see, they waited ae nicht, ane on each side o' the close, till the horse was led through; they slippet a haun, ye see, into the holsters, and drew oot, what d'ye think?—twa lang rows o' fresh butter!"

"Oh, goodness! wha wad hae thocht it!" ejaculated the listeners. "Perfectly true, nevertheless," pursued the narrator, "I had it frae Mrs. Mutch's cousin, and she heard it frae ane that saw the butter. I'll tak' a bit shortbread, gin ye please, Miss Lythe."

"It's said," interposed another lady, "that government has got an e'e on the ringleaders, and there's likely to be imprisonment o' some mair o' them. Heaven forfend that we should ha'e ony hangin' and quarterin', as folk foretel!"

"I can entirely corroborate the fact, madam, that a list of the suspected has been forwarded to London," said Mrs. Tibson. "Our servant maid was informed of it by Leczy M'Hutcheon, the provost's girl, who saw it lying on her master's table; some of the names had two

* The cleg was a circular bit of wood or lead, with a sharp nail in it, which the boys annoyed the yeomanry horses with; and sometimes the luckless yeomen themselves found one sticking unpleasantly in a quarter that should never be exposed to the enemy. These instruments were a source of perpetual terror and annoyance, far more dreaded than the pikes of the reformers, for there were no means of retaliation.

crosses opposite them, and some one ; meaning, I presume, dangerous, and very dangerous."

"Pray, did ye hear ony o' them?" inquired the little woman, who suspected her husband, in an anxious, fearful tone, dropping her buttered toast on her knee.

"Yes, but you must keep it an inviolet secret, as I received it as such. Well, since you promise. Of those Leezy recollected, there were, Hugh Jobbs, John Riggs, and Oliver Nappe, with two crosses." And the lady went on, repeating about twenty more, many of whom created surprise, and elicited comments from the others. The moment Lillie heard Oliver's name mentioned, her limbs shook beneath her; she trembled violently, and, had she not leaned against the chair for support, would have fallen. Fortunately, none of the guests observed her; and, recovering a little, she urged the necessity of returning home, pleading that her father would feel anxious. After a trifling delay, which, to her, appeared an age, she was allowed to depart. With a throbbing heart, she hurried down stairs, and almost ran into the street.

Oh! woman's love! what is there like it, in all the earth? What noble victories has it won! What trophies of self-denial does it record! What endurance of contumely and reproach has it overcome, and conquered triumphantly all dangers and trials! It is a heaven-born spring, purifying and ennobling in its effects; and yet its influence is never seen, its depths never known to the full, till some great exigency calls them forth! Never, till now, did Lillie truly feel how strong the tie was that bound her to Oliver; never, amid all her past regrets and sorrows, had she seen the depths of her own affection. Like a torrent, it came gushing into her soul, sweeping every other thought and feeling aside, save that of how could she help him. One way alone seemed clear; she must warn him of his danger. Headless of all the conventionalities of society, of all the custom-prescribed rules of conduct, she hurried along to his residence. There was, she thought, but little time for reflection. It would not do to sit down and ponder the best course, but the speediest must be taken: even now, he might be in imminent danger. As she neared his dwelling, two men gruffly accosted her, and inquired if she knew the residence of one Mr. Nappe, as they were anxious to see him. One of them Lillie recognised, by his appearance, as an officer. Scarce knowing what to say, she directed them the opposite course; the men thanked her, and walked on. Breathless with terror and excitement, she pursued her course, and arrived at the door. To her application, Oliver himself opened it, wondering greatly who his visitor could be. Thanking heaven that he was at home, she hurried in, exclaiming,

"Oh! fly, Oliver; your life's at stake! Dinna stand; each moment's precious—the beagles are on your track."

"Why—what—Lillie Graham; it's not possible," stammered Oliver, in amazement.

"It is possible, though. I met them at the very door. They'll be back in less than half an hour, at maist."

"For heaven's sake explain yourself, Lillie; I dinna understaun'. Whaur can I flee," replied he, turning ghastly pale at the idea of the terrible peril he doubted not he was in.

In a few words, Lillie related what the reader already knows regarding the list of dangerous malcontents marked for apprehension, and her subsequent meeting with the myrmidons of the law.

"Betrayed! betrayed! I'm lost!" muttered Oliver, as she concluded, sinking helplessly into a chair, and covering his face with his hands.

"Oliver," said Lillie, after standing a moment hesitating, and half ashamed of his unmanliness. "Oliver," said she, approaching, and placing her small white hand on his shoulder; "rouse ye! Be a man! Dinna despair yet. Think on the consequences of being caught, of prison, o' the shame and disgrace it wad bring on yourself and your freens. An' then, perhaps they would bring you out guilty. Oh! while there's a chance o' safety, dinna tyne it!"

Oliver still sat half stupified, helpless with terror and despair. In one moment, all his hopes were blighted, his fondest dreams had vanished; blackness stared him in the face.

Lillie pursued. "Time was, Oliver, when I wadna ha'e asked a favour twice. *That* may be past," added she, while a tear coursed down her cheek, "but, still, ye ha'e in me a friend, and a sincere one. Nane wishes your welfare mair than I, and I canna see ye thus left almost to destruction. For a moment remember bygane times. Ye were happy then; ye may be happy still. The world's wide—its before ye; flee, then. I ask this as a favour—for your own sake—for the sake o' a' ye love dearest on earth, an' if ought else, but least of a', for my sake."

There was a strong struggle betwixt maiden dignity and love in Lillie, as she thus spoke. Her flushed cheek and kindling eye betrayed it; but love conquered, and nature spoke.

Oliver was aroused from his stupor; a chord had been struck that awakened the man within him. He looked up, and, taking Lillie by the hand, said,

"I ha'e been foolish and weak; my vanity has led me astray. Lillie, oh, how unkindly ha'e I used you! Can you forgive my cruel treatment? Oh! believe me, it was not because I forgot ye, but from pride, I erred. To-night, I feel, in reality, my punishment in your kindness."

"Let the past be forgot, Oliver, so far as that is concerned. I cam' na here to speak o' love, but to bid ye flee," replied the maiden. "Hide yourself for twa hours, and the Greenock carrier, wha's a cousin o' your ain, will manage ye oot o' the town: dinna bide langer here. My errand's done," said Lillie, passing to the door.

"One question—a single moment," said Oliver, earnestly detaining her; "tell me, gin ye would make me happy, can ye bid me hope?—can ye forgive me?"

"I said this was nae time or place for such things," replied Lillie. "Look at what has to-night passed, and you may find an answer."

She quickly turned, and, ere he could arrest her, was gone.

Oliver paused a little, in reflection, then gathered such papers as he thought it necessary to destroy, and cast them into the fire. There were among them seditious letters, reports, and details of movements, valuable as evidence against him: a momentary blaze, and they were gone. Then, locking his door, he opened a back window, and dropped out on the roof of a cellar, from thence to the ground; and, taking a back lane, to escape observation, passed on his way to his cousin the carrier's.

CHAPTER VI.—OLIVER IN THE HIGHLANDS—A RIVER NYMPH—THE PIT OF REPENTANCE.

NEAR the foot of Loch Erich—the most romantic region in our Scottish Highlands—there was, at the time we write of, a small clachan, of twenty or thirty cottages, tenanted by shepherds and small farmers. Here, the schoolmaster could not be said to be abroad; for the natives were far behind other portions of the world in refinement or knowledge. Yet, we dare not say they did not exist in, perhaps, much more happy circumstances than those whom knowledge has mentally elevated, while, corporeally, they seem destined to drag through a life of penury. In Auchenvore, there were all the elements of rude comfort; and there was, to boot, much more genuine virtue and simplicity of heart existing amongst its inhabitants, than is to be found in more highly privileged districts. The people seemed shut out from familiar intercourse with the world around; they lived within a little sphere of their own. On three sides of the clachan, rose a series of high bleak hills; on the fourth, they sloped down into a deep narrow glen, through which a brawling stream found its course, after fertilizing the low grounds on which the cottages were scattered. At a distance, Auchenvore appeared in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, lying embosomed in a little cultivated valley, peacefully secluded from the turmoil and strife of existence. Here, on the fifth day after his flight, our hero found himself, foot-sore, and travel-stained. A distant relative occupied one of the cottages in the village, and it had occurred to Oliver, after quitting Seestu, that he might seek, in Auchenvore, a temporary asylum from the threatened danger. With little difficulty, he discovered the residence of the party whom he was in quest of. A hearty Highland welcome was the response to his self-introduction; and he was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to agree to an invitation to stay as long as he pleased. From prudential motives, he only in part communicated the reasons of his having visited the locality, assigning, principally, that of being compelled, by the troubled state of his native place, precluding all possibility of carrying on, for a time, his business. Little further explanation was necessary; for the unsophisticated natives would readily enough have swallowed any account, however marvellous, of the state of the country, he chose to give. Many weeks passed here pleasantly away, undisturbed by any appearance of danger. He had received several communications from his parents, of the progress of the cause at home. He heard of the execution of Hardie and Baird, and the trial of others, implicated

in the various insurrections of the time. These raised frequent internal qualms about his heart, and often did he sincerely wish the *reign of terror*, for such in reality it was to him, was over; and it was with no small degree of pleasure he learned that the country was at length assuming a pacific aspect, and the strong arm of the law had ceased to operate in punishing political transgressors. But, alas! though Oliver was now pretty safe from decapitation on account of his radical doings, he was not, by any means, cured of his unfortunate propensity to get himself into scrapes. Wandering alone, one evening, by the burnside, meditating a speedy return home, he encountered a Highland damsel, engaged bleaching linen on its grassy banks. The maiden, in good truth, was, in appearance, more than comely; with little polish, she might have graced any circle of society. She was little above middle stature, and, though clad in homely russet, betrayed, in every action, an elegance and natural ease strongly contrasting with the clumsiness of those with whom our hero, since his arrival, had been brought into contact. Her fair hair was snooded behind, but had escaped in front, and hung, in long silken folds, upon her bosom and shoulders, which, partially revealed, vied with sculptured marble in purity. On her countenance, a ruddy glow, from the exercise, was diffused. She stood surveying her work, a very picture of rustic beauty. Oliver's attention was first attracted towards her by a snatch of a Gaelic song she was blithely carolling. He stood a few minutes unperceived, admiring the damsel, hesitating whether to advance and accost her, or proceed on his walk. Poor Oliver! he was only flesh and blood, and they are weak elements. The longer he stood, the more irresistible the impulse towards the temptress; and the ladies will pardon us, we know, when we relate that the temptation was at last too strong for him. She happened to raise her eyes towards where he was, and then he saw, for the first time, what a beautiful clear hazel they were, and how modestly the long lashes, fringing them, almost closed the moment they observed him. She blushed violently, and turned to resume her occupation, but still there was, he thought, a side-long glance, half invitingly, darted towards him. Oliver looked at her, and then at himself; the second look convinced him that he was a handsome fellow, without a doubt—the girl was evidently captivated. A few steps took him to her side, and he hazarded a compliment. It was not ungraciously received, and, though but imperfectly replied to, owing to the maiden's partial acquaintance with English, Oliver did not allow the circumstance to be any barrier in the way of his striking up an acquaintanceship. The ruling passion was enkindled, and, in a very short time, Oliver felt a decided weakness, if we may use such a term, towards her. It is a dangerous thing for a man—we mean a single man—to encounter a good-looking damsel in an almost solitary glen, especially if said damsel exhibits no indisposition to a *tete-a-tete* with him. Oliver ultimately found it so, in the present case. He did not observe, beyond him a little way, a clump of hazel, from which a head masculine protruded, containing a pair of glaring dark eyes, that watched his every movement, else he

would not have felt quite so much at home. Perhaps it was owing to the novelty of the thing, or perhaps from a little pardonable vanity, that she might be able to boast of having had a Sassenach admirer, that the girl continued so long with our hero, or received his advances with so much courtesy; or, perhaps she was aware of the vicinity of another onlooker, whom she had a card to play with, and wished to bring to terms. Ladies are the best in the world at manœuvring. Seldom are their tactics unsuccessful, though, we regret to say, considerable cruelty is often involved in the practice of them, and the suffering party meets with but little sympathy. The shadows of evening were deepening around Oliver and his new acquaintance, ere either appeared in the slightest disposed to adjourn. At length, the latter intimated her intention of proceeding homewards, and our hero, having graciously assisted her in collecting together her washing materials, rewarded himself with a hastily snatched kiss from her ruby lips.

She laughingly tripped off, bidding him take care of himself, for there were foxes in Glen Auchenvore at nightfall.

Oliver did not quite understand the allusion; but, had he seen the visage that now absolutely glared from the hazels at him, perhaps he might have declined to pursue his walk further.

Slowly he wandered along by the stream side, now humming a snatch of a song, now chuckling over his new conquest, and, anon, gazing up at the red sky, that tinged the mountains with a glorious radiance. As the light was fast departing, however, and the stars, one by one, gemming the heavens, he began to retrace his steps homewards. Part of the path led through a small plantation of firs, that skirted the stream. A rustic gate crossed the entrance to it, fastened by a coil of old rope. Oliver laid his hand upon it, to unbar the wicket, when a brawny figure started up at his side, and, giving utterance to a volley of unintelligible execrations, plunged a tremendous paw into his collar, and dragged him along. Poor Oliver in vain attempted to shout or scream; so firmly was the cold fist wedged betwixt his throat and collar, that he felt nigh suffocated, and unable to utter a single expostulation. On went his captor, impetuously dashing through brake and brier, for upwards of ten minutes, dragging his victim as if he had been a mere child. One thought, one idea alone, existed in Oliver's mind—he was a gone man—it was all over with him—he would be murdered at the first convenient spot, without law or justice. Often he attempted to speak—perhaps a bribe might tempt the cateran to let him go—but every effort he made to get wind, was only responded to by a firmer and more suffocating clutch. The Highlander made a sudden stop. Oliver could not conjecture the reason; he was blind with terror. Already he thought he felt a dirk in his vitals. He gave one cry of desperation, and felt himself, loosened from the grasp, whirling through the air, and falling down a precipice. Down he came, torn and bruised, to the bottom. He heard the Gael, above him, horribly chuckling, and then walking off. For a time he lay, "all in a heap," scarce conscious of existence; but, by and by, awoke to a painful feeling of the realities of his position. Slowly

arising to his feet, he felt every bone aching with the fall, and his clothes hanging almost in tatters. It was quite dark; he could not see what kind of place he was in. He felt round and round it, and tried to clamber up its sides, but, unable to obtain proper footing, fell backwards. At length, after many fruitless efforts, he shudderingly resigned himself to the conviction that he must pass the night there. Morning might bring relief; if it did not—oh! horrible thought—he might perish of hunger, or be devoured by birds of prey. Now flashed upon him all the dangers of his situation. A cold, clammy perspiration broke out upon his skin; he heard the loud knocking of his heart against its casement, rendered doubly audible by the gloomy silence prevailing around. A sudden noise among his feet startled him. Some animal rubbed violently against his legs; he moved, it rushed off, making a rattling sound among the loose rubbish at the bottom of the pit. Oliver muttered a prayer for safety, and sat down on a damp, slimy stone, unable to overcome his fears, now increased by the boding croak of some frogs, who maintained an unrelenting concert in his vicinity, during the whole night, responded to, at intervals, by the yelling of the wild cat from the neighbouring mountains. He calmed down a little into something like despair: his mind took a reflective turn. Now, he bitterly cursed his own imprudence, for he felt convinced this was the result of his flirtation. In rapid flight, the events of his life passed, in panoramic vision, before him. One by one, his follies, and vain ambitious dreamings, rose up in his mind, like so many accusing angels. In vain he attempted to shake off these disagreeable reminiscences; they would not depart, still haunting him; every subject he strove to think of, led to the very points he wished to avoid. "Alas!" sighed he, "I am now reaping what I have sowed. Prompted by vanity and pride, I have been led, not only to work my own ruin, but to do injustice to others—to others who regarded me more kindly than I have any claim to." Before him rose the remembrance of Lillie Graham; all the coldness and neglect he had treated her with, and the noble return she had made, sunk, like so many stings, into his soul. He felt how unworthy he was of her love—how ill bestowed her devotion. With almost remorseful feeling, he leaned back in his prison-house, while a scalding tear trickled down his cheek. Oliver felt humbled, as he saw his errors; felt that his besetting sin had been vanity; and resolved, should opportunity again be afforded him, that its influence would not tempt him out of the way of moral sobriety. Nothing brings a man more readily to see his true position, and aids the removal of all the false glare and glitter of self-conceit, than affliction. Oliver experienced its healthful, though painful, influence, while, bruised and torn, he sojourned, a captive, in the pit; nor was its effects effaced by the return of light, which at length beamed, the harbinger of hope, dimly above his head. Soon the sun had risen sufficiently to enable him to see around him; and now he discovered, that the place of his punishment and repentance was an old lime-kiln, some ten feet deep, partly filled with rubbish and slimy water at the bottom. After a close scrutiny, he perceived a possibility of escape on one side,

where dislodged stones had formed numerous crevices in the wall. On attempting to ascend, he felt so stiff and sore, with cold and injuries, that he could scarcely move, but, by repeated efforts, at length scaled the side, and was safe on *terra firma*.

Shortly after his arrival at Auchenvore, a letter was, anonymously, handed into him. On opening it, he read—

sir these inform ye an youl again meddel Mysie Macgubb shell rive ta heid aff and stiel tae Body to scare craw is shae to pe insultet by a curse low Sasenach Tinker taeke notis then once ferr all an iver amen that youl be found speakin or lookin to Her anywher or how youl get no merce from

DONALD STEWART.

"Faith, there's little chance o' that," quoth Oliver, after perusing the above. "Least said's soonest mended, Maister Stewart; so we'll keep oot o' the way o' the foxes o' Auchenvore henceforth."

CHAPTER VII.—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY—"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," &c.—
A RECONCILIATION—CONCLUSION.

SHORTLY after the execution and punishment of some of those whom the government recognised as the chief agents in the Bonnymuir and other disturbances, the country began to assume a more tranquil aspect. A tacit understanding seemed to subsist betwixt the civil power and the discontented, that hostilities should be withdrawn on both sides; for, from that period, the people resigned all physical effort to obtain their object, and those who had been compelled to quit the country, in consequence of their immediate connection with the movement, now were permitted to return home, and peaceably resume their occupation. For a time, there existed considerable doubt and hesitation in men's minds, as to whether this was merely a *ruse* on the part of the government, or if it had, in reality, changed its system of operation, and begun to practise the often acknowledged, though too seldom acted upon, policy—that mercy is the better part of justice. These fears, however, wore off, as no disposition was ever exhibited from which any contrary opinion could be inferred; and a temporary tranquillity once more exercised its genial influence over society.

Our friend, Oliver, was amongst those who felt first disposed to take advantage of the change. He had been in communication with acquaintances, who informed him of it; and, as a fitting opportunity soon presented itself, he once more resumed his shop and business. Trade, which, for a considerable time previous, had been in a fluctuating condition, now received a new impulse; and Oliver, by a few of those happy turns in the mysterious wheel of fortune, which seldom occur in any man's life, found himself the unexpected possessor of more wealth than, by several years of otherwise indefatigable labour, would probably have fallen to his lot. Yet, amid his increasing prosperity, there was a thorn in the flesh, that galled and disturbed him. Frequently do we find it occur, that though man may be successful in almost every undertaking, there is always a something to mar and impair his happiness—something to keep him mindful of his parent earth. The old Dutch proverb, that "there is a skeleton in every house"—a sorrow in every heart—has been realized, we believe, in the lot of all

Adam's race. Every gleam of prosperity is presaged or succeeded by some gloomy cloud. Oliver, though rapidly rising in the world, had still one wish unsatisfied. Lillie Graham, he expected, would at once willingly resume an old acquaintanceship, after having given such indubitable proofs that the flame, kindled in earlier days, still slumbered in her heart; but no, instead of appearing willing, Lillie drew back at every advance on his part. She purposely avoided him, and, when thrown by accident into his company, acknowledged him coldly and formally, and never allowed any allusion of the past to escape her. She appeared to anticipate Oliver's wish to gain an explanation of her conduct, by studiously avoiding opportunities when presented. Although her course of proceeding was inexplicable, and painful to him in the extreme, for his affection, instead of cooling at the many pointed rebuffs he met, daily increased, and with it increased hopelessness; yet, to a narrow observer of human nature, there was nothing at all strange in it. Lillie's first feelings, after the excitement consequent upon her attempt to rescue Oliver had subsided, were those of shame. She felt she had compromised her dignity as a woman—that she had gone too far without reflection. Then it occurred painfully to her, after he was beyond reach of danger, that he would look upon her disinterested effort in his behalf as proceeding from a selfish motive. She could not brook such an idea; and yet, every new light in which she viewed her conduct, this self-loathing feeling pressed itself home, with terrible force, upon her. The poor girl felt unhappy—herself the heart-burning cause. Only one way to retrieve her imprudence appeared obvious; it was a painful one. She must resign Oliver, or, at most, maintain a distant acquaintanceship. This accounted for her new and unexpected course of procedure towards him; and thus were two individuals rendered unnecessarily unhappy.

Man often believes he perceives a long array of happiness or sorrow chalked out before him; yet how often are his fears dissipated, or his hopes blasted? How seldom, on taking a retrospective glance at the path we leave, does it wear the same bright hues as it did on entering it? Yet hope—that heaven-born gift—serves again to adorn the future, making man forget the chequered past, by inspiring many a day-dream of unmarred prosperity, in the mysterious cycles of the unexplored.

Oliver was walking moodily along, one fine evening, after having closed his shop, pondering upon the unexpected freak of fortune which had led Lillie to reject him, after exhibiting such indubitable evidence of the strength of her early love as he had witnessed. He had left the town behind, and stood in the open country. Involuntarily he lifted up his eyes, and looked around. A noble view met his gaze. Before him stretched a broad expanse of undulating ground, clothed with long waving corn, already tinged with the gold of autumn. Further on, the setting sunbeams rested on a long tract of wood, whose many-coloured foliage was surpassingly beautiful by contrast; and behind it rose a ridge of blue hills, above which the towering peak of Ben Lomond was dimly discernible. The feathered songsters were pouring

forth their evening hymn, and a sweet incense arose from the flowers at his feet, as if they strove to repay to heaven the fragrance they received from it. Oliver stood gazing around, wrapt in contemplation of the scene, forgetful, for a time, of all else, when his reverie was suddenly disturbed by the sound of wheels coming rapidly along the road. He looked around. A hundred yards in advance of him, was a gig, containing a young lady and a boy. The horse had evidently run off, as the bridle was hanging loosely at his side, and he was tearing along at a pace that threatened imminent danger to the occupants of the vehicle, both of whom were holding on by its sides, and the girl screaming for aid. Oliver saw at a glance that not a moment was to be lost. The horse was approaching a sharp angle in the road, where a steep bank declined down to a ditch; destruction was inevitable if it passed thia. Rushing forward, he seized the bridle, and endeavoured to check its progress. It reared a minute or two; the boy was pitched out on the road, and, simultaneously, the young lady sprung out after him. Oliver let go the reins, and, allowing the animal to pursue its headlong race, turned to pick up the female, who was lying, apparently insensible, on the ground. On lifting her up, the first glance he took at her countenance caused him to start back in surprise and bewilderment; his heart throbbed wildly—it was Lillie Graham. Hastily conveying her to a cottage, a little way off, he got some restoratives applied, which had the desired effect, and, in the course of half an hour, she declared her ability to walk home. Oliver accompanied her, having seen the boy first attended to, who, though severely, was not dangerously injured. For a time, they walked in silence, each dreading yet desiring to speak. At length Lillie broke it by saying,

"Oliver, I'm indebted to you to-night far beyond what it is in the power of my poor tongue to express, or sufficiently thank you for. Had you not nobly ventured your own life, I should, ere this, have been past all care."

"Nay, you owe me nae thanks, Lillie; I but repaid a debt. I did what every man, in the same circumstances, would be constrained to ha'e dune—naething mair than my duty. But hoo came it, an I may speir the question, that ye entrusted yoursel' in charge o' a boy?"

"I had been at a freen's, and the laddie was sent home with me; he said the horse was canny enough, and so it was, till something scaured it on the road, and ye ken the rest."

"Aye, an' happy am I that I do, though sorry for the accident. I wad maist regret to ha'e missed sic an opportunity o' repaying your never to be forgotten kindness. I can but feebly express the obligation still binding on me, and which the circumstances of this night can in small degree remove."

"You talk strangely, Oliver. I risked nothing for you, you everything; which o' us, then, is debtor? I fear you must accept my thanks, as the only recompense I can make; would I could testify my gratitude as deeply as I feel it. I——"

"Say nae mair, Lillie; ye can testify it; there is a way to make

me aye your debtor; to do more, to make me happy now and forever."

Oliver felt her arm tremble in his as he spoke. He continued—

"I ha'e long wished such an opportunity as this—long sought it—but ne'er, till now, succeeded in obtaining it." He paused, doubting, yet desiring to proceed. Now or never it must be done, he thought, and resumed: "Lillie, you mind, at least I do—for I'll never forget it—the night that you saved me frae imprisonment; and maybe you mind recallin' scenes o' past days, when we were happy, happier I was then than e'er since syne. Gin I guess'd aricht, these times were dear to you also; such as few days ha'e since been. Now, what I ask is, would you wish the present to be like the past? Oh, Lillie! believe me, when I say and feel that I ha'e acted unkindly towards ye. Lang ha'e I mourned o'er 't, and lang wished your forgiveness. Do ye refuse it now?"

"You have nothing to ask my forgiveness for, Oliver," replied Lillie; "the fault was a' my ain."

"Never, Lillie. I ha'e been foolish and vain—led away by empty dreams, ne'er to be realized, and forgot that a leal heart ance throbbed in affection for me. I canna hope 'twill e'er do sae again."

Hot tears were falling o'er Lillie's cheeks; she sobbed as she said—"You need not despair."

"Say, then, Lillie, dearest, am I to be made happy? You tauld me you wished you had other to gi'e me than your thanks to-night; you have other to give. Oh! that I could ca' that haun', and the heart that guides it, mine! Dare I?"

A gentle pressure of the hand in question was all the answer.

Not many months after this, there was seated in Tibby Lythe's the identical party from whom Lillie had made her abrupt exit on the night of Oliver's escape. There was the same pompous Mrs. Tibson, and the little lady with the black gown and white shawl, and widow Harness, besides the same blazing fire, the same tidy room, and, in fact, all and everything was the same, save and except Tibby herself, who was dressed out in a fine peach satin gown, and exhibited a remarkable development of roses and tulips in her head gear.

"Really it's most surprisin' how things turn out. Who would ha'e conjectured it," said Mrs. Tibson. "A little bit more sugar, if you please, mem; there, thank ye."

"Aye, indeed, as ye say," quoth the little lady in black, "wha wad a thocht it. It's no abune sax months since she was sittin' here, little dreamin', I'm sure, aboot matrimony. I hope she'll be happy. Oliver, they say, was a gey queer cout."

"Verra true, mistress; but, seestu, byeganes are byeganes. We were a' a wee wild ance, an' maun deal lenient wi' ither's fauts," responded another. "Half a cup jist, mem."

"Pray, how did the bride look, Miss Lythe?" inquired an unmarried visitor.

"Looked remarkable," replied Tibby; "never saw ony body look better. An' then, Oliver himsel', tho' a thocht sheepish at first, cam' roun' wonderfu'."

So Oliver was married; he had found a turning in life's road that promised peace and happiness, provided vanity obtruded not its form to mar contentment. This much had he learned, and profited by the lesson—that when a man steps beyond his own sphere, inflated by conceit and vanity, he becomes ridiculous to one part of the world, contemptible to another, and the butt of a third.

SONG.—THE PERSIAN MAID.

Oh, come forth! thou flower of the Persian maids,
Through gardens of roses the summer wind sighs,
While the rose, for the lack of thy loveliness, fades,
And longs for the light of thy beautiful eyes.

Oh, come! 'tis the hour

When the nightingale sings

To his beautiful flower,

With the dew on his wings;

Yet she breathes him perfume, nor allows him to pine
For his own heart's-love, as I now do for mine.

The bright god of day has gone down in the wave,
And the sweet star of eve looketh lone in the skies;

Oh, come! and give life to the soul of thy slave,

Let him bask in the beams of thy beautiful eyes.

Oh, come! 'tis the hour

When the spirit of Love

Folds his wing, in the bower

Of our own olive grove.

Oh, come! for the spirit of Love is divine,

And he speaks in the heart of my own love and mine!

When the flame was unquenched on the altars of old,

And our sires bent the knee to behold it arise,

Oh! had'st thou been there, love, the shrine had grown cold,

While they bowed to the light of thy beautiful eyes!

Then come! 'tis the hour

Which may never return,

When Love is in power

And his altar doth burn!

Oh, come! let us pour out our sighs at his shrine,

And mingle the soul of my own love with mine!

GREENOCK.

R. L. M.

THE MEMORIAL STONES OF RENFREWSHIRE.

WE are pretty apt to regard the land we live in as smiling or frowning according to its degree of beauty or sublimity, for us the present race of lords of the creation, without reflecting that the sun has risen and set upon the self-same plains, rivers, woods, and mountains, ages upon ages passed away; gazed on by a race with whom we could claim scarcely one feeling or sentiment in common—not perhaps the most ordinary feeling of humanity—in strict identity! Such is the influence and effect of change. Like a kaleidoscope, its transitions, in the lapse of time, present many thousand phases of the very same objects, colours, and combinations, but not two of them ever alike. What hope can the actors in this transitory life pretend to have of perpetuating their memory amongst the scenes to which it was once familiar? Amidst the pervading and permeating magic of change, there is no physical record to be relied on. And, alas for all things human! memory, even in contemporaneous affairs, is but a treacherous repository of truth and circumstance. What, then, must be the value of tradition? Embellished at one transmission, and tarnished at another; distorted, misrepresented, misconceived, misconstrued, he would be credulous, indeed, who could implicitly receive a remote tradition. History has been described, by a believer in it, as an old almanac; while scoffers, like Horace Walpole, have gone the length of completely discrediting its accuracy. Yet, if there be a noble aspiration in the breast of man, bounded to his earthly career, it is the wish that something there may be to single him out from the mass of perishing humanity, and render him memorable amongst posterity. This is no vain or idle aspiration, but one of the most elevating objects mortality can entertain. There is not alone the hope of being well remembered—in itself a direct incentive to every enterprise of good—but there is the dread of being left, though dead, yet living in men's execrations—

“The ill men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:”

and, haunted by these hopes and fears, much benefit has accrued to society by the honourable ambition of individuals, while much evil has been prevented by the selfish horror of an odious memory.

Who, then, shall smile with derision to survey the grey cairn on the moor, or the blue slab of upright granite, the silent testimonials of forgotten deeds and perished names? Who exult over the defaced Runic inscription? when the fate of tombs and monuments is but like that of men.

“Data sunt ipsis, quoque fata, sepulchris.”

Nor are the greatest efforts of the mightiest monarchs more successful in perpetuating their renown, than the vainest attempts of the yearning poet, who merely sighs for a lasting monument of brass.

“Monumentum aere perennia.”

The founder of the Egyptian pyramids is unknown: the building outlives the architect! The builder of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is nameless; but we know that Erostratus was its destroyer! Adrian's horse has an extant epitaph: Adrian has none himself!

"The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled!
And buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom!
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read,
Save a few gleaned from the sepulchral gloom,
Which once named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal death!"*

Of all the emblems by which fame has been sought to be perpetuated, stones, placed erect and conspicuous, have been at once the earliest and the latest; from that which pillowed the head of Jacob, in his memorable dream, to that which marks the last and lowliest head laid in "the lap of earth." That man could scarcely claim kindred with humanity, who, passing by such a landmark in the waste of time as an old moss-grown stone, were too callous to find an inquiry suggested in his heart respecting the intelligence it handed down. Sermons, indeed, are to be read in these stones. And that Renfrewshire boasts of some of them, of which she is justly proud, we may summon up our literary predecessors of 1828 to tell; though, like the narrator of "Cambuscan bold," they "left half told the story." When Robert Chambers visited Renfrewshire, and had pronounced it all "little else than a poffle or pendicle" of Glasgow, the indignant spirit of Motherwell burst forth—"Have we not the Abbey Church, Crookston Castle, Elderslie, where the champion patriot of Scotland was born; the sites of Roman camps, traces of Roman causeways, British forts, ruined cells, demolished towers, sacred wells, ancient chapels, monumental crosses, sepulchral tumuli, and myriads of urns—sufficient to enable any worthy spirit to indite another Hydriotophia, had he only the genius and the learning of Sir Thomas Browne. Have we not fields where battles were fought; and halls where princes were born? Have we not, too, the last sanctuary where royal heads found repose from life's toils and the burning cares that are the heritage of crowns?" The silent monitors that have survived the wrecks of these great local events and items of provincial renown, must then be somewhat of the most interesting character. Others, still older than any of those that seem to be alluded to, are not the less attractive because they speak with deeper mystery of more removed events. The reader may have noticed us—a thin attenuated shadow of a man—with one out of the gross of Moses Primrose's green spectacles bestriding our proboscis, shivering, this late sloppy October, near the Cloch-a-Druid; or, scared by spectral illusions of Mr. Campbell of Blythswood's gamekeeper, peering over the park wall at Inchinnan Bridge, at St. Connal's Stane, or boldly approaching it, to gloat over the deeply ingrained stains of the blood of

* Don Juan.

Archibald of Argyle. We might be seen sitting betwixt the Danish stone of *Stanely*, and the "Stead-stone Cross" of Auldbar, or hovering near the sonsy square Kebbock-stane of Tannahill, in Mr. Barr's approach, at Ferguslie—not because any body erected, but because Tannahill's "Kebbock-stane Wedding" has immortalized it. What, then, exclaims the gentle—perhaps simple—reader, has Old Mortality again revisited the glimpses of the moon? No; but we have roamed from the sources of Threeplaw-burn to Inchinnan Inch, and from Pollok-shaws to Kelly-burn braes, pausing over each ancient memorial of what hath been, and rallying round each site of bygone recollections, the spirits of the departed, to people a day-dream.

THE CLOCH-A-DRUID.

It is tolerably certain, that the Druid superstition suffered an early expulsion from the kingdom of Strath-Gryffe, before the advancing footsteps of Culdee Christianity. And it is very doubtful if the rites of Thor and Odin were ever implanted in our soil by the marauding Danes; since the "Danish Stone" at Stanely is conjectured, by certain antiquarians, to be nothing but a Popish cross. Near the banks of Bride's-burn, not far from the extinct village of Kenmuir, of which the exact site is unknown, stands almost the sole relic of Druid worship in Renfrewshire; for the rocking-stone of Hazlehead, in the parish of Beith, is beyond our county boundary. Cloch-a-Druid, too, may have been one of these curiously poised masses, which baffle the strength of wondering moderns to remove them, yet tremble at the touch; for the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, the writer of the first statistical account of Kilbarchan, has observed, that it seems to rest on a narrow base below, and, perhaps, like other Druidical stones, was capable of being moved, but the lower part is long since blocked up with stones, gathered from the land. The ingenious, but reckless, George Chalmers, has attempted to assign to this monument a historical rather than a religious origin. But, besides that it has no resemblance to any battle-stone we ever saw, and certainly resembles every Druid stone we ever visited, we know not how, or by what means, King Rydderich the Bountiful, of Strath-Clyde, could have transported such a stone from the elevated rock east of Clochoderick farm-house, whence it obviously was hewn, unless, indeed, by the aid of a miracle, and of his friend St. Columba! As for the Druids, we know, it is true, as little of their mechanical means of effecting the removal of similar masses; but we know—what we know *not* of any of the men of the sixth century—that they *did* accomplish these strange displacements. The dimensions of Cloch-a-Druid are—length, twenty-two feet; breadth, seventeen feet; height, twelve feet. It is rudely oval shaped, and fractured in several parts. The Hazlehead stone weighs several tons.

The position of Cloch-a-Druid—on a gradual ascent from west to east—where, from a commanding altitude, the great luminary of day could be confronted at his rising, and his earliest beams hailed by the propitiating priest ere they gladdened the prostrate worshippers below, and whence these leaders of the people might also command the distant

prospect of approaching war, and stimulate the votaries of Baal to fight—all this gives indication of the bloody site of Druid worship, and marks the spot where the mysteries of the sacred grove were drenched in victims' blood. Here, then, in ages remote from all existing records, the crouching servants of the sun fell down beneath the feet of those dark men who dealt in human sacrifice; and hence the Druid, used to sights and deeds of blood, gazed eastwards upon the peaceful and peopled valley of the rich and lovely kingdom of Strath-Clyde, or witnessed the *canoes* of Kilbirnie and Lochwinnoch, clustering over those long and lovely sheets of water, and learned to sway, with more than imperial power, the destinies of the superstitious savages—*our ancestors!*

“And they believed it! Oh! the lover may
Distrust that glance that steals his soul away;
The child may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow; Alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out;
But faith—fanatic faith—once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last!”

Towering from this site, selected alike for conspicuousness of position and for security from access, the Bel-fire might flame its alarm, re-lighted from station to station over the country; commanding, on the one hand, the site of Beli-geith, now cacophoniously yclept the *Gowk's Stane*, on Greenside farm, Kilbarchan, (itself a rocking-stone, by the way, of undoubted Druidical origin, though now immovable,) and, on the other, the rocking Druidical stone of Lows, in Beith.

We change the scene to a more congenial object, viz.,

ST. CONNALL'S, OR ARGYLE'S STONE.

For the grey stone, originally regarded as commemorative of St. Connal, or, as the Romish Church called him, St. Conallus, (a sainted disciple of St. Kentigern, who lived, as an eremite, at Inchinnan, and was buried there, in the odour of sanctity,) was afterwards the starting-post for the Bell Race of Paisley, which was appointed “to be startit at the gray stane callit St. Connalls stane, and fra that richt eist to the lytile house at the calsaend of Renfrew, and fra that the hie King's way to the Walnuik of Paislaye; and quhat horse comes first over a scoir at Renfrew sall have ane dowbill aingell; and the horse, and maister yairof that first comes over the scoir at the said Walnuik of Paislaye, sall have the said bell, with the said burghes airmes yair upon, for yat zeir;” and, finally, St. Connal's Stone became, and remains known as “Argyle's Stane,” in consequence of the Marquis of Argyle being there apprehended; and, for the edification of the faithful, his blood remains spotted over the stone; although it does not appear that much of it was shed on the spot.

Three scenes here open to our mental vision.

There is holy Saint Connal, bare-footed and serge-clad, trudging homewards from Fereneze—a locality also consecrated to his memory—with staff and scrip, as becomes a poor pilgrim of the cross. Old men and maidens, young men and dames, devoutly kneel to receive

the anchorite's blessing as he passes. Along his way meanders the lovely Cart, the white waters of the larger branch glittering in the sunshine as they leap along their beds, threaded with gold, and peopled with the far-famed pearl-oysters of yore. The dark and moss-stained stream of the blacker river unites with the placid white water just where the soft green copses of Inchinnan and its islets open to the Clyde. Amid such a scene of soft enchantment, purity itself might dwell; and gentle, and pure, and devout are they that crowd to that quiet nook, beside the tall spire-like stone of St. Connal, to listen to the precepts of his sacred mission. A long life spent in offices like these—half benighted though the mind of the teacher, and torpid though the souls of the taught—was yet exemplary and useful, in the rude simplicity of a primitive age; and who would seek to strip the anchorite of his hoary sanctity?

* * * * *

But what is this? Gay carol the larks—the swallows make a summer, gaily skimming the river pools. St. Connal's Stone is grey—greyer than before—booths stand by its side, tricked with streamers. There is no saint there to rebuke the shouts of ribaldry—one thousand years have fled since grey St. Connal saw that stone. Onwards they come, a gay and motley rout and cavalcade. It is no other than my Lord Abercorn, Paisley, and Kilpatrick, that leads them on; and Andro Craufurd and John Algeo, bailies of the burgh, by grace of that potent Earl, this second Tuesday of June, sixteen hundred and eight. The races, so long appointed, were to take place the sixth of May; but the gala-day has been deferred, until it comprehends as well the land-myres, or walking of the marches, when all new burgesses of Paisley behove to perambulate the marches of the five-merk lands of the royalty, as do also all newly elected bailies, treasurers, and councilors, attended by the town-officers with bill and partizan, and a great concourse of spectators. The three beautiful fountains of Castlehead-well, Lone-well, and Craig's-well, within the circuit of the marches, have been visited by those undergoing the ceremonies of initiation; and plentifully have they, one and all, been washed and besprinkled with the grateful element. Here comes the headlong rout, like bedlam broke loose, pulling the moss-flowers, and garlanding their persons. What is this they are going to do to that decent man, the treasurer? My conscience! at the north end of the Long-lone, where the horse-races are going to be held, they have called a halt. But, oh! the mingled fun and dismay with which, half-mischievously, half-respectfully, the two town-officers have poised the worshipful the treasurer in middle-air, by legs and shoulders! Surely they are not about to injure his honour? It is the Douseing-brae, that is all; and these men, as the newly-fledged civic dignitary knows full well, are only about to subject him to a douping. Certes, how they laugh! and how a quantity of barren spectators laugh, too, as they do their office with right good will! Once, twice, thrice, smack goes the treasurer's seat of honour against the Douseing-brae. But what then?—it is only a ceremony; and, after sundry repetitions of the same, in all its senseless absurdity, down comes the throng, bedizened like Bacchanals with the “weedy

trophies" of Paisley moss, to the starting-post of "St. Connal's Stane." And now the entrants for the Bells are started; and the winner, at Paisley Wall-neuk, to pray or not, as he may list, for Abbot Shaw's "salvacioun," until his competitors come up, is graced by having the silver bells, of four ounce weight, (weighed, like the riders, at the infallible tron of Paisley,) hung at his horse's head, besides certain angels of gold in his itching palm—the gift of my Lords Abercorn, Sempil, Ross, and Blantyre; albeit the bells, unless won three years running, must be rendered up by him at the year's end, "keipand yair weight in manner above written, being weyt againe in the said trone." Then follow the after-shots, and off sets the rabble from the desecrated spot, St. Connal called his own, to a score at the Slates of Elderslie, whence the race proceeds to the Causeway-head of the burgh of Paisley, riding the same weight as for the Bells—the prize, a saddle, furnished by the Paisley bailies.

* * * * *

It is again the summer, and a century has scarce elapsed. It is the summer of 1685, when a scene of commotion is witnessed around St. Connal's Stone. The ardent, daring, and unfortunate Archibald, Earl of Argyle, sailing with his expedition into Scotland, in conjunction with that of the equally rash and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth into England, from the court of William of Orange, against the papal domination of James VII., finds his little army (so tardily recruited,) beset on all hands in the passes of Dumbartonshire, and, through the timeous warning of their movements possessed by the royal troops and militia, totally discomfited and dispersed. Hastily disguising himself in mean attire, Argyle, with Sir John Cochran and a band of chosen friends, hastily throws himself into Renfrewshire, where, had he but betaken himself at the first, there, amidst the moorland haunts of its persecuted Presbyterians, he would at least have been safe. But scarcely now has his foot touched its soil, when the local militia, on the watch for the remnant of his Highland force, are down upon his small handful of way-worn and harassed men. It is a stout fight. Sir John Cochran, and two of his English officers, are captured; but the bold Argyle breaks through opposing ranks and plunges in the Cart. Many an aimless sword-stroke and missent bullet whistles round his devoted head. The strong swimmer stems the headlong current, and gains the other bank. Again he is environed with foes. What! scores of stalwart militia-men down on a single peasant! Nay, but the bearing of this man is that of no peasant. His coarse coat is thrown open—saw ye not some decoration sparkle on his breast? Tush! it is but the silver of his pistols. A glance about him, and a bound up the bank; his back is against St. Connal's Stone, and sealed is his doom who will dare to seize a desperate man. Vain refuge and defiance! The priming of his pistols is ineffective; the powder is damp from his plunge in the stream. Seize him! It is done! He is—Archibald of Argyle. Deep will be the lamentation this night in Presbyterian Glasgow; for, three years ago, the doom of Argyle was sealed by an act of iniquitous attainder, and now he reaches the gibbet, without form of trial or chance of defence. And there, by the ancient

ford of Inchinnan, at the Renfrew side of the river, enclosed within the domain of Renfield, now called Blythswood, and not far from Inchinnan bridge, still stands the huge mass of sand-stone, weighing some couple of tons, and engrained with some ferruginous spots of red, which tradition pronounces stains of Argyle's blood, and which the children of the Scottish Covenant yet resort to see.

And now, have we no other memorial stones of strange or startling events around us?

THE DANISH STONE.

What is it? Most probably what interpretation has pronounced it, and not what tradition has called it. The Danes and roving Norsemen carved little but with the sword; and this carved stone bears every trace of being one of those monumental crosses which it was a portion of the piety of popish times to erect every where in the route of the traveller, to enable him to pay the duties of devotion as he went by the way. The "Danish Stone" formerly stood at the north-west corner of *Stanelie* wood; and its shaft and pedestal, between four and five feet high, have latterly been removed to the field immediately south of Stanely Castle. The outlines of some sculpture are dimly discernible on what forms now the southern side; and the traces of wreaths are to be seen upon the edges of this old stone. But Semple, who saw it in 1782, and to whom it is indebted for the traditionary appellation of the Danish Stone, states that, on what then formed the west side, were "two lions near the base, and two boars a little above." The top part of this cross—for cross it must have been—is gone. A farm-house adjacent bears, even yet, the name of Crossbar. Here, then, the devout traveller was wont to pause upon his way, and turn his thoughts to heaven. His mode of doing so, and the accessories of his ritual and worship, are, happily, almost strangers now in Scotland; for of neither monk nor pilgrim can it now be said,

"Beside Macfarlane's cross he staid,
And told his beads within the shade."

But, when we think how many of the thousand devotees who, crowding to St. Mirren's shrine, (when Paisley was one of the four head pilgrimages of Scotland, and its people, to a fearfully late date, the most corrupt and bigoted Papists in the land,) must have knelt, and prayed, and wept, and vowed, before this silent and shattered witness of human emotion, we cannot pass by that time-worn stone regardless and unmoved.

THE STEAD-STONE CROSS,

Which stood near Auldbar, a mile to the south of Hawkhead, is associated with similar scenes. Semple describes it as four and a half feet long, sixteen inches broad, and eight inches thick, standing on a pedestal one and a half feet high, four and a half feet long, and three feet broad. This stone, with its foundation, had been for years consigned to a gravel pit, when found and restored by the late Mr. Charles Ross of Greenlaw, who, within forty years past, remembered to have seen the cross-pieces on its top. It is destitute of figures, but is sculptured with wreathes.

THE MARKET CROSS OF PAISLEY

Suffered a more inexorable doom. The Paisley struggle with Renfrew for municipal emancipation, is matter of history. Each true-born Seestonian is perfectly well aware, that the magna charta of his liberties was wrested, at the long length, from the petty oppressor, in 1488, the date of the constitution of the burgh. Well, mark the outrageous malice of the foe! They of Renfrew, in the teeth of this proud charter of our liberties, actually cast down and demolished Paisley market cross! It was not the Tron, observe—it was not the Abbey steeple—the former, all except the Wee Steeple, still stands, and the latter, taking fright at the Reformation, toppled down headlong of its own accord, precipitating the gorgeous north transept with it into ruin—but it was the Market Cross! And, for that destructive deed, a warrant, firm and sure, was had from the gallant James IV., 2d December, 1495, for summoning the bailies of Renfrew to answer, at the instance of the abbot and convent, amongst other misdeeds irreverential, for “the wrangis destruction, and castine doune of ane market cros of thare toune of Paislay.” The market cross was, consequently, reconstructed, and proudly lifted its head till 1693, when, as if two centuries had been too long to put up with it—mark the inconsistency of man—the Town Council of Paisley itself carried into effect a decree they had passed the preceding year for its destruction; annexing—like the Roman conqueror passing the plough over the site of Jerusalem—something like an anathema of oblivion, to the effect that the site should be causewayed over. It has been said by one, and after him by many, and so we say it again, of those who have laid their hands on monuments so venerable as market crosses, the scenes of every proclamation and public event that conquered the monotony of burghal existence from age to age—

“O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer’s head!
A minstrel’s malison is said.”

QUEEN BLEARIE’S CROSS,

The scene of one of the most strange and eventful catastrophes in or about the vicinity, is also gone. But it appears, from the ancient “description of the sherifdom of Renfrew,” ascribed to Montgomerie of Weitlands, that “in this shire, at a part called the Knock, on Grieff, near Renfrew, was King Robert, called Bleareye, cutted out of his mother’s womb, by Sir John Forrester of Elliestoun, who, being hazarded on extremely to use that remedy to preserve the child’s life, ye queen having then taken her child-ill, being in the fields and dying, the child being quick in her body, who, before that, was reported a *simple* man, from whence the house of Sempil, and the lords thereof, have their name and a part of their estates. In memory whereof, there is yet a *stone pillar erected and standing in that place.*” This incorrect and incoherent account of an extraordinary transaction may have been inaccurate as respects the stone pillar, as it is in so many other particulars. Knock, for instance, is not on Grieff; and the spot yet indicated as the scene of the death of Margery Bruce, and the birth of King Robert II., is not now indicated by any pillar whatever, and is

far nearer Paisley than Renfrew. The Semples of Elliestoun existed as a family prior to 1246, when one of them witnessed a deed of gift by Walter, Lord High Stewart of Scotland, to the monastery of Paisley, of the church of Largs. And, besides that, no such name as the Forresters of Elliestoun is ever mentioned, although we think it not improbable that some of the Semples may have been ranger or forrester of the neighbouring royal domains of Inchinnan palace, or other residence of King Robert Bruce. The story of Marjery Bruce's delivery dates about 1317, in the reign of King David Bruce; and she was, moreover, never a queen, although born and died a princess; and, even at her death, became the progenitor of a royal race which has filled half the thrones of Europe. With all these discrepancies against this version of the story, the stone pillar stated to have been erected on this eventful spot may, therefore, be regarded as referring to the green mound which is still to be seen, to the right from the turnpike road proceeding betwixt Paisley and Renfrew, immediately after passing Gateside; unless, indeed, this can be proved to be the Doomster's Mound.

LOCH-LEBO.

A LOVELY LITTLE LAKE, ON THE ESTATE OF COLONEL MUIR OF CALDWELL.

By MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF THE "HOME OF THE HEART."

'Twas autumn, summer flowers had bloom'd and blown;
The brown leaf rustled o'er the woodland way;
The murmuring music of the reapers' song,
With wandering winds, made fitful melody.
O'er wood-girt plain, in many a sunny nook,
In smiling beauty waved the golden grain,
Or rustled 'neath the glittering harvest-hook,
Where rustic beauty piled the homeward wain.
When up the wandering woodland path we strayed,
With fern, and furze, and wild-flowers gaily fring'd,
And rambl'd through the shadowy sylvan shade,
With every gorgeous hue of verdure tinged,
Where many a fallen giant of the wood,
By woodman's axe lay spoil'd of leafy plumes;
Beside the ivy-mantled stems we stood,
Or gather'd autumn's pale and fading blooms;
We sat on antique roots, with moss o'ergrown,
O'er-canopied with interlacing stems,
Whose sylvan beauty mock'd a kingly throne
Of silken velvet starred with Indian gems.
As from the fallen trunk the osier sprung,
Whose buds drew life for trees of future bloom,
Like deathless hope, a spreading branch is flung,
Of living freshness, o'er the withering tomb.
Like childhood sporting on the breast of age,
And wreathing flowers amid his frosted hair,
Decay and bloom, on life's scene-shifting stage,
As winter snows, the seeds of summer bear.
Like lofty pillars (the o'er-arching pine,)
Of some cathedral ruin, old and grey,
O'er whose worn arches flowers and ivy twine,
Where the grim aisles shut out the glare of day;

Where through the dim and misty corridors,
 Like golden lamps, the day-light flickering gleams,
 Or stars that through the dun of twilight pour,
 In pencil light, their pale and shadowy beams.
 While on that foliage-mantled height we stood,
 Before us, like a dream of Italy,
 An amphitheatre of rock and wood,
 In the rich hues of purple sunset lay.
 Low in the bosom of that valley deep,
 A lovely lake lay calm in waveless rest—
 Calm as a cradled infant lull'd asleep,
 Reflecting heaven in its untroubled breast.
 Upon its margin green the tall reeds sung;
 'The wild-duck's cry within the brake was heard
 The jocund laugh of boys in gambol rung,
 Wild as the carol of the mountain bird;
 And many a purling rill o'er mossy stone,
 Low murmuring, made a miniature cascade,
 And, leaping in the shade, with silvery tone
 A low and melancholy music made.
 Above, a veil of floating crimson hung;
 Far 'mid the golden shadows of the west,
 Departing day his purple mantle flung
 O'er sober eve, while watching her to rest—
 A scene for poet's song or painter's eye,
 A living picture glow'd in ev'ry hue,
 "As e'er was painted on Venetian sky—
 As ever Titian, or Paulo drew!"

THE PROVINCE OF INTELLECT—THE ADVANCEMENT OF TRUTH.

"Magna veritas est, et prevalebit."

THE great antagonist principles to human happiness are, in our opinion, ignorance and knavery. Hitherto, they have existed in the world from time immemorial, covering it with the blackness and darkness of intellectual night, and the cheerlessness of human woe. But, thank God, that blackness and darkness is not reserved for ever; but, in the language of sacred metaphor, the light of intellect, once kindled, "shall burn brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day."

We have such proofs exhibited to us, in the preceding ages of man's history, that demonstrate the omnipotence of heaven-born intellect—that demonstrate to us, that empires and dynasties may rise and fall—that revolutions may set up new masters and bring down old sovereigns—that Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, may gain continents, and mould them, for a period, to their wills, upholding their superiority by indomitable brute force, and the pre-eminent possession of devastating engines. Nations wonder at those thunderbolts of war that pass over them, and are paralyzed; but soon they groan, they struggle, and are free. A mightier power dwells on earth than flesh and blood—than bone and muscle—than gunpowder, directed in its force by a Napoleon's skill—or the sword, wielded by the power of a Hercules. The conqueror's trophies pass away, or exist but in ruined cities, corn fields

desecrated by the murdered and the murderer's graves—pages of history, polluted by tales of man's butchery of man—chains forged, and slavery forced upon the simple and ignorant populations of the world! But these acts

“Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled,”

Are vindicated by the mightier power that dwells in intellect. The implements of its power are gathered from every source. Intellect holds dominion over nature. It scans its materialism, and works with it. It seeks its hidden living spirit, and elicits thoughts of power and beauty, and holds communion with it as a portion of itself. Its progress and its power graduate onward. It goes not backward—onward is the motto of intellect, when roused to energy. It has been roused; it sleeps not—it cannot sleep. It lives on new discoveries. It cannot be content with less than truth—yet an incomprehensibility—but, inch by inch, it disputes the territory of truth, against ignorance and knavery's interest; and, day by day, it moves nearer to perfection.

The triumphs of force are liable to be overcome by superior force. The very idea of a state of things depending on physical force implies contention and disorder. The triumphs of truth and intellect are free from such conditions. These triumphs are the *ultimatum* of human capacity. Truth is the *ne plus ultra* of creation; and that alone is a triumph of intellect which is an elucidation of hitherto unknown truth. We cannot separate the progress of intellect from that of truth. The mind of man, when launched upon the ocean of thought, sails upon an element whose shores are truth. There are, indeed, like the optical delusions which vex the mariner, mists and vapours, which seem the shores and headlands of the everlasting world; but no adventurer is warranted in pronouncing a discovery till it has become tangible and evident to his observation. Thought is the mightiest power that dwells in nature. 'Tis the soul of intellect, and gives forth the manifestations of the divine ray within the human heart, by revealing the intricacies of nature's laws, and making them subservient to human happiness and human improvement. By its influence, the powers of nature are impotent against man's enterprise. It teaches him to grasp even the thunderbolt, and dash it aside in safety. It gives the elements unto man for his ministers, and makes his messengers flames of fire and hissing vapour. The fields of its conquests are not necessarily acledemas; the trophies of its achievements are not stony piles, the perishing workmanship of human hands. No! They are the everlasting hills, the eternal ocean, the unbounded universe of stars! The results of its victories are not new families seated upon old despotisms, neither are they exclusively for the benefit of one family or nation; but they are exhibited in the bond made free, and in the universal diffusion of the means whereby mankind may be made happy.

We do lament that, in the present day, the triumphs of intellect are in advance of the triumphs of truth—that intellect has given to man the power to do good; but that the convictions of truth—the moral principle—has not given him the will to do it. But who will despond? Intellect has fought for truth, and intellect has conquered. Intellect

may be joined to error; but it cannot triumph—it must fall. The triumphs of intellect are indeed the triumphs of truth and human good—they are inseparable. The triumphs of the one cannot be separated from those of the other—they go hand in hand; truth led by intellect, conquering and to conquer. Intellect grasps, in the hand of thought, the elements of nature, and wields them in the day of fight. Nought withstands its force. The force of mind, when it wields the weapons of truth, is omnipotent, and conquers in the end. Circumstances may retard, but cannot arrest the victory. Truth at last stands before the world, with modest and blushing front, brought there by her champion—intellect—that men may become the recipients of her stores. Tell us not that truth is an incomprehensibility—that men ever will dispute “What is it?” Truth is comprehensible; but not to the ignorant. Year by year, and day by day, intellect subdues a portion of the territory of ignorance, and sheds upon it a greater portion of the light of truth. A hundred years ago, it would have been deemed an untruth that locomotion would be what it now is. Men would have disputed the proposition, in their ignorance, and asked—“What is the truth?” We know that, and many other things incredible to that age, more clearly now—indisputably so. A hundred years hence, how much more shall be known? A thousand years hence, what barbarians shall we of this generation be deemed!

Intellect is the organs of the human mind, illuminated by a discernment of the relation of things to one another. It gains one step in the scale of knowledge; it comes to, and surmounts the next; and, step by step, it shall at last, in the lapse of ages, range the whole material creation! It shall then manifest its triumphs in the perfection of the implements and necessities for the production of human comfort—in the brilliant ecstasies of ideal excursions in the realms of imagination and poetry. Behold its achievements and its effects in the progressive history of six thousand years, and read a lesson that its triumphs have been progressive. Each succeeding conquest has been—and is—and will be—the platform for another victory. Onward it conquers, in endless succession, till it reaches even unto perfection. We have seen a stone thrown into the centre of a pool cause the wavelets to widen, one by one, till broken on its banks. So it is with intellectual progress. It seems as if, at the beginning, the Creating Power had thrown intellect, as an emanation of his own divine essence, into the pool of this world's existence. The succeeding wavelets of that spirit's agitation have widened on and on, even until now, embracing a wider area within their ample range. Dare we imagine that agitation shall cease now, or ever. It has vibrated over Palestine, it has swept Egypt, and rolled over Greece. As the world exists, and as human generations spread far and wide, making new habitations on the earth, so spreads out the widening area of man's intellect, revealing what was dark, and exploring the once distant realms of nature's truths; and, age by age, and generation by generation, it sweeps along the pool of time, “till time itself shall be no more,” and man's collected knowledge shall be indeed perfection, and the prophetic and dimly shadowed felicities of the millennial period shall be fully realized.

THE WRECK AT SEA.

It is a swift and stately bark. How free
 And gracefully she skims the silvery sea !
 Her blood-red ensign flaunts in many a fold,
 Her bright side flashes in the sun like gold.
 Wooing, with snowy sails, the fresh'ning wind—
 Whirling a starry foam-wake far behind—
 Freighted with beauty, and bold " hearts of oak,"
 That neither tempests fear nor sunken rock—
 In the last glow of sunset, from the sight
 She fades, and bids her native land " good night."
 Oh ! gentle winds, waft her in safety o'er
 The treacherous waters to her wished-for shore.

A moon had passed. Hush'd was the wind and low,
 Like that dread calm when foeman glares on foe,
 Ere they have closed for death or life. Above,
 Was black and scowling—such as demons love,
 When damning deeds, " without a name," are done,
 Which told, the warm blood curdles in its run ;
 Dark masses piled their angry forms on high,
 And the storm-spirits started at the cry
 Of their grim monarch's summons, to prepare
 His thunder-engines in the upper air,
 To suit his playful mood.

The hurricane,
 Down, in its wildest fury, rushing came,
 Churning the black sea beneath it. Intense
 The red fire gleamed wide o'er the roused Immense,
 Shewing the mad waves fiercely torn asunder,
 While shore and mountain echoed to the thunder !
 And there was then that evil-fated bark,
 That erst had sped in beauty to her mark,
 In some far distant clime, in majesty,
 And all the pride of power and symmetry,—
 A sportive plaything to the waves that lashed
 Her quivering sides ; yet, still she backward dash'd
 Their foam in proud defiance—still she bore
 Herself exultingly the billows o'er !
 But nothing did her noble strength avail ;
 The livid lightnings, from their watery veil,
 Shot forth their tongues of flame, and joined the sea
 To sweep the good bark from the things that be !
 'Mid thunder peals, and tempest's roar, they spent
 Upon her masts ; with crackling shrouds they bent,
 Shattered, and scathed—and crashing o'er her side,
 Were borne afar by the remorseless tide !

A leak had sprung—the waters gathered fast ;
 The rudder was deserted ; and, at last,
 The boldest of the crew unheeded left
 The pumps ; some, of their senses were bereft,
 And raved in madness—God ! how they blasphemed !
 And others wondered if they only dream'd ;
 And some in prayer vow'd, were they spared this death,
 They 'd live saint-holy to their latest breath ;
 While brave-souled men, even knowing death was near
 With pale lips stood aloof—but not with fear.

Apart, a mother o'er her child reclined,
 Her dark-brown ringlets streaming in the wind ;
 A woman's fortitude above despair,
 With angel loveliness shone brightly there.
 Joined were her snowy hands, and raised on high
 Her large blue eyes, which seem'd to pierce the sky
 In their imploring radiance. A prayer
 Hung on her lips, and heaved her bosom bare.
 In meek submission, to her throbbing heart
 She pressed her babe, as if they ne'er would part,
 But that together they'd prepare to die—
 Together wing their willing flight on high,
 To their own home.

But, to the doomed wreck.
 Wave after wave swept o'er her slippery deck,
 And leapt like fiends around her. Hope gave place
 To dark despair, that lower'd o'er each face.—
 Now the wild crisis of their fate had come,
 And the last sand in their life's glass had run :—
 Slowly she swung o'er one dark mountain wave,
 And, plunging downward, found an ocean grave !
 Then one long, loud, heart-rending scream arose,
 Of fell despair ! Words could ne'er disclose
 The thrilling, agonising horrors told,
 In that wild drowning shriek. The billows roll'd
 O'er them, and all was o'er !

Oh ! never more
 She'll stem the blue sea as she did of yore ;
 Her crew's heart-cheering cry shall ring no more
 In merry peals, along their native shore ;
 Bright eyes shall overflow with bitter tears,
 And bosoms heave with yearning hopes and fears,
 For those who sleep beneath the surging waves,
 Whose bones are whit'ning in old ocean's caves !

ARIEL.

STRAGGLING THOUGHTS AT ODD MOMENTS.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

THE odd figure which men of genius often exhibit before the world, is a matter of surprise and astonishment to many, regarded as the follies of the wise. We think somewhat differently. The whimsicalities of a man of genius are as distinct from the airs of a fop or pedant, as light and darkness. The one is the direct result of folly, vanity, and weak-mindedness ; the other, of over-tasked bodily powers, by wisdom, and a soul too strong for them. Behold the silly fopling fancying himself a great man, sporting his rickety carcase, with a head as erect toward heaven, as if he had no hope, no joy, but in the eternal idea—truth. And, were it not some course vulgarities, or silly conceits, implying the extent of the man's pretensions, one would think him truly treating with disdain the realities of earth, and revelling in the glory of intellectual power and purity. Contrast this with the man of genius. His every thought is noble ; his very movements have some-

thing of natural grace and dignity; with look unelated, yet beaming with the intelligence of soul, he has no pretensions, no assumption. Is a great task before him, there is no fuss in his movement—calm, collected, he undertakes it as a thing common and familiar to him. You take him for an every-day character. If you regard only his figure and appearance, he appears just like any other honest man. But give him some great problem to solve, some truth to elucidate, that is obscured amid unmade demonstrations and darkness, and yet he fails not. He enters on the pursuit; at each new turn of the chase he catches distant glimpses of his object, making him more anxious than ever to attain it. He may be wearied; he may be exhausted; his bodily organs may ache with the exertion; but the vision is before him; his imagination has run before his demonstration, and exhibited to him in what direction the truth may be expected. Anew his soul and body start in the race; he runs down his game—truth; the victory is won; Genius is ever triumphant. Place him now among the common place, every-day people of the world. The material organs of his mind have been worn out by his soul's task; relaxation is sweet, and he gives himself up to it. He studies not his movements or his words, like the pedant or the dandy; out they come, words of truth, strangely uttered, coarsely uttered, perhaps; his actions not strictly decorous, according to the insincerities of etiquette, but his soul is all etiquette, all truth. The finger is pointed at him; the laugh is raised against him; men fancy he is odd—that he is so from contempt of ordinary people's manners. No, no; that is the fop, the pedant, not the man of truth, of lofty comprehension; his words may be coarse, harsh, improper for vain men to hear, and so may his actions be eccentric; but he feels the world's derision, it pierces his soul; he is not indifferent to the world—he cares for it, he loves it, he revels in all the noble and beautiful it contains—but his feelings are stung by fops and pedants, and half witlings. He rises superior to them. He will not consent to become one of them; he will rather keep his great soul, and lose their esteem and friendship. He turns from them—merry companions! Does he go mad? The world thinks it odd, and the man a downright misanthrophist! How very, very erroneous.

"WIT AND HUMOUR."

By LEIGH HUNT.*

OUR readers are doubtless all well acquainted with the former volume of this delightful series—"Imagination and Fancy"—with illustrative marked passages from favourite poets; and it is with pleasure they will receive the second volume—entitled "*Wit and Humour*,"—which has come most opportunely to enliven the literary dulness of a most dull season.

* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1846.

Our author, himself a poet of no mean standing, is, without doubt, the first poetical critic of the day; and, therefore, though we cannot always agree with his "markings," and sometimes even imagine a straining after the discovery of beauties, and too microscopic a delineation of them, we are disposed, in such cases, to attribute the difference of opinion to a scarcity of the ideal in our own cerebral development—in fact, to a sad deficiency of "the vision and the faculty divine." But, as we are equally modest in declining to lay claim to the remainder of the quotation—

———"a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness, afraid of shame——"

we will adventure upon a few remarks on the book before us, which is verily not a book to be approached by a "temper too severe"—indeed, it would be the death of the sourest temper we know; for, what says our author of "this laughing jade of a topic, with her endless whims and faces?"

"Thousands of merry devils poured in upon me from all sides. Doubles of Similes, buffooneries of Burlesques, stalkings of Mock-heroics, stings in the tails of Epigrams, glances of Inuendos, dry looks of Ironies, corpulencies of Exaggerations, ticklings of Mad Fancies, claps on the back of Horse-plays, complacencies of Unawarenesses, floundering of Absurdities, irresistibilities of Iterations, significancies of Jargons, wailings of Pretended Woes, roarings of Laughters, and hubbubs of Animal Spirits——"

In short, the thousand-and-one forms under which wit and humour lurk. But we must begin with a definition of terms.

"Wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast—generally of both."

It is the faculty that brings to light hidden affinities between opposites; lurking resemblances between obvious antipathies, in words or in ideas; and it moves us to laughter by the pleasant surprise thereby occasioned.

"Humour is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling—more amusing than accountable. It deals in incongruities of character and circumstance, as wit does in those of arbitrary ideas."

Wit flashes on the mind, bright, sparkling, and instantaneous; a single syllable being often sufficient for the effect. Humour is of a slower development, and shows itself in the delineation of quaint blendings of opposites in character, (Mr. Pickwick's, for instance,) odd contrasts of situation, or amusing breach of the unities in circumstance.

We will not venture upon the formidable list of heads under which Mr. Hunt classes different descriptions of wit and humour; indeed, in many of the cases we can see no difference at all; and we think it hardly desirable for the general reader to draw distinctions so fine.

Puns (pointes) are, our author says, banished from good society. "They are tiresome when engrossing, and execrable when bad." We admit this, but they are not necessarily either; and we rather say, with Hood,

"I do enjoy this bounteous, beauteous earth,
And doat upon a jest,
Within the limits of becoming mirth."

Poor Hood! We know none more exquisite than his; and even Mr. Hunt quotes a few.

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a canon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'let others shoot,'
For here I leave my *second leg*,
And the *forty-second foot*!"

The best, however, we know of Hood's, is in his "Ode to Rae Wilson," a poem which, besides the most caustic satire, is rich in "quips and cranks."

"Mere verbiage! It is not worth a carrot!
Why, Socrates or Plato,—where's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the gods,
And made a *polly-theist* of a *parrot*!"

The court fool's pun on Archbishop Laud was a good one—

"Great praise to God, and little *Laud* to the Devil."

But we have done with puns.

We can laugh, and heartily too, at macaronic verses when good; but we have not an ear sufficiently musical to admire "jargon," or burdens of songs rendered amusing by mere analogies or tautologies of sound. For instance, we have here, among others, "parrots in a masquerade calling to the waiters."

"Tôt, tôt,—tôt, tôt,—tôt, tôt,—
Du rô, du rô, du rô,
Holà, holà, laquais,
Du vin aux perroquets."

It may be, and doubtless is, vastly amusing and natural to a French parrot to betray its feelings in the above language; but we humbly confess our inability to join in Mr. Hunt's appreciation of the joke.

We find extracted a number of excellent sallies of Sydney Smith; but, being in prose, and therefore apart from the business of the volume, we quote only a very short one, but, to our mind, the best.

"WANTS OF IRELAND.—What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clean highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, and the Isle of the Ocean; the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh! A far better anthem would be, Erin go bread and cheese; Erin go cabins that keep out the rain; Erin go pantaloons without holes in them!"

As our author remarks of this passage, "it is very ludicrously turned, irresistibly comic, and very sensible."

We must, however, say a word or two about some of those poets from whom the illustrations of wit and humour are particularly drawn; and we begin with our most quaint and ancient favourite—Chaucer. We think it is a matter of regret that he is not more universally read; for, though the old language is occasionally obscure to the unlearned, it is everywhere full of germs and flowers of the greatest beauty; and, after all, the language is no such insurmountable obstacle that the

assistance of a brief glossary will not remove it. As for the old spelling, we become quite fond of it.

It is little short of profanation to modernise and patch the old poet. Such attempts have always proved failures; though even the great master of our own day has thought the object not unworthy of his muse. For instance, that most sweet poem commencing—

“The God of Love! ah, benedicite!
How mightie and how grete a Lord is he!
For he doth make of lowè hertès hie,
Of hie lowe,” &c.

No doubt, in his modern version of the above, Wordsworth re-produced many of its beauties; but there is a freshness and simplicity in the old language that the present cannot attain; and, therefore, we repeat, Chaucer should be read in the original. Next to the classic poets, he is the fountain from which the rich stream of English poesy has welled, and whence the moderns have drawn many a cup of “blissful hippocrene.”

We are glad Mr. Hunt gives us so much of him; for who that reads the beginning of the “Canterbury Pilgrims,” but will wish to go further in such “goodlie compaignie.”

“Whannè that April, with his shourès sote,
The droughte of March hath percèd to the rote,
And bathed everie veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertùe engendred is the flour;
When Zephirus ekè with his sotè brethe,
Enspired hath, in everie holt and bethè,
The tendre croppès.”

There are admirable extracts from Shakespere, Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, and Pope; but they are all so familiar that we need not re-quote them.

An anonymous wag from the Percy Reliques is

“Full of the gusto of iteration, and exquisite in variety as well as sameness. It repeats the word ‘old’ till we are enamoured of antiquity, and prepared to resist the impertinence of things new.”

This old song, which well deserves such praise, is a lament over the departed glory of the Elizabethan age, in the days of James the First. It is the original of the “Old Country Gentleman.”

In a play by Thomas Randolph, there is some very pleasantly rhymed Latin, sung by a chorus of pretended fairies. It is as Catullian as some of the old monkish songs, to which the rhymes certainly added a zest, though sadly unclassical. We give the last verse, as a sample.

“I domum Oberon, ad illas
Quæ nos manent nunc, ancillas
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac et vinum.”

Sir John Suckling, we think, was worthy of better things than he ever produced. He appears, however, to advantage here. We cannot omit a few lines from “The Bride,” though every one has admired them before.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

And again,

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly."

Having, doubtless, alighted there to appropriate its sweets.

We have not space for Brome or Marvel, although the latter, as poet and patriot, acted a good part in his own time. We have laughed over his account of amphibious Holland, where the ocean, resenting their encroaching dykes,

"Oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;"

And where, in consequence,

"The fish oft-times the burgher disposess'd,
And sat, *not as a meal, but as a guest*."

Then, again, his scare-crow priest, who was as thin as if "*fed only on consecrated wafers*."

The extracts from "Hudibras" are copious; but we have all laughed over "Hudibras" a hundred times before, and shall therefore not go deep into Butler, but content ourselves with one extract, in which the sentiment is as true and noble, as its treatment is essentially humorous.

SELF-POSSESSION.

"'Tis not restraint or liberty
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cried
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said,
(For aught that ever I have read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub."

As happy a contrast of Diogenes and Alexander as the celebrated one where the philosopher desires the world's conqueror to "stand out of his sunshine."

We have no room to extract from Swift, although his satire is indeed "a scourge in a strong man's hand." And, for the same reason, Goldsmith and Peter Pindar (Wolcot) must remain unnoticed.

So much for Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Wit and Humour." We have endeavoured to give our readers a few specimens of the illustrations, rather than indulge in copious commentary of our own. We hope it will induce them to read a very delightful book; one that renews our acquaintance with old friends, and places them always in a happy and pleasant light. We might suggest the accessories of wine and walnuts, a blazing yule log, and a congenial companion; but it is equally adapted

to cheer the gloom of the fireless garret, which poets are supposed to inhabit; and where, like Socrates in his basket,* raised above the coarse realities of the lower earth, they live on nectar and ambrosia, or commons equally nourishing and ethereal. Like Chaucer's poor scholar,

"For him was lever han at his beddes hed,
Twentie bokès, clothèd in blake or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robès riche, or fidel or sautrie."

We have given the old father an honourable situation among our own "twentie bokès," and there, in the meantime, we take leave of him, and of "Wit and Humour" also; commending both, with their quaint humours and pleasant conceits, to the favour of our friends and readers.

STANZAS.

I love the bounding ocean wave,
I love its hissing foam;
I love 't, in solitary hour,
More than my native home.
I love the bright and calm blue sky,
I love the earth's perfume;
I love them in the sunny ray,
When nature owns its bloom.
I love the tempest-driven storm,
I love its raging mood,
I love it whistling in my hair—
It suits my passions' flood,
I love the mellow song of birds;
I love the wild bee's hum;
I love the cadence of the streams,
On summer's breeze they come.
I love the planetary hour,
I love its star-light glow;
I love to own the hallowing power
It sheds on earth below.
I love the moonbeam's softening ray,
I love its fleecy clouds,
I love 't when streaming pale its light
The heavens and earth enshrouds.
I love the flowerets of the earth;
I love the tints of heaven;
I love each iris-coloured hue,
By God to nature given.
I love each eye-discovered spot,
Where light and beauty fall;
I love the wondrous God-wrought world:—
Nature, I love ye all!

* In the "*Clouds*" of Aristophanes, Socrates is represented suspended from the ceiling of the room in a basket!

THE
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JANUARY, 1847.

THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

POETS of loftier note, and mightier powers, than Robert Tannahill, are often only fully understood by men of education and refinement. But the bard who wakes his country's lyre, and pours forth his inspirations, as they well out of the abundance and ingenuousness of his own heart, finds a ready avenue to the hearts of others; his thoughts become the common property of all, and, enshrined in the sacristy of the human affections, they receive the homage of undying fame.

In laying before our readers a few remarks in reference to an unfortunate and highly gifted poet, whose memory has been too much neglected in the locality of his birth, we know that it would be absurd to claim for him the Proteus power of a Shakspeare, the sublimity of a Milton, the fire of a Byron, or the manly vigour of a Burns. Yet we need not hesitate to say, that the fame of Robert Tannahill is fixed on a pedestal as broad and as enduring, if not so lofty and so towering, as any of theirs. His thrilling effusions have found their way into the hearts and memories of men, and have been incorporated in his "land's language:" and the obscure "verse-making weaver" has shown, that, like the wondrous ploughman, he has "walked in glory and in joy," upon his native mountain-sides, and has bestowed a rich legacy to the Scottish tongue, which has been received with as much gratitude, and little less pride, than the loftier effusions of a Burns.

The talents of the bard are not acquired by training or by education alone. The immortal genius of the divine art confers its powers, and puts them forth, with the existence of the poet. Hence it is, that not the learned or the mighty are called, that the great things of the earth are often confounded by the little, and that men in the humblest walks of life occasionally burst forth on the world, shedding upon it a new and a glorious light, and impressing on it the undying traces of their thoughts. Hence also it is, that he who speaks to humanity, as mankind understand and feel, puts to the blush that "*lear scholastic*," which may often puzzle a student's brain, for the glorious purpose of mystifying the uninitiated.

To the unschooled classes, we owe many of the greatest lyrists of modern or of ancient times. We do not mean to deny that many great and good poets have been educated men, or to affirm that academical

education is inconsistent with a poet's attainments; nevertheless, the enduring poet must be free from all scholastic affectation. His must be the language of the heart, the language which schools cannot teach, but which is alone to be implanted by the study of the human affections, by the "wooing of lone nature in her silent walks," and speaking it to men in sincerity and in truth.

True poetry, like good manners, disclaims all hollow cant, all conventional and artificial slang. The *poetica licentia* will not tolerate what is prejudicial to morality or good taste, and when men, however humble, take up the volume of creation, and read to mankind lessons, in its own natural characters, from its simple and glowing pages, they will, they must be understood. Hence it is, that Robert Tannahill stands before the world, though in much humbler degree, with Shakespeare, Thomson, Wordsworth, Burns, and a few others, as men who have borrowed new charms from nature, melted them in the crucible of their own glowing hearts, and moulded them in loveliness and in beauty, in order to lure and win mankind to practise and feel the loveliness of goodness and of virtue.

Tannahill, literally, was an uneducated man; and, though not a mighty, still, a true poet. He could not, even with Burns, place among his accomplishments, Latin, French, or mathematics. Plain English reading, writing, a little arithmetic, and a few tunes on his flute, comprehended all his stock of learning, so called; nevertheless, what streams of beauty, and of enjoyment, has he caused to flow through the channels of his native language, and to find a ready and abiding lodgement in human hearts,—a distinction more honourable, than if, from his acquirements, his surname had been Polyglotta.

As a poet, his eye viewed creation, and he gloried in its beauties; and whether in storm or in sunshine, he loved nature, and wove its varying features into the golden tissue of his songs. As he treads the green earth, the burning and overflowing passions of his soul are melted by the contemplation of its most sequestered floral beauties.

"Yon mossy rose-bud, down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,"

although it

"Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And 's scarcely seen by ony,"

is not unobserved by him, but forms one of that immortal wreath, with which he decks the subject of one of his sweetest songs.

Guided by the graphic description of his simple pen, even the dark depths of cold winter seem now full of the flowery beauty and glorious melody of summer; the

"Fragrant brier, wi' its saft faulding blossoms;
The birk wi' its mantle o' green;"

"The crowflower blue, and meadow pink;"

"The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
The clover bloom, the dewy green;"

with all the "flowers of the mountain" and the plain, seem smiling before us, as we hear or peruse his strains; while the melody of the

"gray pinioned lark," and the "sweet mavis," singing its "hymn to the evening," are scarcely withheld.

Tannahill is none of your pseudo-refinement men, who love to contemplate nature at ease, in a flower-garden, from the window of a snug and comfortable summer-house. He loves nature in all her freedom, in all her moods, and in all the beauty of her native wildness. He takes the field in earnest, when he finds a leisure hour from the irksomeness of his loom; and

"Wanders out, wi' serious look,
To read twa page o' nature's book."

And, beneath heaven's own canopy, he can thus speak—

"Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To cheer the lingering day.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honey-suckle and the birk,
Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others court the giddy court,
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields,
Are dearer far to me."

Such are the poet's dearest joys, and tell us what painter could give such a graphic and glowing description of summer scenery.

Thus it is, when his heart is full, and he sings of happy loves, that brilliant descriptions of the year's brightest season come bursting forth, as living from his pen. But mark him, when he sings of forlorn love; 'tis then, that

"Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;"

and then

"Naething is heard but the win' whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw;
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints," &c.

or,

"The cold wind blows o'er the drifted snows—
Loud howls the rain-lash'd naked wood."

Tannahill, like Burns, is the poet of nature. His eye is keen in the perception of its beauties, and he possesses the rare power of transferring them, glowing in loveliness and in beauty, to his brilliant pages; and when interwoven with those outbursts of tenderest emotion, which surely the poet must have known and felt so keenly, they form the charm of those unsurpassed lyrics, that, along with other imaginative literature, have extended the Scottish tongue, and established it as a classical language.

The lyrical compositions of Robert Tannahill, are certainly second to none of his countrymen, save Burns, whom he equals in tenderness,

though far behind him in variety and power. The extreme sensibilities of his nature seem to have fitted him eminently to excel in those compositions in which the affections of the heart are concerned, and to this species of writing he seems to have felt himself most suited. Perhaps, also, the opportunity afforded him in having such a friend and companion as R. A. Smith, who could wed his effusions to cadences as immortal as his own sweet song, may have been irresistible in making song-writing his chief and darling theme. He certainly was but a young poet, having only stood about three years before the world as an author, and what productions might have issued from his more matured pen, or whether he should have struck out for himself any new path in the realms of poetry, cannot now be estimated. But in his lyrical compositions, he has gained immortal fame, while his miscellaneous poetical efforts are certainly respectable, if not, in some instances, superior. True, he is never sublime, nor does he ever indulge in any vein of broad satirical humour; he has failed as a dramatist; neither does he seem to have had those comprehensive views of man and creation that ennobled the *MAN*, Burns. Yet, if he had not the power to "castigate the manner and reform the age," he has at least raised his humble voice in strains that speak of a humane and benevolent heart—a heart that could feel for the poor wayside beggar in his rags, and, at the same time, resent the cold and haughty indifference of the strutting fop.

"He who unmoved can hear the suppliant cry,
Of pallid wretch, plac'd on the pathway side,
Nor deigns one pitying look, but passes by,
In all the pomp of self-adorning pride;
So may some great man vex his little soul,
When he, obsequious, makes his lowest bow;
Turn from him with a look that says, vain fool,
And speak to some poor man, whom he would shame to know."

To his sensibilities we owe the chief charm of Tannahill's compositions. His miscellaneous pieces, like his songs, are redolent with tenderness and natural imagery. They exhibit him in the light of a sincere and ardent friend, a tender brother, and a devoted son. He loved his country, and particularly his native neighbourhood; and to this we owe the beauty and manly patriotism of many of his effusions.

Nature had written on the soul of Tannahill many of those qualities which ennoble the man. He hated cruelty and oppression; and if he wants strength and energy, he has tenderness and feeling, and can exhibit his resentment of vice and wrong, in many instances, by a species of quiet wit that would not have disgraced even Cowper. He can raise the laugh at the humorous bill of fare he makes out of "Kebbuckstane Wedding," as well as in his rather broad description of "Rab Roryson's wonnerfu' bonnet." In one of his epistles, he thus speaks of would-be poets, who *try* to sing what they never felt or experienced; and, for the benefit of some of our correspondents, it is worth quotation here:—

"Yon city scribbler thinks to scale
The cliffs of fame, with pastoral;
In worth, thinks none e'er richer;
Yet never climbed the upland steep,

Nor e'er beheld a flock of sheep,
 Save those driven by the butcher;
 Nor ever marked the gurgling stream,
 Except the common sewer
 On rainy days, when dirt and slime
 Poured turbid past his door.
 Choice epithets in store he gets,
 From Virgil, Shenstone, Pope;
 With tailor art, tacks part to part,
 And makes his pastoral up."

The minstrelsy of Tannahill is perhaps neither so powerful or so varied, as it is replete with tenderness. None can peruse his strains, or hear them sung, without admiring those simple outpourings of his poetic and kindly soul, and perceiving in them the ennobling qualifications of genius, though in a humbler sphere than that which strives to portray the hidden mysteries of the human heart, or shoots forth, with bold and energetic wing, far into the unscanned regions of the unknown.

We lately observed, in a London journal, a statement put forth, that our bard belonged to the north of England. We can scarcely account for the error, as the editor of the periodical referred to is a Scotchman well known. We are not, and need not be ashamed, to claim Robert Tannahill as a countryman; and, to those who have

"Lived and passed their days among
 The scenes he loved and sung,"

how much more endearing the witchery of his genius. Newton woods, like Craigie-lea, and Ferguslie woods, may fall beneath the parsimony of some economic, or the extravagance of some spendthrift heir; Stanely-castle crumbles to its base; but "Gleniffer braes," and "the lofty Ben-Lomond," shall also pass away into forgetfulness, ere those scenes shall be nameless. The poet's songs have embalmed them in language that shall hover among the habitations of men to all generations, like strains of unforgotten—unforgettable music.

And who was this Robert Tannahill, after all? A weaver—"a dull day plodding weaver," as he styles himself. But his soul, with the characteristics that are inseparable from the manfulness and sensibilities of genius, was proud and independent. With a mind formed to live at peace with all men, and do to others as he would be done unto, he lived in comparative obscurity. With feelings far too acute for this rough and bustling world, he endured and perished in suffering. Many a son of genius has made shipwreck of his character and attainments, by disdaining even necessary toil. Genius cannot live, chameleon-like, on air, it must be nourished with the grosser materials of the earth. To Tannahill's honour be it told, however much it may differ from what poets are generally said to be, that he was not poor. His was the dignity of labour—his hand procured him his bodily wants, and his muse filled up only his leisure moments. Will it be believed, that those sweet strains of his, were composed, many of them, at the loom, as his great master's were at the plough; and that from the workshop of the toiling artisan, they should find their way to palaces and lordly halls, there to melt or charm the hearts of "ladies bright and gallants gay."

Yet so it was, embellished with the pathetic music of his dear friend Smith, they acquired, even in the poet's lifetime, a wide and almost universal popularity; and now they are incorporated with, and shall be

"Remembered in their line, in his land's language."

It is, and has been, matter of reproach to our poet's townsmen, that "not even a stone" should mark the silent spot where his ashes rest, or to prove to the world their virtuous admiration and gratitude, that so sweet a child of song should have lived, written, and died, among them. Our friend, Mr. Malone of Greenock, a worthy votary of the muse, has, in his published works, thus written of Tannahill.

"Unnotic'd on the bustling stage,
In life the poet stands alone;
Neglect is his by heritage,
(Thus it hath been in every age:)
He asks for bread,—receives a STONE.
A STONE—'tis all the world e'er gave;
Then let it point the poet's grave."*

It is the brightest jewel in the poet's crown, the greenest laurel in his wreath, to live in the hearts and memories of men; his bright visions of future fame support him through his weary days, and his sleepless nights, and rather than these should be unrealized, his life is too often given as a willing sacrifice.

Though the stranger, when he seeks our minstrel's grave, finds it undistinguished from the common dead; though no "storied urn, nor animated bust," tells that he has been; nevertheless, he has, in his works, written, as they are, on the living tablets of the human memory, sung at every festive board, flowing vocal from every musical lip, a more enduring monument than brass; and, what is perhaps consolatory to his townsmen to know, it costs them nothing; although they should not be indifferent, when they swell the category of their worthies, to boast having among them Tannahill's birth-place and his grave—the spot on which he perished, and the scenes he sung.

In conclusion, William Finlay, on whose unfortunate shoulders the poetic mantle has fallen, with fellow feeling, exclaims,

"For the bard who hath sung thus, pray what has been done?
Why nothing—that's certain, not even a stone
To his merits or memory, yet hath appeared,
SAVE THE PILLAR OF FAME WHICH HIS OWN HANDS HAVE REARED."*

* *The Sailor's Dream, and Other Poems.* By Robert L. Malone. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1845.

† *Poems, Humorous and Sentimental.* By William Finlay. Paisley: Murray & Stewart. 1846.

PILGRIM SKETCHES.

V.—FALLEN ROME.

FROM THE "GLORY OF THE KINGDOMS," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

By MISS AIRD.

I.

ERAKA! O, Eraka! fills
 The palaces where Beauty smiled,
 Still linger o'er these seven hills
 The cadence of that requiem wild,
 Which shook the earth with shoutings loud
 When wave-like swell'd the adoring crowd,
 And Rome's patrician glory bow'd
 'Neath Victory's chariot wheels.
 There, raven ruin flaps her wings,
 The voice of Cæsar's triumph dies;
 There, desolation mournful sings,
 Chanting ambitious obsequies.
 Its echo o'er the grass-grown street,
 In desert-distance, dies away,
 While wandering winds and minstrels weep,
 Her day of glory's waning ray.

II.

On Time's grey dial-stone, the lines,
 Of Rome's high noon is told;
 The rays of Cæsar's sun declines;
 Her sands of empire told.
 Though Cato's famed oration peals
 In lands that in her light rejoice,
 And listening Academus feels
 Her forum's memoried voice;
 Though Brutus' philippic sublime
 Is swelling down the stream of time,
 From that death-cradled sea;
 Now still as old Sodoma's wave,
 And slumbering in pitchy grave,
 Of sin's eternity!

III.

'Twas in the acme of her pride,
 This lady of the kingdoms fill'd
 Her golden cup—Sin's plighted bride—
 Like asconite distill'd,—
 The grapes of that forbidden tree,
 The Babylonian mystery.
 Then, falsehood rear'd her iron horn,
 And freedom sung her vesper-hymn;
 Religion, of her glory shorn,
 'Mid cloister aisles grew dim;
 Sat crownless, in her fallen state,
 In dust and tears—her garments torn,
 Her beauty wan and desolate,
 All chafed in desolation's storm.

IV.

There sleeps the nation's regal queen,
 'Mid superstition's funeral gloom;
 By that dim lamp, whose luring gleam
 With shadows fills her temple-tomb.
 There History writes, that kings may read,
 Proud kingdoms what their doom may be,
 Whose sceptre tears the sovereign creed
 Of heaven's imperial majesty.

MORAL.

Sin, from her purple wove the shroud
 That wrapt her in the judgment cloud.

CARSLY HALL.

"Year after year hath worn her hope away;
 But left still undiminished her desire."
 "Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe."

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

IN the summer of 1823, I had occasion to sojourn in the neighbourhood of the romantic and once beautiful seat of Caroly Hall, in the shire of ——. Since the death of Sir William Thornton, the proprietor, which happened twenty years previously, the mansion-house had been unoccupied, except by an old man and his wife, who were seldom seen, save occasionally on a very fine day at the village church, and even then only separately, for they were never seen at church together. They held no communication with any of their neighbours; nor did any person know their names; the only appellation they got was "the Old Man at the Hall," and "the Old Wife at the Hall." From mine host at the inn, I gathered the following particulars. Sir William Thornton had been left a widower, with an only daughter, about fourteen years before the period of his death. Eliza Thornton grew up under the care of her affectionate parent, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the solace and comfort of her father's declining years. Some few months before Sir William's death, she suddenly disappeared, under mysterious and unaccountable circumstances. What these circumstances were, was never properly understood. Some said that she had made an elopement with one of her father's servants; others, that she had gone to a distant land for her health, and died; others, that she had been crossed in love, and had fled to England, where she died in a mad-house. Be that as it may, certain it was, that she suddenly disappeared, and that Sir William never held up his head, but went sorrowing to his grave in the course of six months afterwards. Caroly Hall now became the inheritance of a distant relation in England, who, on the day of Sir William's funeral, barricaded every avenue of approach to the hall, the park of which was surrounded by a high wall; provided an old woman, servant of Sir William, with a small cottage at the back of the estate;

took the only remaining female servant with him to England; and placed the two old, mysterious-looking individuals, in the house. The new squire visited the hall regularly twice a-year; and a considerable air of mystery was attached to these visits. His servants and horses were all put up at the village inn; whilst the squire always went up to the hall alone. His visits were always short. Once it was observed that he retreated very precipitately through the gate, and that immediately after the closing of the gate, harrowing and heart-rending shrieks were heard from within, at which he appeared to be much agitated.

It was frequently hinted by "the knowing ones," that a third and more mysterious person than either inhabited the hall; and the school-boys affirmed, that from the tops of the neighbouring trees they had more than once discovered a soldier with a red coat gliding through the avenues. Such was the story of mine host, and the state of *Carsly Hall* when I visited it.

As I had not much business on hand, and my curiosity being considerably excited from what I had heard about the hall, I found myself, in the course of a few days, on a fine sunny afternoon, seated in old Annie Semple's snug cottage in the back of the wood, who was the old servant of Sir William, previously referred to. How I got introduced and ultimately obtained the confidence of old Annie, is of no consequence to the reader. Suffice it to say, that I kept my promise not to disclose any of the secrets of *Carsly Hall*, till such time as they could not be hurtful to the feelings of any one. The following particulars are nearly in old Annie's own words:—

"At the time that I entered the service of Sir William Thornton, as governess to Miss Eliza, she was blooming in all the loveliness of youth and beauty. Her father gave her an excellent education, her talents were of no mean order, and she had a kind, tender heart. Many a wealthy suitor sighed for her hand; but there is often a similarity of dispositions in two individuals, which engender feelings of affection toward each other, over which they have no control. Such was the case with Eliza Thornton. Sir William's factor had an only son, the pride of his declining years. He and Miss Thornton were nearly of the same age. His father's situation gave them frequent opportunities of being in each other's company. From youth they grew up together; they exchanged toys; they exchanged books; they exchanged looks; till at last, in one fatal hour, they exchanged vows of fidelity.

"Alas, alas!" continued old Annie, whilst a tear stole o'er her furrowed cheeks, "had that hour been for ever blotted out of the calendar of their existence, human nature and parental affection had been saved many a bitter pang! But what was done could not be undone. Sir William soon discovered the affection that existed between them; sent for his factor, and demanded that his son should be immediately removed from the estate; or, in case of refusal, that both he and his son should forthwith leave in the course of two weeks. This the good old man would have more readily done, rather than have banished his son from beneath his parental roof; but it was not long that he had either in his power. Young Edward soon learned the circumstances of the case, and became a voluntary exile from his father's house, and from *Carsly Hall*, whose

walls contained that which his heart held dear above all earthly things. To get an interview with his dear Eliza was impossible, as she was watched with a vigilance which baffled every attempt to do so. He wrote her a short but affecting farewell, stating his determination, and the occasion of it; entered the army, as an officer under Sir John Moore; suffered all the horrors of the memorable retreat of the British troops through Spain; and latterly fell, mortally wounded, under the walls of Corunna. The news of Edward's death came upon Eliza like a pestilential wind, withering and blasting everything as it passeth. The roses forsook her cheek—the lustre of her eye grew dim—a vacant and unearthly gaze superseded the intellectual fire that once beamed through the windows of the heart—all, all was gone—only a melancholy wreck, a mere moving shadow, a mournful monument of the once accomplished and lovely Eliza Thornton, now remained.”

Here old Annie would have concluded her story, which I saw had affected her much, but by persuasion she continued.

“A few weeks previous to Edward's leaving the hall, Eliza had presented him with a beautiful copy of the New Testament, which testimony of affection he placed in his bosom, and carried with him to the wars; and it was within an inch of saving the life of its possessor, the ball which drank his heart's blood having grazed its gilded edges. His faithful companion in arms, Major Wellworth, on perceiving his fall, ran to his assistance. ‘All, all is over with me now, Major,’ said Edward, in a faint voice. ‘If ever you return to England,’ said he, as he drew the sacred volume from his bleeding bosom, ‘deliver this to my dear Eliza; tell her that, whilst I return this to her, through you, my heart's blood is flowing for my country and for her.’ These were his last words. Major Wellworth faithfully fulfilled the sacred injunctions. Eliza received his last message, and the book, which she gazed on in silence. The fountain of her tears was already dry. She held the book to her bosom with both hands, and lifted up her eyes to heaven in the attitude of prayer. Not a muscle moved. A marble stillness appeared to be stealing over her whole frame. I trembled for the result. No one was in the room except myself and the Major. At length her hands relaxed from their fixed position; her eyes fell upon the book; she turned over its leaves. I perceived that she was in search of something; till at last she, with a violent scream, started from her seat. She rushed towards me and pointed to the volume. A cold pearly dew burst upon her brow, and a pale ghastly hue o'erspread her lovely countenance. Her whole frame shook like an aspen leaf. I saw she was falling; but before I could render her assistance, she had involuntarily seized the window curtains, and fallen upon the floor. The crimson curtains fell upon her, and hid from our eyes a heart-rending sight. It appeared as if providence, out of compassion, had thrown a veil over a scene which was too painful for human eyes to look upon. Would to heaven,” exclaimed old Annie, “that instead of the crimson curtains, the green sod had for ever closed over that distressed daughter of affliction! Many days and nights of sorrowing and sadness, and years of mental misery, had been spared one of nature's fairest and noblest works; and the gloomy clouds of sadness, that now hang around the venerable wall of Caroly Hall, had never

been known. For six hours she only recovered from one swoon to fall into another; and these were followed by a dangerous fever, from which she only recovered to be an object of pity and compassion. In a few weeks, grief and old age together bestowed on Sir William an inheritance of peace which was now denied him on this side of the grave. It was reported that Eliza went to England, where she died; but such was not the case. She is still a poor unhappy inhabitant of Carsly Hall, deprived of all but a faint glimmering of reason, and where she often wanders about, with a red cloak hung upon her shoulders, and a soldier's cap and feather upon her head, which she imagines once belonged to her beloved Edward. The sacred volume, and a miniature portrait of Edward, she always carries in her bosom. She is very much afraid of every person except myself and her keepers, as she supposes that they are come to take away her dear memorials, rather than part with which she would sooner part with her life. The new proprietor, out of compassion for his unhappy relative, has forbidden any person from entering the policies of Carsly Hall. Such is an outline of the circumstances that led to the mysterious seclusion of the inhabitants."

I now bade the old dame good night, and returned to my lodgings, not a little affected with the interesting but mournful story of Carsly Hall.

In a few days I again visited old Annie, when I mentioned to her that, since hearing the history of Eliza Thornton, I had taken a particular interest in the fate of the unfortunate lady, and felt a secret wish to see her, if that could be done prudently. She shook her head, as if to say, it is not; but she told me of a private road to one of her haunts, and conjured me not to let myself be seen if possible, or, if I was, how I was to conduct myself. I soon found myself at the place pointed out by old Annie as the favourite retreat of Eliza. It was indeed a lovely spot, surrounded by evergreens; a rude turf-seat beneath a holly tree, around which grew a profusion of garden and wild flowers, evidently placed there by hands, but without the least degree of order; and it was evident that the mind of the planter was as confused as the works of the hand.

I sat myself down on Eliza's turf-seat, and pulling a book from my pocket, commenced reading; nor wist I till evening came "with sober mantle grey." But she did not appear; and for two successive nights, I found myself an unsuccessful visitor at Eliza's seat.

On the third night, after I had been reading for nearly an hour, I was startled by a rustling noise among the trees behind me. I turned round, and at about a few yards distance from me stood the identical Eliza Thornton, with the red cloak and fantastic cap and feather. As soon as she perceived that she was observed, she withdrew behind some shrubbery. I immediately turned my attention to the book, but in such a way as I could observe her motions. From behind one bush she stole to another, till she nearly made a circuit round me, continually spying me with more than ordinary curiosity, and at last she made a hasty retreat. I returned home, and reasoned with myself by the way, how far it was either charitable or prudent thus to disturb the peace (such peace as she now possessed), and intrude on the privacy

of a poor unfortunate fellow creature. If I had done so, I was almost resolved to do so no more.

Another week had only passed away, when I was again to be found seated upon Eliza's turf-seat, with a small octave flute, and a few sheets of music.

I had only played over a few airs, when, on lifting my eyes, I once more beheld Eliza, (the red cloak, the cap and feather,) standing a short distance before me; she appeared to be about forty years of age, tall and well formed, her cheeks were thin and colourless, her hair flowed carelessly from beneath her cap or bonnet, and fell in large grey ringlets upon her shoulders. The traces of beauty were evident, amid the ruins of one of nature's fairest daughters. The touching lines of lady Randalph could be aptly applied to her—

—————"In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty, once admired:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away."

In one hand she carried a basketful of all manner of wild flowers, and in the other she had two large shoots of fox-glove, in full blossom, pulled up by the root. I immediately commenced playing an air, without seeming to pay the least attention to her. She moved cautiously towards me, till within two yards, when, for the first time, I heard Eliza's voice. It was sweet and plaintive, and displayed none of the wild ravings of the maniac, but a calm, harmless insanity.

"I once could play and sing, too," said she, "when it was summer and sunny days; but it is cold and dark now. The flowers will not bloom as they were wont to do. I once had a pretty little flower, but it is gone now. Tell me, oh, tell me, will it ever bloom again. I once made a song about it, but it is long, long since I sung it; but I will try to sing it now,

"He sleeps upon a distant shore,
Far o'er a wide, wide sea."

But I have forgot it now. Will you sing me a pretty little song," said she, with a smiling innocence that brought tears to my eyes, nor shall I ever forget the manner in which she sung these few but affecting words; and although her voice was not so good as it had once been, yet there was a melancholy sweetness in its soft tones which were very agreeable. But she was off the subject in a moment, and setting down the basket, she commenced pulling flowers, and coming toward me, she presented them with the one hand, whilst she held the other close upon her bosom, and I remembered the memorials.

"Thou smilest; say, wilt thou keep these for Eliza, and thou wilt remember Eliza when she is gone; for you know I am going in a few days, and I am very busy getting all things in order, for I must be finely dressed, and everything shall be so very neat, and we shall be so very happy, for we shall part no more." I took the flowers and thanked her. She instantly took up her basket, and went off, singing as she went,

"He comes, he comes, with a chosen band,
To take me to a happy land."

These were the last words I heard her speak. With feelings scarcely to be described, I returned to my lodgings, and next day I bade adieu to Caroly Hall and its neighbourhood. But I carried with me some very impressive recollections of poor Eliza Thornton. Nor is it possible that any circumstance in my future life can ever efface from my memory her last words as they fell upon my ear, as she receded from me through the echoing wood.

In the course of two years, I had once more occasion to visit the neighbourhood of Caroly Hall, and one of my first inquiries was about Eliza Thornton; I was told a long and inconsistent story about her, that she had been kept a prisoner in a dark and dismal dungeon for the space of twenty years, according to the instructions of her relative, by the two old mysterious looking persons; that she had been ultimately starved to death; and all that the squire might possess the estate; that the wrath of heaven had fallen upon him, whereby he was brought to poverty, and was obliged to sell Caroly Hall in a few months after the death of the heiress. This story was true, to a certain extent. Eliza was indeed gone to that happy land, which she had anticipated, and Caroly Hall had found a new owner. But I knew more of the history of the hall than to pay any attention to the rest of the story, and as soon as my business would permit, I visited old Annie Semple, whom I found still domiciled in her snug little thatched cottage. From her I learned the few but interesting particulars of the last days of Eliza Thornton. She told me that she died about ten months before; and that for a few days previous to her death, her mind appeared to be calm and tranquil. She spoke often of going to some happy place, for which she was making preparations. She had all her valuable clothes and trinkets packed up.

"She came once to my cottage," said old Annie, "to ask my assistance, as she said she had much to do. I went with her, and found her room in confusion, and strewed about with clothes and parcels, and two trunks, which I was told she had packed and unpacked more than a dozen times. I assisted her in turning over various things for about an hour, when she became exhausted, and told me I might go home. Three or four days previous to her decease, she ceased from her preparations, and seemed to be sinking into a kind of lethargy, refusing all kind of sustenance. On the evening on which she died, I was sent for to witness, I sincerely hope, the happy exit, from this to a happier land, of one who had drained the cup of adversity to the very dregs. How few of the proud sons of prosperity experience an end like hers. For although her path through life was strewn with thorns, she calmly and fearlessly embarked on the vast and boundless ocean of eternity, for that haven of rest where all suffering and sorrow has ceased."

Next day I visited the village church-yard, and the sexton pointed out to me Eliza's resting place. It was in a railed-in space, in the corner of the church-yard, where slept many of her ancestors. A simple tablet had been lately erected, with the following simple inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Eliza Thornton, who died October 12, 1825, aged 41 years."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Joy to the earth, and love, and peace,
The Prince of Peace is come;
And war's relentless reign shall cease
To blacken hearth and home.

"Go, bare the brow, and bend the knee,
Ye mighty kings of earth,
For power, and strife, and hate, shall flee,
Before his glorious birth.

"Grim War hath been your brother meet,
Ye made him 'God' of yore;
Ye laid your trophies at his feet—
Now he is 'God' no more.

No more!—though his accursed name
With laurel wreaths ye screened,
And called him 'Glory,' 'Honour,' 'Fame,'
Who was a ghastly fiend.—

"His false illusions pale away,
Before the rising morn;
And Truth hath universal sway—
The Lord of Truth is born.

"Then, mother! on thy thoughtful brow,
Be now no look of care,
But breathe to him the morning vow,
Who heard the evening prayer.

"And, see! the glory from afar
Beams o'er thy lowly home;
The East hath seen his rising star—
The Prince of Peace is come.

"Not in the pomp of kingly crown,
Nor warrior's burnished mail;
Yet tyrants lay their sceptres down,
And death himself grows pale.

"The meek of heart, the poor, the sad,
Shall hail his peaceful reign;
He makes the suffering spirit glad,
And breaks the captive's chain.

"Fair maiden! raise thy downcast eye,
Why is its lustre dim—
Dost thou, too, weep?—that gentle sigh
Shall win thy heart to him.

"Thou, lowly mourner! dry thy tears,
And soothe thy sorrow's smart,
For he shall heal all griefs and fears
In every bleeding heart."

So sung the heavenly choir of old,
To shepherds on the plain—
Alas! were Peace and Love foretold,
And all foretold in vain?

Two thousand years have passed away,
 And still, o'er all the earth,
 The curse of strife retains its sway,
 To sadden home and hearth.

And still the war-fiend's crimson feet
 Are red with life's warm stream ;
 And "Truth" is but a fond deceit,
 And "Love" a baseless dream.

"Justice" hath yet her two-edged sword,
 Her scales lie idle by,
 She bears, instead, a hempen cord,
 Which "Mercy" helps to tie.

Kings, customs, forms of empty pride—
 Red glory's laurel crown—
 False things which Time hath sanctified,
 Instead of putting down.

And tyrant power, which knaves, forsooth,
 Have deemed a right divine—
 All solemn mockeries of Truth,
 Alas! sad Earth, are thine.

The meek, the lowly, pine and die,
 The captive drags his chain,
 The mourner's tears are never dry,
 And yet she weeps in vain ;

For all the good foretold so long,
 Is dim as mists of morn,
 Although to banish strife and wrong,
 The Prince of Peace was born.

Dark dreamer! is there nothing left
 To soothe the sufferer's way,
 And when of present joy bereft,
 Hath Hope no gentle ray ?

Yes! even in sorrow's hour, she hath
 A lamp for all who mourn,
 Which o'er our dark and troubled path
 Will like the day-star burn.

Though ignorance enchain man's mind,
 'Twill burst its bonds anon ;
 Already some, who erst were blind,
 Stretch boldly to the dawn.

Even as our earth, through chaos wild,
 Was wrought to grace and form ;
 So shall the mind be wise and mild,
 After its age of storm.

The seers and prophet-bards of old,
 With deeply gifted eye,
 Knowing its boundless hopes, foretold
 A glorious destiny.

Darkness and vice shall cease to shroud,
 And bloodshed cease to stain,
 What God with powers of good endowed,
 That were not given in vain.

Then, dreamer ! raise thy doubting brow,
 Doth thy imperfect lore,
 With clearer light illumine now
 That which was dark before ?

The Sun of Hope, so long decreed,
 Shall flush the dawning morn,
 And earth, rejoicing, know indeed
 The Prince of Peace was born.

GLASGOW.

G. A.

THE BUCHANITES.*

ONE of the most singular moral phenomena of modern times, is the origin and history of the Buchanites, in Ayrshire, at the end of last century. That an illiterate, vulgar female, should persuade men and women to believe that she was not only a divinely inspired person, that she should not taste death, but be translated openly to heaven, and that those who should believe in her testimony should be made partakers of this victory, is to our minds almost incredible ; and, but for the substantial evidence which has been preserved of the facts, we would feel inclined to reckon them among the tales and romances of tradition. But the history of this singular sect has been too well told by the talented and industrious author of the volume before us, to admit of any doubt ; and we have to thank Mr. Train for collecting the materials, and putting them into a form so interesting.

Elspath Simpson, afterwards Mrs. Buchan, was born at Fatmachen, a small wayside public-house on the old road between Banff and Portsoy, about the year 1738. In early life she entered into service, but seems to have had no great relish for work. Having engaged with a distant relative of her mother, who had married a West India planter, she agreed to accompany them to Jamaica, and for that purpose went with them to Greenock. She there deserted her friends, and associated with idle and dissolute persons, with whom she contracted depraved habits, which seem to have destroyed the feelings of modesty which no woman can forego with impunity. At Ayr, she trepanned a working potter, named Robert Buchan, to be her husband ; but he, becoming ashamed of her licentious conduct, removed with her to Banff, and there commenced a manufactory of earthenware on his own account. That undertaking not succeeding to the extent of his wishes, he went to Glasgow in search of employment, leaving his wife, with one son and two daughters, at Banff, to provide for themselves as they best could, by keeping a school for teaching children to sew. Mrs. Buchan neglected both her family and school "to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission, a part of which she thus

* The Buchanites, from first to last. By Joseph Train, author of the History of the Isle of Man, &c., &c., &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1846.

describes :—“ In the year 1774, the power of God wrought such a wonderful change on my senses that I overcame the flesh, so as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks, which made all that saw me conclude that I was going to depart this life ; and many came to hear me speak, which was all about God’s love to mortals.” The popular feeling being excited against her, she removed to Glasgow, in March, 1781, and was cordially received there by her husband, who was then employed at a pottery in that city. Mrs. Buchan continued to attract the notice of her neighbours, who were astonished at her gifts, and her boldness in announcing her spiritual attainments. It was while resident in Glasgow that she became personally acquainted with Mr. Hugh White, minister of the relief congregation at Irvine, a man of popular talents, but of superficial acquirements, of a limited education, and of a confused and ill-regulated mind. He assisted at a sacrament in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, in December, 1782, where Mrs. Buchan attended, and was captivated with his oratory. She wrote him a flattering account of his being the first minister who had spoken effectually to her heart. With this communication Mr. White was so much pleased, that he invited her to Irvine, whither she went in 1783, and became his lodger ; and she was cordially welcomed by many of his congregation, who were astonished at Mrs. Buchan’s religious knowledge, zeal, gift of prayer, “ solving doubts, answering questions, and expounding the scriptures.” This state of things did not continue long. Some of Mr. White’s congregation began to doubt of his orthodoxy, and expressed their dissatisfaction at his ministry. A committee was appointed to put special questions to him, and to require from him distinct answers. We have seen and perused a copy of those questions and answers, which have escaped the research of Mr. Train ; and we must say that the queries were prolix, the answers cautious, and in some points satisfactory ; but it could not be disguised that Mr. White had departed from the faith. He was brought to trial, and suspended from the ministry. He then attached himself to Mrs. Buchan. He declared his belief that she was the “ woman ” prophesied of in the revelation of St. John, and she declared that he was the “ man-child ” which that person was destined to bring forth. The party attracted considerable attention in Irvine and the neighbourhood, and caused “ no small stir ” among the people. After all remonstrance had failed with Mr. White, and he had resolved to adhere to Mrs. Buchan, the great FRIEND MOTHER, as she was called, he had to sustain a share of the public obloquy with which the whole party was assailed. The mob of Irvine rose and expelled them from the town ; and this lawless conduct seems to have been approved of by the authorities. The prudent policy would certainly have been to let them alone. The old maxim, “ If this counsel, or this work, be of man, it will come to nought,” must have shown itself to be true ; while it is equally true, that persecution and oppression strengthen fools in their folly, and make wise men think more favourably of their cause. It is said that the party, when they left Irvine, numbered forty-six. They travelled by Auchinleck, New Cumnock, and Kirkconnel, to Thornhill, in the neighbourhood of which they found a resting place, at a farm called New Cample. On their

journey, "these devotees, as if to attract general attention, made the hills and woodlands ring with hymns of their own composing, sung in full chorus to what is called 'profane music.'" On this subject, Burns says—"When I was in Ayrshire, 'the beds of sweet roses' was a very popular song. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignified with the name of hymns, to this air." At this place, Mrs. Buchan and her friends waited, in the hope of being translated from earth to heaven. "A mid-night manifestation" took place, during which many thought the important hour had come; but it passed, and the expectants remained still upon earth. Mrs. Buchan ascribed the failure to "want of faith in her followers, who, not having obtained the spiritual state necessary to their translation without tasting death, a total abstinence from all earthly nourishment, for forty days, was deemed by her indispensably necessary to prepare those who should wish to profit by that great event. Elijah fasted forty days before his translation; and Moses fasted forty days and forty nights in the presence of the Lord; and Jesus remained forty days in the wilderness in a state of fasting; and Peter, James, and John, needed no terrestrial support while on the Mount of Transfiguration. She likewise assured them, at the same time, that as the blood receded from their veins, the Holy Spirit would occupy its place; and that they would consequently become spiritual bodies, like the great founder of their society." The fast commenced, and was persevered in with great fervour, and with a devotedness worthy of a better cause. Before the end of the fast, there was an expectation that the ascension of the whole party was to take place from Templand Hill, at sunrise, the top of which they had reached before break of day. The scene is thus described by the author of the Gallovidian Ency., as quoted by Mr. Train:—"At long and length the glorious day arrived on which they were all to be taken to the regions above. Platforms were erected for them to wait on till the wonderful hour arrived; and Mrs. Buchan's platform was exalted above all the others. The hair of each head was cut short, all but a tuft on the top for the angels to catch by when drawing them up. The momentous hour came; every station for ascension was occupied; thus they expected every moment to be wafted into the land of bliss. A gust of wind came, but instead of wafting them upwards, it capsizeed Mrs. Buchan, platform, and all." "So full was Mr. White of the idea of his being carried aloft without tasting of death, that he dressed himself in his canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about scanning the heavens. Crowds of country people were looking on, and expecting every minute that the sound of the archangel's trumpet would break upon their ears." * These repeated failures began to raise doubts as to the divinity of Mrs. Buchan; and difficulties arose among the party; defections took place, and their numbers diminished. They were banished from Dumfriesshire, arrived at Tarbreach in Galloway, and afterwards settled at the farm of Auchingibbert. At last the Friend Mother was attacked by that great enemy, whose fatal shaft she had in vain tried to elude. On the

* Struthers' History of the Relief Church, p. 343.

morning of the 29th March, 1791, the *immortal* Mrs. Buchan died! Her profanity and obstinacy continued to the last. Mr. Train says—“Just before Mother Buchan had become speechless, she exhorted the bystanders to continue steadfast and unanimous in their adherence to the doctrines which she had taught them. She said they had received a convincing proof that she was the Spirit of God; that Christ was her elder brother; and that she was consequently the third person in the Godhead; or, in other words, the Holy Ghost; and, therefore, could not die; and although she should appear to do so, they need not be discouraged, for she would only sleep; and if their faith was pure, without alloy, she, at the end of six days, would return for them; but if they still remained faithless, she would not return to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; when, if they still continued unprepared for that change, fifty years would elapse before she would reappear on earth; but she would then, at all events, descend to convince the faithless world of its error, in supposing her to be only one of the false prophets mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of Deuteronomy; and that her reappearance in the world would be a certain prelude to the fulfilment of the threatened judgment of the Lord.” Then follow an interesting account of the secret removal of her body—an attempt to induce the belief that she had undergone translation—and a narrative of the burying of her remains. The consequence of Mrs. Buchan's death was the breaking up of her infatuated party. Mr. White emigrated to America, with a considerable part of them, where they met with varied fate. Mr. White's mind seems to have been unhinged of all sound principle in religious belief. Before leaving Scotland, he recanted his notions of Mrs. Buchan's divine mission. In America, he taught a small school, and occasionally preached to a few Universalists. Those of the party who remained at home, soon afterwards removed from Auchingibbert to Langhill, in the parish of Urr, “a dreary unenclosed waste, the sward of which had never been broken by an agricultural implement, and where a human dwelling had never been raised.” There they located, betook themselves to industry, and seem to have lived in comparative comfort. They removed to Crocketford in 1808, which became their final resting-place, and where they gradually died off. One of the most steady adherents to Mrs. Buchan, was Andrew Innes, a native of Muthill, in Perthshire, who early joined the society, and who remained firm in the belief of the divinity of her mission. From him Mr. Train obtained the greater part of the facts of his narrative. Innes seems to have been somewhat of a “character;” and without him, Mr. Train's work would have wanted much of its interest. Many of his proceedings have an air of romance, and the author has judiciously taken advantage of them. Innes got possession of Mrs. Buchan's remains, which he removed to his own residence, at Crocketford. The place of their concealment is thus described:—“This little charnel-house, being attached to the end of the dwelling-house, in which was the bed-closet of Andrew Innes, and in which he generally sat when not engaged in outdoor work; the bones in the cell were directly opposite the back of the bed-room fire, as was supposed, for the purpose of keeping them dry;

but twice every day in the year, with the greatest regularity, he heated a flannel cloth at his fire, and then pushed it with the poker through a hole in the wall, at the back of the grate, made for that purpose, whence the cloth fell into the rude coffin, where the skeleton lay; he then went out at a back-door in his bed-room, removed the former flannel, and carefully spread that newly heated over the skeleton. 'This,' my informant (who was for a long time his only personal attendant,) says, 'he invariably performed, with as much privacy as if his life solely depended on the concealment of these bones.' The flannel last removed from the bones, he always bound round his head when going to bed at night, under the superstitious belief that it was a preventive from every ill by which mankind is afflicted." Mrs. Buchan had declared, that at the expiry of fifty years after her death, she would return to the world, and this important period was to have happened on 25th March, 1841. As the time approached, Andrew became more and more attentive to the bones, beside which he spent much of his time, "ready for that important crisis, when, in the twinkling of an eye, he should burst the bonds of mortality, and find himself in the presence of her whom he had so highly honoured and adored." The important day came, and passed; Mrs. Buchan did not appear! but though Andrew felt disappointed, it did not blast his hopes. At last poor Andrew himself gave way, and he died on 19th January, 1845. According to his directions, the bones of Mrs. Buchan were laid in the same grave with his own body. Mr. Train says, "In compliance with Andrew's special directions, the coffin was laid in the grave along with his own, in the kail-yard, on the left flank of the line of graves of his former associates, and not more than two feet from the back wall of his former bed-room. The villagers crowded to the place of interment, to witness this unique spectacle. As the coffins were lowered into the grave, an expression of melancholy, contempt, or disgust, was seen in every countenance, but a sigh was not heard, nor a tear shed, over the last resting place of the infatuated Andrew."

Thus rose, flourished, and passed away, the Buchanites. Now that we find their history detailed, we can scarcely believe that within our day such an event has happened, and that, so recently as in 1845, the last of these enthusiasts should have closed his career. It remains to inquire, what moral does such a history teach? Robert Hall has remarked, that superstition is more injurious than enthusiasm. The former is the work of ages, and when it takes possession of the public mind, it takes ages to eradicate it from its hold. The latter is an upstart. It takes its origin in some trifle—"frets and struts its hour"—and passes into oblivion, leaving no impression on the society amidst which its utmost vigour was exhibited. Perhaps no human being is now affected by the foolish fancies of Mrs. Buchan, or of Mr. White, or of Andrew Innes. They and their deluded adherents were the sufferers. Their delusion is at an end, and they have now partaken of their realities. In many instances, well-meaning people may be misled by the plausible appearances and pretensions of those who assume more wisdom than usual, and the errors into which they are drawn may be such as might make

"infidelity triumph, and piety drop a tear." But when it is observed, that the pretensions of such enthusiasts end in gross licentiousness, and in blasphemy, no man can be otherwise than blind if he adhere to such folly and crime.

On the whole, we think Mr. Train has done the public good service in adding this volume to our literature. He has executed his task like a cautious inquirer after truth, and has wisely left the reader to form his own conclusions from the facts he has collected. We recommend the volume to the careful perusal of all who take interest in tracing the vagaries and eccentricities of the human mind.

STANZAS ON STEAM.

THE lieges seem to live by steam,
Through all obstructions madly flying;
But 'tis not so—each day will show
The lieges, that by steam they're dying!

Archimedes has said—to his
Great lever were a fulcrum given,
He'd "raise the globe"—but we would probe
The planets—storm the stars in heaven!

With all his fuss, what's he to us?
We steam it under beds of rivers—
Not only do we bore and screw,
But shake the very rocks to shivers!

We take long trips in iron ships,
Six-masted—all the forests felling:
But we may land on "Dundrum Sand"
Some day, in spite of "screw-propelling."

The seas we ride—we wait no tide—
No wind lack we for locomotion—
Through rocks we rush, to screw out cash,
And scare the fishes from the ocean!

Geologists in future—fists—
Arms—legs—and fossil bones displaying,
Will all grow rich—alas! for which
The present race are hourly paying!

But let the young, the gay, the strong,
Like maniacs, fly o'er rocks and ridges;
It may not be—home—home, for me—
I'll try no—"TEMPORARY BRIDGES."

No railroad train—nor hope of gain—
(The old by wisdom's lessons taught are,)
No idle dream of gain by steam,
Shall ever keep me "in hot water!"

HERMIONE.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS AND NOVEL READING.

BY ANDREW PARK.

Are our conceptions more vivid when reading a work of fiction, or witnessing the representation of a tragedy?

To such a question as the above, much important argument might be adduced, many weighty introductory remarks written, long and learned critiques on literature concocted, elegant comparisons between ancient and modern authors drawn out, diversities of opinion explained, and, indeed, not a few sheets of paper beautifully flowered with the sublime art of penmanship; and yet, after all these enchanting prefatory remarks, the subject be as far from a commencement as when the pen was originally drawn over page first of the essay.

As I am always fond of the shortest and most honourable path to glory, and as I am ever afraid that I may weary the Job-like patience of my readers, I shall endeavour to come to the question, so soon as I have overcome the difficulty of a beginning, and have laid down a principle for the prosecution of my opinions on the subject of discussion.

I humbly crave the indulgence of being allowed to make some distinction between the two parts of the question, though I intend them both to be given with one precise meaning otherwise;—I mean between the reading of a work of fiction, and the witnessing of a drama; as my own experience teaches me that they differ considerably in their degrees of influence on the understanding.

Now, as many persons, at first thought, would naturally enough suppose, that, if any difference existed between these two, the greater influence would belong to the drama represented,—as in it you have not only the reading, but also the semblance of it, through the medium of such characters as the skilful author was pleased to create or portray, while engaged in the accomplishment of his ingenious and elaborate design, of holding up to admiration or censure the virtues and vices of those who once moved publicly in the great arena of life, or similar to those who yet fill places of publicity and power in the affairs of the world,—I shall, therefore, come shortly to the question, and endeavour to explain myself more fully, as I proceed with the different opinion which I hold on the subject.

I am not to be understood, however, as forming a distinct controversy, thus—Whether the representation of a tragedy, or the reading of a work of fiction, has the power to cause a belief or reality. That is—which of them has the power, and which has not. I merely mean to show, in the course of the argument, that although I understand them both to have considerable power, yet I must separate them a little in their connexion, that I may the more fully defend the side which I shall take up, and which I consider to be the nearest the truth.

If Shakspeare is supposed to stand highest in dramatic literature, this is owing to his perfect conception of character, originality of expression, and force of feeling. For his present great popularity he, or the world

rather, is indebted chiefly to the sublime acting of the late Edmund Kean, that prince of actors, that immortal genius, whose soul was all feeling, fire, and fancy, who, if he has ever been equalled, has never been surpassed. To him does the fame of Shakspeare owe many of its highest attributes; and if any tragedies are able to engage the mind with a belief or reality, certainly these are the dramatic writings of Shakspeare.

Ah, Shakspeare! had'st thou risen but to see,
 Wrapt up in gushing thought—this prodigy,
 And mark'd the meaning glances of his eye,
 As like a shade of glory he swept by.—
 Had'st thou beheld him wake the golden lyre,
 With genuine skill that trembled on the wire;
 Or as a Shylock, Richard, or King Lear,
 In thine appreciated truth appear—
 Ecstatic fancy would have fired thy brain,
 And lost in pleasure's arms, thou'dst thought
 'Twas them, not Kean!

Again, as to novels, to whom shall we present the laurels, at least among modern authors, if not to our immortal Wizard of the North—Sir Walter Scott. Do you want description, beauty, diversity of character, histories of “Good old English gentlemen, who loved the ancient times,” go to his mental works, read, and then lie and tell that you were not spell-bound, astonished, instructed, and amused, in the perusal of his extatic productions, even to a reality and belief, that made you suppose yourself an eye-witness of all that was passing graphically before you, painted by the gigantic mind—by the one of a million.

How sweetly has he sung of ladye fair,
 Of love, of revelry, and minstrel sound,
 Or the return of some forgotten heir,
 Who, at the last, his castle turrets found;
 Or holy pilgrimage, through weary round
 Of labyrinth, and cave, and wood, and dell,
 Where subterranean passages abound,
 And nature's works all artifice excel;
 These has he sung with truth, how
 Wondrous and how well.

I might now vibrate the trembling strings of the sacred and epic lyre, and mention the many beauties of the poets; and, leaving the great departed spirits, I might turn to those who are still enjoying fame and honour among us, and who yet amuse the world periodically with their sublime creations, where attractions and realities breathe with all their latent powers. I might mention Wilson's “Isle of Palms”—the ungarnished, but beautiful tales of Wordsworth—the sweet songs of Thomas Moore, the minstrel of the Emerald Isle, and many other living poets—all of which captivate the mind, elevate the affections, and bind the feelings with an idea of present truth and reality. And now, having simply referred to these, I shall at once come to the question.

While witnessing the representation of a play, even of the most natural and enticing order, I should not be much inclined, nor would I likely be easily impressed with the idea, that what I beheld was actually passing in truth before me.

My reasons for this disbelief would very naturally arise from many causes, a few of which I will now merely allude to.

The imperfect manner in which plays are generally represented—the bombastic and ranting styles of delivery of many of the performers on every stage, whether metropolitan or provincial—the false and glittering trappings of dress—the automaton painting of the faces—the empty and unmeaning gesturing—and the vain and vaunting stalking of the characters—together with the rolling and unrolling of painted scenes—the imitation thunder and lightning, &c.—these would certainly go far to convince me, at all moments of my observation, that I merely beheld hired minions, attempting to personify the characters and manners of those who had moved in higher life before them.

Yet, though I am inclined to give but little influence to the drama represented, I am, by no means, of the same opinion concerning the latent magic of reading; whether it be in the airy world of fiction and fancy, or in the more marked and material path of the drama.

What can equal the serenity of a comfortable study? You enter it with the candle in one hand and your novel in the other, taking particular care to shut the door behind you; you draw your table near the nice red fire, and place your arm-chair in the corner of the chimney, scarcely being able to get too near such a delightful companion of a winter's night; you next collect your footstools, and sit down in the most easy and reclining position for a long sederunt; you draw the candle near you, snuff it, and place the snuffers just at your elbow; you fill out a glass of clear spring water, take a mouthful, and then draw your hand over your brow—perhaps a bare and benevolent one—but no matter, for it looks the more intellectual; you next give a passing glance at the fire, pick up your first volume, lay yourself easily back in your chair, and the next moment you are in elysium!

It is not to be expected that in such a favourable situation you shall long remain perfectly conscious of your real condition. Fancy at once gets you upon her wings, and off you fly together, o'er sea and land, mountain and valley, by caves and cataracts, through fragrant groves and vernal glades, till you are probably set down amid the sable inhabitants of Africa, or the white bearded, purblind people of Greenland. Wherever her wandering majesty is pleased, in her supreme wisdom, to convey you, there you see all, and seem familiar with it. Every character is performing substantially his or her part before you. The lover smiles lasciviously beside his mistress—the general is leading forth, with enthusiasm, his brave men to battle—the weather-beaten mariner guides his bounding vessel over the trackless main—or the rural shepherd leads forward his flock to the green pastures and the crystal waters; all appears reality; there is no mincing of words, no broken English, no Yorkshire barking, no cockneyfied Scotch; all the characters being silent, they only speak in rotation, as your eye glances over them, so that you are neither startled with a croaking voice, nor a monotonous and illiterate delivery.

Again, if a palace or spacious hall is spoken of, there it stands before you, with all its furniture, paintings, drapery, tapestry, &c. You look upon no daubed canvass, no false colouring; according to what you may

have seen, so does fancy, aided by association, create the dazzling apartments before your eye, and, with a finishing touch, renders them all material. If a wood is described, already do you behold it waving in the breeze: if a caravan, crossing some dreary desert, there you behold the weary equipages wending over the burning sands, like the great spirit of solitude, and the ambitious travellers trembling at the thought of the approaching Simoon: if thunder and lightning is described, already the celestial artillery is pealing on your ears, and the electricity of heaven eclipsing your dazzled eye-sight for a moment: if a hurricane at sea, the shattered bark is before you, with all its helpless beings clinging to the shrouds, and the waves opening their jaws to suck them down: if a whirlwind on shore, you see the ancient ruin tossed widely over the plain below.

Such is the power, the magic of reading, that all is real; and the mind, being opened by the key of fancy, falls into the most delightful belief imaginable—feeling sorry or glad with each character, and deeply interested in the fate and fortune of the hero or heroine of the tale.

What promotes this reality or belief, may be the quietude of the place where you are reading, with the solemnity and solitude of a midnight hour; yet I have heard of readers enjoying the same unbroken felicity, with noisy children running and screaming around them, nay, even with them on their knee; never once losing the power of a solitary sentence, nor being so much as sensible of the discordant tones echoing around them, so very disagreeable and deafening to others not employed in the fanciful feeding of the mental man.

I am, therefore, of the opinion that tragedies, while being represented, have but little, if any power of fettering the feelings into a belief of reality; but that interesting works of fiction, while being read, have the mastery of engaging the whole mind with the impression of present truth.

THE HURRICANE.

LORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 I know thy breath in the burning sky!
 And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 For the coming of the hurricane!
 And, lo! on the wings of the heavy gales,
 Through the boundless arch of heaven, sails
 Silent, and slow, and terribly strong,
 The mighty shadow is borne along,
 Like the dark eternity to come;
 While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
 Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere,
 Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear,
 They darken fast, and the golden blaze
 Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze;
 And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
 A glare that is neither of night nor day—
 A beam that touches, with hues of death,
 The clouds above and the earth beneath.
 To its covert glides the silent bird,
 While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,

Uplifted among the mountains round,
 And the forests hear and answer the sound.
 He is come! he is come! do you not behold
 His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
 Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
 How his grey skirts toss in the whirling gale;
 How his huge and wreathing arms are bent,
 To clasp the zone of the firmament;
 And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
 From mountain to mountain, the visible space.

Darker! still darker! the whirlwind's bear,
 The dust of the plains to the middle air;
 And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
 Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
 You may trace its path by the flashes that start
 From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
 As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
 And flood the sky with a lurid glow.

What roar is that? 'Tis the rain that breaks
 In torrents away from the airy lakes,
 Heavily poured on the suddering ground,
 And shedding a nameless horror around.
 Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
 With the very clouds, ye are lost in my eyes,
 I seek you vainly, and see in your place
 The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
 A whirling ocean, that fills the vale,
 Of the crystal heaven, and buries all;
 And I, cut off from the world, remain
 Alone with the terrible hurricane.*

BYRANT.

HOOD'S POEMS.

NOTHING is more common now-a-days, than to hear of the degeneracy of poetry, and the little appreciation bestowed by the public taste on the poetical lucubrations of our modern bards. And the cry is, generally speaking, well founded. That much of the poetry which is daily poured from the press creates little sympathy, is nothing very extraordinary, the apathy is traceable to a very simple cause—the over-supply of an inferior article. The human heart is the same now as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Its feelings, affections, and sympathies, are awakened still by the same agencies as then. Half-a-century ago, the genius of Burns sent an electric thrill through the Scottish bosom; it has since been felt in every corner of the world, wherever a Scottish heart beats; nor do we see any evidence that its intensity is weakening. On the contrary, each successive year seems to add new power to the spell, and to stamp more indelibly the name of Robert Burns upon the human heart. And were another to rise up in our own day, gifted, like him, with the

* This poem, says Mr. Byrant, is nearly a translation from one by Jose Maria de Heredia, a native of the Island of Cuba, who published, at New York, a volume of poems in the Spanish language.

same rare and varied powers, he would receive the right hand of hearty welcome. In these days the poetry of mediocrity will not do; and we think we are justified in saying, that nine-tenths of what we are favoured with is of that character. In this, as in other matters of taste, excellence must be gained, to secure and maintain general admiration. It is because this essential quality is absent, that little of the poetry of the day survives its birth. Poets and poems we possess in inexhaustible abundance and variety—poets in everything but head and heart—poems wanting in nothing but originality, common sense, and simple feeling. The general mind, sick to satiety with smooth rhymes, and the mawkish sentimentality therein embodied, neglects their effusions. Nevertheless, the outpourings of *true* genius are as much welcomed and appreciated as ever; and while human nature remains human nature, the chords of the heart will never cease to vibrate to the touch of a master-hand, be the theme what it may.

We look upon the poems of the late Thomas Hood, as forming one of the refreshing spots on the great field of modern poetry; and the public has shewn that when real, life-like poetry is presented, the taste for its enjoyment is as keen and deep as ever. The poems which have occasioned these remarks, are those of a great mind and a warm heart. It is but recently Britain—may we not add, the world?—was deprived of Thomas Hood, and all of us can yet recal the affecting description of his last moments. A beloved wife, and affectionate children dependent upon him for support, he toiled for that sacred object, even while the withering breath of mortal sickness was upon his frame. While the lamp of life was flickering in its socket, was this highly gifted man compelled to task his over-wrought mind to the utmost for bare subsistence. "Work, work, work!" cried necessity, till the debilitated and shattered body became incapable to contain the large soul that struggled within.

Hood's character and mission were not understood in his lifetime. He was looked upon as an inimitable humorist and wit—an inveterate punster—a mighty word-conjurer—a living, bodily impersonation of an enlarged Joe Miller—quick and happy at seizing a witty point, and arraying it in the quaintest and most striking language. All this he doubtless was; but he was something greater. He was a poet whose soul was cast in nature's mould; and his published poems are his title to this high name. Like Burns, his works prove him to have been born a poet. Poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavours. What Thomas Carlyle so beautifully expresses of the great peasant-bard, is in a great measure applicable to Hood. "Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation. A virtue, as of green fields, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life, and of natural men. He has a consonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling—the high and the low—the sad and the ludicrous—the mournful and the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his all-conceiving spirit." We see in him the gentle though trembling spirit of the woman; with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of the man; and thence arises the power that melts or inflames the heart at will.

The sketchy productions issued during his lifetime, though often touching

upon a vein of deep feeling, did not prepare the public mind for the high intellectual, and, we may add, moral gratification, which his two posthumous volumes, lately published, afford. Much of his time was absorbed in magazine literature, and this is not precisely the best field for exhibiting the true powers of a writer to advantage. He is often compelled to furnish his contributions within a limited period; and this limitation is necessarily adverse to a full, free, and fair handling of his subject. But even with this unceasing drain upon his mind, Hood was slowly and silently rearing the monument of his future fame. These volumes cannot fail to secure him a high place among the poets of England; and their perusal only leads us to regret, that the mind which has effected so much, was not permitted to accomplish more.

Hood's sympathies, we are all aware, were eminently alive to the interests of the lower classes, and some of his most stirring pieces are consecrated to the cause of oppressed humanity. All of his poems, not merely imaginative, have a moral aim; and this lends to them a dignity and a holiness, which must ever render the poet and the man dear to every well-wisher of our species.

The sensation produced by the "Song of the Shirt" is not yet forgotten; and it must have been a rich reward to his benevolent heart, to know that it was the means of effecting a melioration in the condition of the oppressed females on whose behalf it was written.

The "Dream of Eugene Aram" is another piece bearing the mark of the writer's peculiar genius. The poem is founded upon an actual occurrence. A tutor, highly educated, accomplished, and intellectual, murders an old man to obtain possession of his money. The poet narrates the story in the form of a dream; and the thoughts and passions of the unhappy murderer, previous and subsequent to the horrid deed, and also during its commission, are portrayed in colours of terrible vividness. What an awful appearance of truth does the following verse, for example, wear. The deed is done, and the murderer, transfixed with horror, contemplates his bloody work, lying at his feet a mass of "lifeless flesh and bone."

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill."

The piece entitled "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," is, of its kind, excelled, perhaps, by none in the collection. This gentleman had taken the trouble to characterize some of the poet's productions as "profaneness and ribaldry;" and though he bastinadoes the censor very specially, the poem is made the vehicle of the author's sentiments against intolerance, cant, bigotry, hypocrisy, and, in short, against everything that would appropriate the name of religion without imbibing its spirit. Occasionally, it must be confessed, in the course of the poem, things sacred and common are jumbled together, in a manner reckless and reprehensible, and most offensive to a really religious mind. We do not like to hear God and his religious ordinances spoken of in tones of every-day familiarity. Sacred

matters, as becomes them, should be touched on reverently. Hood was, nevertheless, a good as well as a great man ; and his free, blunt, direct verses, sprung from no want of due reverence for things holy. But how many are there who seize with avidity on whatever has the remotest appearance of justifying their bold—not to say loose sentiments ; who delight to pick up any sarcasm or ridicule to throw it in the teeth of those they are pleased to dub “fanatics” and “bigots ;” the liberalized censors being, in truth, all the while as great bigots as the individuals they condemn. The sentiments of the “Ode,” however, are generally so just and striking, and clothed in such forcible and graphic language, is almost to expiate the drawbacks we have indicated.

We cannot forbear transcribing the poet's description of himself. It may be termed his moral portrait. Contrasting himself with the hypocrite, he says—

“Of such a character, no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face ;
There wants a certain cast about the eye,
A certain curling of the nose's tip,
In scorn of all that is beneath the sky—
In brief, it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious ;
A face profane, that would not do at all,
To make a face at Exeter Hall !

“Well ! be the graceless lineaments confest,
I do enjoy this bounteous, beauteous earth,
And dote upon a jest
‘Within the limits of becoming mirth.’
No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious ;
Nor study, in my sanctum supercilious,
To frame a Sabbath bill or forge a bull ;—
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
And love my neighbour far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract,
That's turned, by application, to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven ;
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.”

In reference to religion, he has the following—

“With sweet, kind natures, as in honeyed cells,
Religion lives and feels herself at home ;
But only on a formal visit dwells,
Where wasps, instead of bees, have formed the comb.”

With every respect to the outward forms of religion, when combined with its spirit, he contrasts the self-righteous Pharisee, whose only piety is a rigid observance of ordinances, times, and places, with the humble, but large soul, that sees and communes with God in all his works ; that can raise for itself a temple in the desert, and can send forth as pure and holy a hymn of praise, from the solitude of the mountain-side, as from

the stately cathedral, with the swelling notes of the deep-toned organ rolling on the ear.

"Thrice blessed rather is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature,
Recal the good Creator to his creature,—
Making all earth a fane, and heaven its dome.
To his tuned spirit, the wild heather-bells
Ring sabbath knells," &c.

Passing from these graver themes, we alight on some of the poet's humorous effusions—humorous in ideas and language,—but fraught with deep moral lessons. Though calculated to awaken mirth from their mere drollery, one important aim seems to be kept in view in all; the wit is made subservient to morality—is designed to make us both wiser and better. Though free and playful as the mountain breeze, it is equally healthy; no pestilential contaminating elements are mixed up with it; it communicates to the intellect and the morals an exhilarating and elevating influence. Looking to the many temptations that the possession of such an exquisite wit must have subjected him to, does it not redound to the credit of the gifted dead, that we never find it made the pander of vice, the handmaid of scurrility, or the feather that winged the dart of undeserved, revengeful ridicule.

The longest humorous piece in the collection is one entitled, "Miss Kilmansegg, and her precious leg." The command of language, felicity of illustration, and the appropriateness and pungency of the wit displayed in this production, are really wonderful. It seems as if knocked off at a single sitting, so warm, fresh, vigorous, and life-like, is every line. Like the gushing of the mountain stream, on it dashes—leaping, rushing, sparkling in the sun's rays, impelled on its now calm, now boisterous path, by the inexhaustible reservoir whence it springs.

The subject of the poem may be considered a felicitous comment and satire on the absurd world-worship of wealth, and the unhappy consequences that thence result in many individual instances. The heroine is a wealthy heiress, the daughter of a man who

"Had rolled in money, like pigs in mud,
Till it seemed to have entered into his blood
By some occult projection;
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true
About a *rich* complexion."

The poet traces the hopeful heiress through the various stages of birth, christening, education, courtship, marriage, misery, and death. By an accident, described in graphic terms, she loses one of her legs, and determines to rest satisfied with nothing short of a solid gold substitute. On this the story hangs, and the poet makes it the medium of his sentiments on mammon-worship. When the amiable young lady is fitted with this valuable appendage, it becomes, of course, the cynosure of wondering eyes.

Like many other large owners of the yellow metal, she is soon beset by a host of suitors; the courtship of the tender inamoratos being more directed to the leg than to the lady. Wood and cork are suggested as likely materials to supply the place of the unfortunate limb. But no

"She couldn't, she shouldn't, she wouldn't have wood,
Nor a leg of cork if she never stood;
And she swore an oath, or something as good,
That the proxy limb should be golden.

"A wooden leg! what a sort of a peg
For your common Jockies and Jennies;
No, no! her mother might worry and plague,
Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,
But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg,
She could, she would, have a golden leg,
If it cost ten thousand guineas.

"Wood, indeed, in forest or park,
With its sylvan honours, and feudal bark,
Is an aristocratical article;
But split, and sawn, and hacked, about town,
Serving all needs of pauper and clown,
Trod on, staggered on, wood cut down,
Is vulgar fibre and particle!

"And cork—when the noble cork tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or a sonnet;
But cork as its stops the bottle of gin,
And bungs the beer, the *small* beer in;
It pierced her heart like a corking pin
To think of standing upon it."

In the progress of the poem, the bard, among some cutting strictures on incidental subjects, has a fling at a not uncommon kind of vanity—"leg-worship"—much in fashion among dandies and other exquisites. He says,

"Supposing the trunk and limbs of man,
Shared on the allegorical plan,
By the passions that mark humanity,
Whichever might claim the head or heart,
The stomach, or any other part,
The legs would be seized by vanity.

"There's Bardus—a six-foot column fop,
A light-house without any light atop,
Whose height would attract beholders,
If he had not lost some inches clear,
By looking down at his kerseymere,
Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,
Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

"Talk of art, or science, or books,
And down go the everlasting looks,
To his pedestal beauty so wedded;
Try him wherever you will, you find
His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind;
All prongs and folly—in short, a kind
Of fork that is fiddle-headed."

Conducting Miss Kilmansegg to her couch, after the racketting and rioting of a great feast and ball, at which she had "come out," and where, of course, the leg had excited admiration and cupidity, the poet thus takes occasion to apostrophize the bed :—

"To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the land of nod, or where you please ;
But, alas ! for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn, in vain,
With an anxious brain,
And thoughts in a train
That does not lie upon sleepers.

"And, oh ! when the blessed diurnal light,
Is quenched in the providential night,
To render our alumber more certain ;
Pity, pity, the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep,
When God himself draws the curtain."

Among the many suitors for the hand, or rather for the leg, of the wealthy heiress, the fortunate besieger is a foreign count. A count, of course, merely by his own account.

"A foreign count, who came incog,
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,
In a Calais packet's fore-cabin ;
With eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

"And because the sex confess a charm,
In a man who has slashed a head or an arm,
Or has been a throat's undoing ;
He was dressed like one of the glorious trade,
At least when glory is off parade,
With a stock and a frock well trimmed with braid,
And frogs that went a wooing."

And then—and the following notable accomplishments have turned the heads, and won the hearts of many a giddy girl—

"And then—and much it helped his chance—
He could sing, and play first-fiddle, and dance ;
Perform charades and proverbs of France ;
Act the tender, and do the cruel ;
For among his other killing parts,
He had broken a brace of female hearts,
And murdered three men in a duel."

Ere the honeymoon is at the full, the golden-legged lady finds to her sad experience that the fellow is a cold, heartless schemer, with as little title to the name of gentleman as to that of count. Love for her he had never felt, and the real object of his villany once secured, the married life of "Miss Kilmansegg" is one of unmitigated misery. Such a result, in a greater or less degree, cannot fail to flow from all matches where mere gold, or external appearance alone, without reference to mental and moral qualities, form the motive influence of the unions. The following moral closes the poem :—

"Gold, gold, gold, gold !
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold ;
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled ;
 Heavy to get and light to hold ;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold ;
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;
 Spurned by the young, and hugged by the old,
 To the very verge of the church-yard mould ;
 Price of many a crime untold ;
 Good, or bad, a thousand fold,
 How widely its agencies vary ;
 To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
 And now of a bloody Mary."

THE MEMORIAL STONES OF RENFREWSHIRE.

SECOND REVERIE.

OUR day dreams amongst the Stones of Renfrewshire resemble somewhat Harvey's Meditations amongst the Tombs. But ours are the tombs of events, not of individuals. A grandeur invests their melancholy with more expansive interest, than could ever attach to the "*sisti viator*" of ancient urns, or the "*memento mori*" of modern head-stones. They rather seem to shout aloud—

"Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust ;"

and the prominent position which these public monuments of the past have received at the hands of those who erected them, is generally well calculated to arrest the roving eye, by a breach in the continuity of the landscape, so as to provoke the inquiries which it is their object to suggest. It is singular with what felicity the intuitive concurrence of men and nations has been given to the recognised form and character of inanimate objects best calculated to represent particular feelings. Two of our poets have evinced a beautiful perception, for instance, of the appropriateness of church-spires. Wordsworth says—

"And spires, whose silent finger points to heaven,"

and Coleridge, in "The Friend," (No. 14, p. 223,) observes, that "an instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point, as with silent finger, to the sky and stars ; and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward." It was certainly reserved for these poets to discover the meaning of mankind in giving this expression of sentiment to church-spires. At an humble distance, the kindred idea expressed by the erection of sepulchral *tumuli*, pillars, and crosses, may be also conceived to have been unconsciously entertained by generations, and left to some future "prophet of the past" to divine. It is, how-

ever, the more immediate objects expressed by the memorial stones of Renfrewshire, with which we have at present to do; and, alas! the monuments themselves are not more dilapidated than the traditions they record, of which it may too truly now be said—

“Thus fragments of the olden time
Float down the stream of years,
As buoyant o’er the stormy waves,
A parting wreck appears.”

When we awoke to consciousness after our last dream amongst the stones, we found ourselves contemplating the scene of Queen Belearie’s, alias Dame Margery Bruce’s, catastrophe, and considering intently whether there ever had been a stone called

QUEEN BLEARIE’S CROSS,

and whether the stone traditionally so called could properly bear that name? From the general accuracy and precision of Lord Hailes as an antiquary—although he denies the whole *tradition* in a manner which becomes a historian,* and *we* much rather incline, with Motherwell,† to stick up for it—we are very much afraid that the stone which stood at the Knock till 1799, an octagonal column about ten feet in height, inserted in a pedestal also eight-sided, about six feet in diameter, must have reference to an event (which we shall mention) more remote than the birth of Robert II. In the meantime we must express our disappointment at finding it stated, in the elegant phraseology of Philip Ramsay, that “Mr Macfarlan, the intelligent minister of Renfrew, on the border of whose parish the cross or stone was situated, has recently put on record such particulars concerning it as he could collect.”‡ Now, what did Mr. Macfarlan collect?—next to or less than nothing. “After an investigation made upon the spot, under the guidance of a respectable farmer, who was born and brought up at the Knock, and was accustomed to see the cross from his infancy, Mr. Macfarlan concludes with adding his name to the list of those who place confidence in the popular account of the death of Margery, supported, as it is, by historical facts.”|| We have no manner of doubt about the death of the Princess Margery; but if we had any occasion to doubt it, that occasion Mr. Macfarlan would blindly offer. Mr. Ramsay literally recites the whole merits of the reverend gentleman’s investigation, when he tells us that he went to the spot, and

“Nothing heard nor nothing did he see.”

Why, so could we, or so could any man; we could go to the spot and feel pleased in our own mind to confirm a tradition in consequence; not, however, if we happened to be so much the means of confounding it, as Mr. Macfarlan. The account which he gives of the site of the stone will, at least, form an exact guide to the spot:—

“Proceeding from the centre of the circle on the Knock farm, and

* Hailes’ *Annals*.

† Art. appended to Hamilton of Wishaw, p. 297.

‡ Views in Renfrewshire, p. 45.

|| Ibid.

towards a point two-and-a-half yards south of the byre-door, and at the distance of 134 yards, we come to the site of another monument. Sixty years ago, an octagonal column, of about ten feet in height, and inserted in a pedestal of perhaps six feet in diameter, stood here. It was without any inscription, but went commonly by the name of 'Queen Blearie's' stone.'—*Note*. "To render the exact position of this monument more certain, let the observer look from the point assumed, directly towards Cochney-house on Kilpatrick, and his line of vision will, if his position be correct, pass a few yards west of Inchinnan bridge, and directly over the adjoining drawbridge. The monument which stood here at the period referred to, was removed in 1781 or 1782, as near as can be recollected. The shaft was made the lintel of a barn-door, but the farm-steading having been since rebuilt, it has disappeared."—*New Statistical Account—Renfrew*, p. 15.

With this we find no fault, although Ramsay says the stone stood only till 1779. But Macfarlan's grand reason for offering this tradition his support, rests in the nature of the ground, "which rises immediately behind this into a dry, hard, gravelly knoll; while the place where she (Princess Margery) is said to have fallen, is soft and marshy, and was so to a much greater extent in the recollection of our informant. 'He had often,' he said, 'seen the cattle *lair* in it.' And he added, that the common belief of those whom he had heard in early life repeat the tradition, was that her horse must have been coming over the knoll, and got into this marsh before she was aware; and the appearance of the grounds still comports with this explanation."—*Ibid*. p. 15. Now, Crawford's account, derived, as it is, from that of Principal Dunlop, (the one writing in 1710, and the other somewhat earlier,) must be presumed to give a more authentic version than this; although, as a cadet of the family of Cartburn, near Greenock, Crawford knew little about the topography of the Paisley neighbourhood; and, for example, leaves out the "Abbot's Inch" altogether, in his description of the shire. Yet nothing could be more unlike the account of Margery Bruce's unhappy accident, given by Dunlop and Crawford, than that now brought forward by Macfarlan. The former say nothing whatever about *lairing* in a marsh; on the contrary, that she "was thrown from her horse, and by the fall suffered a dislocation of the vertebræ of her neck, and died on the spot. She being pregnant, fell in labour of King Robert II.; the child or foetus was a Cæsar: the operation being by an unskilful hand, his eye being touched by the instrument, could not be cured; from which he was called King Blearie. This, according to our historians, fell out in the year 1317."* We find, by the way, nothing of this in "our historians." In Monipennie,† ("Summarie of the Scots Chronicle,") where the marriage of Margery Bruce to Walter the Great Steward, is mentioned, as well as all the vicissitudes in the fortunes of Robert Stewart, (King Blearie,) nothing is said of this remarkable birth. In Archdeacon Barbour's "Bruce," ‡ the death of Margery, after King Robert Bruce's return from his Hebridian expedition, and the birth of

* Crawford, p. 62, and Description of Renfrewshire, by Mr. Wm. Dunlop.

† *Miscellanea Scotica*, vol. i.

‡ Barbour, book xv.

King Robert, are even mentioned without any further hint of this extraordinary incident, than an insinuation that Margery probably died in child-bed. At least so says Heron, a tolerably competent historian, quoting, as at the foot, Barbour, Book xv.; which we do not understand, as Barbour's "Bruce" contains but fourteen books. But perhaps there was some fifteenth book of the venerable and rhyming Archdeacon's, known to Heron, (who was a man of indefatigable research, although his misfortunes, as recorded in D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors," are horrible,) and, like the lost pleiad, which our astronomers found again last month, after all the poets had done raving about it, and had consigned it universally to oblivion, we may some day see it suddenly restored. For our part, we expressly aroused ourselves from one of our dear habitual dreams, to ransack Barbour for this passage, wide awake, and must confess that, aided, as we were, by one of our best skilled men in recondite literature, we could find no passage in "The Bruce" indicating that Princess Margery died in child-bed. Buchanan simply mentions Margery, or, as he Latinizes her name, *Maria* Bruce, daughter of Robert I., as having had her posterity designated heirs next after Edward Bruce, the king's brother, in the parliamentary entail of the kingdom. David, or, as Barbour calls him, Davy Bruce, was afterwards born, however, to Robert I., and inherited, intermediately, in the direct line, excluding his nephew, Robert II., from the throne, till a riper age. In the interim, Robert Stewart was not idle, although, like all men of premature birth, his energies were soon impaired, and he became an imbecile old man, unfit to govern at seventy-five. Buchanan affords no support to our Renfrewshire tradition. Even Hardyng's "Chronicle," which notices many minute incidents, is, out of deference, we presume, to Barbour's "Bruce," (which was looked upon as a splendid production in that age, and is expressly commemorated by the Templar,) extremely meagre in reference to this period, and notices no such tradition.

Without, however, disputing the tradition, which, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger's quarrel, is a very pretty tradition as it stands, and explanation would just spoil it, we take leave to suggest that, in all human probability, the stone in question had nothing to do with it, and that it was of a style and character about a couple of centuries older, referring, if it referred to anything, to the defeat of

SOMERLED OF THE ISLES, 1164.

Not that an object like this, in the vicinity of one of the towns of Scottish head pilgrimage, need of necessity be assigned to commemorate any particular object; but we conceive that a cross of the height and proportions of the Knock column, was more likely to have been a battle cross than even a religious cross; although with religious crosses all the approaches of Paisley appear to have teemed. We conceive, moreover, it was more likely to have been a battle cross, than to have been erected to commemorate such an event as the fatality that occurred to Margery Bruce. Such spots, accounted unlucky, were treated with odium, and never marked with the elaborate tokens of distinction. The passer-by would hurriedly cast his stone upon the fatal cairn, and hasten from the spot, pursued by superstitious fear. Supposing this monument, with

every probability, to commemorate the fall of the impetuous Somerled, the gazer upon "the place where *the pillar* is not," may conjure up these scenes of past history. He may fancy an emissary from King Malcolm IV., presenting himself before Somerled of the Isles, within his ancient stronghold of Dunstaffnage. This impetuous "relation of the northern sea-kings, by his blood and manners," as George Chalmers* calls him, puts on "his tail" in an instant, and struts forward like a true Macdonald, surrounded by his seannachies, "a well-tempered man, in body shapely, of a fair, piercing eye, of middle stature, and of quick discernment," according to Donald Gregory.† But it demands all the Highland partiality of a Macdonald to tell the rest:—

"In the year 1164, or, as others say, 1161, Somerled again declared war against King Malcolm IV.; whether, however, compelled to do this by the king breaking faith with him, or whether he was seriously determined to conquer Scotland, are subjects about which authors have differed. But King Malcolm sent him a message, intimating that he should receive a remission of all offences, on condition that he would give up his whole territory on the mainland, content himself with the islands, and become a subject of the king. Such a message appeared to Somerled to be of a very extraordinary nature; never having acknowledged the king of Scotland, it was not easy for him to brook the affront. He sent for the messenger, drew his sword, and said, 'this shall decide our dispute.' Aware that such an answer was what the King of Scotland might have expected, and following his old principle of acting on the offensive, he instantly equipped a powerful fleet of 160 sail, and steered his course directly for the Clyde. His army was landed near Renfrew, where the king's troops lay, under the command of the High Steward of Scotland! Somerled offered the King's troops battle, but was treacherously slain by Maurice Macneill, a kinsman of his own, bribed by the High Steward. His death is variously related by authors. The *Chronicle of Man* has it that he encountered the king's troops, was vanquished by a small number of the men of Renfrew, (the hereditary lands of the Stewards,) and slain, together with his son, whose name is not mentioned. *Simson* states that his son Dugald was killed at Renfrew, and he himself taken prisoner and hanged. Other Scottish historians say that both he and his son were taken prisoners and executed, and his army cut to pieces. While *Crawford*, in his peerage, maintains that he was slain at Renfrew, together with a son named Gillicallane."—*The Macdonald MS. (Stevenson).*

There is something both dramatic and emphatic in this sea-king answer with the drawn sword. Indeed, we think it almost a pity that the "Norsemen"—either Haco or he—did not "conquer Scotland," as the Normans did England. There would have been fire and life enough in the land, long ere Wallace could bleed, or Bruce could conquer, to defy the chains and slavery of England's Edwards. We must hear the other side, however, before deciding on the glories of Somerled. We are very much afraid that the thane of the vexed Hebrides was hanged. We are sure he was defeated and slain. George Chalmers goes very philosophically

* Caledonia, vol. iii.

† Hist. Western Highlands and Islands.

to work, and tells us almost the reason why: it was civilized warfare triumphant over savage onslaught. Renfrewshire, he says, was a Celtic country in its customs and principles, until the settlement of Walter the Steward's followers formed in it a sort of military encampment; and the founding of the abbey introduced a body of instructed men, who taught the people domestic arts and foreign manners. In the midst of all these settlements, Somerled came into Clyde in 1164, and landing with his forces and followers at Renfrew, was attacked by a people as brave as himself, and, with his son, was slain. Donald Gregory, already quoted, goes farther, and says, that a boat with his corpse was sent by King Malcolm to Icolumbkill—a very Christian act of King Malcolm's, towards a fallen foe, to give him Christian burial, with almost regal honours. But the MS. of the Macdonald's denies this, and says, that no such hanging took place; for it rather appears that Somerled was interred at Sadale in Kintyre, Reginald, his son, having founded there a monastery.

Such is the state of the records of history concerning Somerled: what, we ask, is more probable, than that Walter, the rich and victorious Steward, should have erected the pillar of the Knock, (for we have no evidence of its having been a popish cross,) to commemorate his defeat?

PALM-MY-ARM,

Another extinct monument of the Knock, presents fewer historical contradictions, and may be received, *in nudis finibus*, as a pure tradition. Under an arch in the old church of Renfrew, lay the figures of Sir John Ross, of Hawkhead, and his lady, Dame Margery Mure, having over them the following inscription, on the circle of the arch:—*"Hic jacet johēs: ros miles quodem: dominus de hawkhede et marjora uxor sua: orate pro meis, qui obiit."* This relic of antiquity—which, though severed from its antique connection of statue and inscription, is still to be seen, the statues within the aisle, the inscription over the arch—is a curious exemplification of the truth of tradition, for the old inhabitants of Renfrew give it no other name but "Palm-my-arm;" while they call Sir John Ross, "Josias," a mistake originating obviously in the contraction "johēs," for "Johannes," in the inscription. The story connected with Palm-my-arm, relates to an ancestor of the present manly Earl of Glasgow, who, we will undertake, will repeat the feat, if his sovereign should ever require it at his hands. The Scottish and English kings had laid a wager, or rather interchanged a challenge, whereby Scotland stood engaged to produce a man to fight a noted champion of the English court. The Scottish monarch, much perplexed, offered "the Inch" as the reward of him who should be successful. Sir John Ross offered himself for the contest, the issue of which was life or death; for on the Knock hill, ninety-six yards from a gate on the Cockle hill, at the highest point between Renfrew and Paisley, in a straight line towards the north corner of the Knock farm-house, there still was remaining sixty years ago, a circular mound of earth, twenty yards in diameter, surrounded by a moat five yards broad. The moat was filled with water for this terrific combat; a large fire was kindled on the mound; the cham-

pions were to grant no quarter; to escape was to drown in the moat; for the vanquished, (unless he otherwise perished,) raged the blazing fire. The stature and prowess of the Englishman were great and celebrated. That of Ross, a private gentleman, was small; but he was confident in his agility and muscular strength. He was furthermore equipped in a dress of skin, the smooth side out, well lubricated with oil, and rather slippery. The Englishman, in vain attempting to lay hold on Ross, at length held out his own hands, with the invitation for which the Scottish champion panted—"Palm-my-arm." Ross, seizing the Englishman by the wrists, at one jerk wrenched his shoulders out of their sockets, and easily despatched him. Claiming his reward, the king offered for this Inch a span of land anywhere else. But Ross declared himself content with the Inch for present services, and announced himself ready to serve the king for the span another time. He ever after went by the name of "Palm-my-arm;" and so does the spot.

BARROCHAN CROSS

Is the most perfect monumental stone remaining in Renfrewshire. It is neatly hewn, set in a pedestal of undressed stone, and stands in height, including pedestal, eleven feet. It is without inscription, though elaborately wreathed all round; two compartments on the east, and two on the west side, containing figures. These have been carefully stenographed by W. M. Fleming, Esq., of Barrochan, and are known to represent, in the one instance—on the east—four persons in long flowing drapery, and other four farther down, with spears or weapons in their hands; in the other instance—on the west—a combat is represented betwixt a knight in armour and a foot-man; the knight, with his lance in rest, confronted by the ready shield of the foot-man. Below this, there are three figures—the centre one shielded by the figure on the right from the spear of the left-hand figure. As may be supposed, the sculpture is much defaced by the weather, and even in Semple's time, must have been so, when that somewhat easy antiquary could set down objects such as we describe for "lions and other wild beasts." In tracing the origin of this monument, we are again driven to tradition, which ascribes it to a defeat sustained here by the Danes. It is manifestly a battle cross; and not simply a religious one.

HOUSTOUN CROSS.

The only one of all our monumental crosses which Chalmers has chosen to describe, is that of Houstoun. "In Houstoun parish," says he, "there is a stone cross, with various figures sculptured on it. But, having no inscription, it cannot easily be ascertained whether it denoted the fall of some noted warrior, or whether it was erected to commemorate some remarkable event." He quotes the *old* "Statistical Account," (i. 326, 327,) and though it is probable, from the allusion to the sculpture, &c., that he refers to Barrochan cross, still there is also a cross at Houstoun, an octagonal pillar of nine feet, set up by the Knights of Houstoun, (Hugh's-town,) who dated from the reign of Malcolm IV., and surmounted by a dial and globe, with a platform pedestal of two steps round its base. In the *New Statistical Account*, this cross is not

noticed. Even Barrochan cross is but alluded to, as described in the former Statistical Account. Now, this is surely too bad. In the *present* Statistical Account we are taught to expect a complete work; but, without the obsolete edition of Sir John Sinclair to gloss and explain it, the new publication is incomplete and worthless!

CROSS OF CROSSFLAT.

Turn where you will from Paisley, enter it where you may, the crosses of its ancient faith confront you; at least, if you delight in antiquarian lore. An ingenious local antiquary has favoured us by indicating yet another "cross of our Lord," scarcely known to have existed, although the name of Crossflat is alone sufficient to confirm the fact. Everybody knows the "Coraletta," (vulgarly so called). There is a small stream which runs so far along the public road from Hawkhead-bridge, towards the Paisley east toll-bar. Midway from the bridge to the toll, it falls westward, through the parks, into Cart, at the site of the ancient *columbarium*, or dove-cot of the Abbey. This is called, in the abbot's feu charter to Crawford of Kilwinnet, 1690, and commonly to this day, the Crossflat burn—the lands through which it runs, the Crossflats. Now, then, let every one consider for himself the following brief extract from the Chartulary of Paisley: the Latin is plain enough, whatever may be thought of its beauty:—"Insuper et dedi eis unam partem terre ex orientali parte Molendini de Passelet usque ad wascullum ex occidentali parte *Crucis Domini*, sicut wascullus oritur de divisa monachorum et cadet in Kert." The very same cross would seem to have been referred to in the "redding of the Marches" betwixt Renfrew and Paisley, 18th October, 1486, (an awful business, of course!) as "the cors at Paislay's side of the dike." We have never heard of a vestige of this cross.

MORE DRUID STONES.

We have, for the present, to conclude with the intimation that two standing stones are to be seen on the brow of the Gleniffer Braes, near to the new mansion of the Rev. Patrick Brewster, which, from their character, and especially their position, commanding the strath below, must be referred to the Druid period. They are not unlike gate posts, but never have been so employed.

THE

RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

THE POEMS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.*

It is with delight that we hail the publication of a second and enlarged edition of the poetical works of William Motherwell. We are sure that those who were acquainted with the powers and genius of the "gifted dead," have long wished for a reproduction of his works, and we are pretty certain that the present edition will very soon be absorbed by the friends and admirers of the late bard, in this county and the adjacent city. We cannot soon forget the melancholy sensation created in the surrounding neighbourhood, by the melancholy intelligence of his untimely death. It was indeed felt that a rare spirit, such as the world can scarcely afford to lose, had been translated from this to a happier region. Bound to us by many ties of boyhood, education, and the maturer years of manhood and literary success, we were proud to claim his genius as almost all of native growth; and when his literary talents were acknowledged by the highest authorities as of no ordinary kind, it was with satisfaction to a large and intelligent circle of admiring friends, of whom he was the life and soul.

Of Motherwell's genius, it were perhaps almost unnecessary to say anything, but that, in an age when poetry is affected to be despised, and its professors laughed at by some, he cultivated the muse, and, in a difficult and almost untrodden field, bore away the brightest poetic laurels, and reared to himself an enduring monument of his industry and talents.

William Motherwell's mind seems to have been thoroughly imbued with feelings for, and reverence of, antiquity. Gray battle stones, Runic rhymes, and black-letter ballads, were dear to his heart. Mailed knights, and the deeds of roving Norsemen, were, to his imagination, sources of brilliant inspiration. He stood the interpreter of the Rheim Kennars and Sagas of the ancient Scandinavian faith, in a modern generation. But, with all this romantic devotion to the past, he was not unskilled in the softer and tenderer emotions of a purer and a happier age. His lyre is one of great power and great compass, ranging from the pathetic tones of "Dear, dear, Jeanie Morrison," and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," to the terrible versification of "The battle flag of Sigurd," or

* The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with Memoir, by James M'Conachy, Esq. Second Edition—enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1847.

"The wooing song of Jarl Egill Skallagrím." He delighted to revive that which had been, and to depict, in brilliant language, the lineaments of half-forgotten ages. The mould and dust of Time is fast enshrouding those periods in dull and everlasting oblivion. The rude, enduring monuments of antiquity themselves, are crumbling in the dust; their traditions all but vanished from our records, or existing only in puzzling ambiguity. To snatch some forms of order from the gloom, and mould them into life by the efforts of the imagination, is within the high province of genius. There is something holy and sacred in the past, that bows down the human heart in reverence of "the days of other years," and the memories of those "deeds that have passed away,"—although they even are such as we would not wish should e'er return, they have served their purpose, and the human race is done with them, happily, for ever. Still, they are the paths by which our fathers trod; the scenes and actions in which they moved are among their records. It is a filial devotion which we pay to the past and its olden ways; and little should we now think of future ages, if, with all our present imperfections and possible absurdities, they should not revere our memories and our customs. With the light which they possess in every age, mankind always do for the best, whether it be the barbarian Norsemen, with no thoughts but those of violence and blood, and no consolations but those afforded by the sanguinary rituals of the Valhalla—the enthusiastic and strangely blended generosity and ferocity of the days of chivalry—or the more advanced institutions of our own time. Nevertheless, while we revere the past, our hopes and better thoughts are all centred in the future, and the noblest aim of the poet must ever be to hold up something for mankind to imitate—something yet unattained, that lies in the recesses of advancing time, and whose attainment depends upon some virtuous or noble course of conduct. The past should serve the poet as a speculum to shed a lustre on our course. Our venerable poet laureate, Wordsworth, is eminently of this class—his fervid aspirations are "for the coming of a glorious time." Motherwell is too little of this class—like a disembodied spirit, he dwells almost entirely on obsolete battle-fields, in gloomy cloisters, or dismantled towers. He seems frequently to exert his powerful genius merely to reconstruct a fabric already battered down and useless, even though rebuilt. He appears too much in the form of a knight in armour, in an age when armour is no defence. He dwells too little, if he ever does so at all, on the glorious destiny of man and of society. He portrays society in its fetters, its sufferings, and its sanguinary crimes, or heroic virtues of the age, if they must be so named. But in doing so, the poet does not "point a moral," though he undoubtedly "adorns a tale." We know not if the "Battle flag of Sigurd," "The wooing song of Jarl Egill," or "The sword chant," are calculated to implant one generous feeling, or rouse one patriotic sentiment, however majestic be the language, or bold the measure. There is romance, certainly, but it is the romance of mad devotion, revenge, hate, and thirst of slaughter. The dramatic effect is splendid indeed, the pageantry terrific and overwhelming, but it is an unholy theme. We would rather that these "stoics of the *wilds*, the *men* without a tear," were exhibited in their real character and posi-

tions. There is more of revolting horror and disgust in the Indian war-whoop, when the cruel savage rushes on his victim, than nobility of soul; there is more of the ferocity of the tiger, than patriotic devotion, in the cannibal, gloating, with lustful appetite, over the vanquished slain. Nevertheless, as a refined modern's imitations of barbarous bards, the ballads referred to are perfect, and, as such, will find a place—and a deserving and conspicuous place, too—in English literature. With the exception of one or two of Campbell's lyrics, we know almost nothing equal to them in language. The opening of that heroic strain—

“Ye mariners of England
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,”

May well be placed side by side with the first four lines of “The Battle flag of Sigurd.”

“The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!”

This ballad exhibits the cool and desperate valour of the Sigurd's standard-bearer, who devotes himself to certain death that the raven banner of Norway may be planted on a hostile strand. The adventurous fleet has reached the shores of a “beautiful land,” which they are determined to possess with their swords. The inhabitants are naturally as determined to repel the aggression, and have met in marshalled numbers on the shore, when Sigurd's Skalds are heard shouting, to their wild music, for a lover of glory to be the devoted leader of a forlorn hope.

“Who now uprears Sigurd's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward, through the swelling surge,
Shall bear the scroll of doom?”

Such a challenge would naturally make the “boldest hold his breath for a time” before he accepted it, when uttered before a people acting on the defensive, ready to slay, on the one hand, and the ocean surge, ready to swallow him up, on the other, ere he effects a foremost landing. Indeed, the Skalds have proclaimed the certainty of the daring ensign's death: nevertheless, in that rude age of devotion to their military chiefs, it is an honour thus to fall. Harald, “the last of a great line,” to whom the gods of his mythology have appeared, and ordained to him the task, on the wilds of Scandia, offers himself. His picture, as he stands by the mast and on “the brown bark's prow,” is noble and majestic, and could alone be effected by the hand of genius.

“Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree;
His image mirror'd in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up,
The death-rune of the brave.

Upheaving then his giant form
 Upon the brown bark's prow,
 And tossing back the yellow storm
 Of hair from his broad brow ;
 The lips of song burst open, and
 The words of fire rushed out,
 And thundering through that martial crew
 Pealed Harald's battle shout ;—
 It is Harald the dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
 As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner."

Harald, like an inspired martyr, boldly answers and accepts the challenge of the Skalds.

"I bear Sigurd's battle flag
 Through sunshine or through gloom ;
 Through swelling surge on bloody strand
 I plant the scroll of doom !
 On Scandia's loneliest, bleakest waste,
 Beneath a starless sky,
 The shadowy Three like meteors passed,
 And bade young Harald die ;—
 They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
 And pointed to their tomb ;
 They told him that this glory-flag
 Was his by right of doom.
 Since then, where hath young Harald been,
 But where Jari's son should be ?
 'Mid war and waves—the combat keen
 That raged on land or sea !'
 So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
 As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner."

The young, stern standard-bearer has no hope of surviving. Soon he expects to meet his fathers on their airy clouds, and enjoy the pleasures of Valhalla. His bold soul bursts forth thus, as if pointing his companions in arms to the terrible raven banner, and wishing to inspire them with similar sentiments.

"Mine own death's in this clenched hand !
 I know the noble trust ;
 These limbs must rot on yonder strand—
 These lips must lick its dust,
 But shall this dusky standard quail
 In the red slaughter day ;
 Or shall this heart its purpose fail—
 This arm forget to slay ?
 I trample down such idle doubt ;
 Harald's high blood hath sprung
 From sires whose hands in martial bout
 Have ne'er belied their tongue ;
 Nor keener from their castled rock
 Rush eagles on their prey,
 Than, panting for the battle shock,
 Young Harald leads the way.'
 It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
 Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of heroes."

While the "death-doomed one" thus pours forth his "hero words," as the Skalds are harping "aloud the renown of his fathers," he is not insensible to softer emotions. We find in many of the ancient bards that

in their songs they threw over dying warriors the charm of love; they were lulled into that blissful futurity which they expected, by the remembrance of those soft endearments and tender emotions that, even in the rudest ages, ever hung around "lovely woman." The fair have been the incentives to noble deeds in every period. The mariner on the billow, the traveller on the desert waste, the soldier on the ensanguined plain, have all felt the stirring power of woman's love; and, by its stimulating voice, have been called to endure and overcome. But Harald, voluntarily bearing his death warrant in his hand, trembles, if such a one could tremble, lest tender thoughts should cause him to shrink from his stern duty. There is something of man in him still, although there is more of the barbarian hero; but this is a redeeming quality. Albeit, "unused to the melting mood," he is still bold and resolute.

"Flag! from your folds, and fiercely wake
 War-music on the wind,
 Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
 The sternness of my mind;
 Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
 Pale watcher by the sea,
 I hear thy wailings on the air,
 Thy heart's dirge sung for me;—
 In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
 Above the salt sea foam;
 The wave that bears me from thy bower,
 Shall never bear me home;
 Brynhilda! seek another love,
 But ne'er wed one like me,
 Who death foredoomed from above
 Joys in his destiny."

Thus mourned young Harald as he thought on Brynhilda,
 While his eyes filled with tears which glittered, but fell not."

Harald is a man after all; those tears are more honourable than ten thousand times the glory of such deaths as he died. We admire the hero, but not the robber and the murderer. Heroism can be shown as nobly in daring to live, as in daring to die. The shocks of life are often more difficult to encounter, and require greater fortitude to surmount, than those of arms. Nevertheless, according to the customs and opinions of his age, Harald was, no doubt, a hero in the acceptation of the term. Still he is something of a vaunter; not an empty one, indeed, for he can die and shrink not.

"On roll'd the Northmen's war, above
 The Raven Standard flew.
 * * * * *

'On, on,' the tall Death-seeker cries,
 'These earth-worms soil our heel,
 Their spear-points crash like crissing ice,
 On ribs of stubborn steel!
 Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
 And Harald's fate is sped;
 Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep,
 With the life-scorning dead.

Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
 And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit."

Such is the fate of the bearer of the "terrible banner," and the story is as bravely told as the hero bravely died. No ordinary talent could produce this poem; it requires a peculiar genius, we may almost say, a special inspiration.

Of a similar strain to the "Flag of Sigurd," are "The wooing song of Jarl Egill," and "The sword chaunt of Thorstein Raudi." We know not how a modern maiden would listen to such a tale of devotion as this.

"Thy father, thy brethren,
Thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall
Be queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly—
Yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim,
Or this arm failed its blow:
I had not well taken
Three strides on this land
Ere a Jarl and his six sons
In death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
In battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy
Bridegroom from the hall.

So carped Jarl Egill and kissed the bright weeper."

Bold and bloody is the love invocation of this stern Vikingir. He hesitates not to tell his bride of the death of her kin. If Motherwell has faithfully depicted that age, it was certainly one of horror; but we have a far different and more pleasing strain in the pathetic ballad of "Jeanie Morrison," so much appreciated and so popular that it is unnecessary to quote it here. It is an evidence of how tender, yet how strong, were our poet's early attachments. The following account of the heroine of this ballad, appears in the memoir attached to the volume, and was communicated by Mr. Lennie, of Edinburgh, the well-known author of many school-books, under whose tuition Motherwell and she were:—

"Twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart."

"Jeanie Morrison was the daughter of one of the most respectable brewers and cornfactors then in Alloa. She came to Edinburgh to finish her education, and was in my school with William Motherwell, during the last year of his course. She was about the same age with himself, a pretty girl, and of good capacity. Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. In winter she wore a pale blue pelisse, then the fashionable colour, and a light coloured beaver with a feather. She made a great impression on young Motherwell, and that it was permanent, his beautiful ballad shews. At the end of the season she returned to her parents at Alloa, with whom she resided till the time of her marriage. She is now a widow with a family of three children, all of whom are grown up, and I beleive doing well."

Such was the object of his juvenile affection, who "cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof," used to climb the "bonnie brae" to "St. Anton's well," and inspired him in later days, to write that reminiscence of their early love, unsurpassed for tenderness and pathos.

"When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson,
But my lesson was in thee."

Nor could he ever shake off those early impressions, for in all his wanderings she never was forgot.

"The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day."

Motherwell seems to delight in the terrible, and to astonish his reader with the boldness of his metaphor and the sternness of his heroes; but his is not on that account an untamed spirit. When he turns to portray the softer emotions, and we could wish he had done more in this line, he exhibits genius equal to the thunder-crashes of his heroic ballads. "True Love's Dirge" is a ballad pertaining to the time when the chivalry of Europe poured forth to regain the Holy Sepulchre, "'tis of a knight and a lady gay."

"He loved her—oh, he loved her long,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!"

The knight disdains to be "love's recreant," and buckling to his brand, he wanders by foreign lands and sea, breathing her name at each shrine. His heart is broken.

"He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But like a true knight he could die—
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

"The banner which that brave knight bore,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Had scrolled on it "*Faith Ebermore,*"
Ah, well-a-day! again.

"That banner led the Christian van,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Against Seljuck and Turcoman,
Ah, well-a-day! bright train."

The knight falls in fight. He is found "pillowed on the dead," with "broken sword and cloven shield." He is laid in his cold grave, with his face turned toward the land of his love; and so ends his history.

"With solemn mass and orison,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain,
They reared o'er him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

"And on it, graved with daggers bright,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Here lies a true and gentle Knight,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!"

"Midnight and Moonshine," is beautiful. In that holy hour, he who hath not felt with the poet "the luxury of solitude," has yet untasted some of those higher and more spiritual aspirations when man feels in the presence of his God. It is then that the soul is felt open to the scrutiny of the omniscient, and the creature experiences as if his individuality were annihilated, and he formed only a portion of that Immensity which overawes his conceptions.

"Look! look! the land is sheathed in light,
And mark the winding stream,
How, creeping round yon distant height,
Its rippling waters gleam,
Its waters flash through leaf and flower—
Oh! merrily they go;
Like living things, their voices pour
Dim music as they flow.
Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
As souls pant for eternity;—
Heaven speed their bright course till they sleep
In the broad bosom of the deep.

"High in mid air, on seraph wing,
The pale moon is journeying
In stillest path of stainless blue;
Keen, curious stars are peering through
Heaven's arch this hour; they doat on her
With perfect love; nor can she stir
Within her vaulted halls a pace,
Ere rushing out, with joyous face,
These Godkins of the sky
Smile, as she glides in loveliness;
While every heart beats high
With passion, and breaks forth to bless
Her loftier divinity.

"It is a smile worth worlds to win—
So full of love, so void of sin,
The smile she sheds on these tall trees,
Stout children of past centuries.
Each little leaf, with feathery light,
Is margined marvellously;
Moveless all droop, in slumberous quiet;
How beautiful they be!
And blissful as soft infants lulled
Upon a mother's knee."

How beautiful is this description; there is a spirit of devotion mingled with it, that hallows wherever it falls. We do not say the poem is all equally good, but how stately is the following metaphor:—

"And lo! even like a giant wight
Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,
And echoless the hall;—
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
No deeper quiet could fall.

In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy ;—
Strange monuments they be of mind,—
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

“O God! this is a holy hour :—
Thy breath is o’er the land ;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand,—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, every where,—
In every dew-bead glistening aheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

* * * * *
“While lingering in this moonshine glade,
I dream of hopes that cannot fade;
And pour abroad those phantasies
That spring from holiest sympathies
With Nature’s moods, in this glad hour
Of silence, moonshine, beauty, power,
When the busy stir of man is gone,
And the soul is left with God alone !”

We frequently find traces of melancholy in his sentimental pieces, but always his harp strikes out again in its bold, thrilling tones. The poetic temperament is ever as keenly alive to the miseries, as it is to the enjoyments of the world. Burns, from his own dear-bought experience, has put the sentiment in language :—

“Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.”

Motherwell, at times, seems to have given way to despondency ; and, in the verses beginning, “I am not sad,” reconciles himself to “the darkness of a nameless tomb,” having felt, as he complains, the “vanity of lusting to be known ;” but whatever were his fears on that head, we may safely predict that his name shall neither be unknown, nor shall the honourable memory of it perish. His soul was alive to the beauties of nature, as much as devoted to the ancient lore of his country, and he seems to have felt frequent consolation among their rural haunts. The verses entitled, “They come! the merry summer months,” are evidence of his love. In these poems, he evidently expresses much of his soul.

“I’m sadder now, I have had cause ; but O! I’m proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to drink ;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams as in the days gone by.
When summer’s loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I’ll bear indeed life’s heaviest curse,—a heart that hath waxed old !”

The song, “Wearie’s Well,” evidently refers to the period of our bard’s Edinburgh school-boy days and Jeanie Morrison. There is the same

melancholy and tender expression as in the ballad—the same lasting and heart-felt devotion to his early sweetheart. It is saddened by the reflection that she now never can be his.

"I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my ee,
And they drapt on your wee loof,—
A warld's wealth to me.

* * * * *
"Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luvae sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mallins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

"Fareweel, and for ever,
My first luv and last,
May thy joys be to come,—
Mine live in the past."

Like his other productions, Motherwell's songs are deeply imbued with the heroic spirit of earlier times. "The Trooper's Ditty" we take to be an ebullition of his own feelings when he was a gallant member of the Paisley troop of the Renfrewshire Yeomanry Cavalry, whose bugles, in our early days, used to enliven the streets, calling on the gallant bands, "trot out, trot out." Many of these songs are sweet and tender, or melancholy and pathetic in their expression, as, "The bloom hath left thy cheek, Mary," "In the quiet and stilly night," "The voice of Love," "Love's Diet," "The midnight wind," &c.

There are about twenty posthumous pieces attached to the volume. One of them comes to us like a voice from that land of shadows into which all that which is fair and goodly among men hath passed, or is passing. If we mistake not, this production appeared in the public journals very shortly after the demise of its gifted author. It is at once the voice both of nature and of poetry—the melancholy aspirations of a soul which had the courage to look beyond that dreaded "bourne" whither the unreturning all tend. It is conceived in the most poetic language, and softened by the most delicate pathos. He alone is able to sit down and calmly give utterance to such thoughts, who can complacently and unmovedly look the king of terrors in the face.

"When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there be for me any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

* * * * *
"When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?"

Among the "posthumous pieces" are four productions entitled "Sonnets," from what cause we know not, except, perhaps, that three of them are possessed of fourteen lines—one of them contains twenty-one lines. They are not sonnets. We do not know if Motherwell's genius would, or could be cramped by the artistic rules by which the sonneteer must ever walk. Indeed, the sonnet, out of Italy, is almost an exotic. Few have succeeded in the English language to produce them equal to the land of song which gave them birth.

We have already quoted largely from this volume, and we have more than filled our usual space. We recommend our readers to the poems themselves. Their heroic notes are calculated to cause the blood "run quicker in its flow;" their plaintive melody to soften the affections, and teach the care worn heart that others besides itself have drank of the bitter cup of human woe.

The Memoir attached to the volume seems to have been drawn up with considerable care. Yet, notwithstanding the valuable reminiscences by Mr. Lennie of Edinburgh, and our townsmen Sheriff Campbell and Mr. John Crawford, writer, we are inclined to think it is rather meagre, the first half of it particularly; the latter part is decidedly better. We do not look on it as exceedingly interesting to have so strained a genealogical account of the poet's family; we are sure that it will not, in this age, preserve the best of his productions a day beyond their merits, or redeem the worst of his efforts from oblivion. The writer, we think, imprudently introduces his political predilections to freely in such a place. The era of 1832 and onwards, may have been good or bad, as our political opinions lead us to conclude, but why call it a "miserable period." It may have been all such; but the progress of society has caused, and is causing changes, many of which have been, and probably will be, miserable enough; but let political discussion and asperity be confined to its proper field. As a political writer, Motherwell was bold, daring, and sarcastic, and in fulfilling the duties of his position, he was faithful to his party. Right thinking men can separate the exercise of professional requirements and political leanings, from the better part of the man, his genius and goodness of heart. It is useless to rake up the dead or dying embers of his controversies now. His poems are, for the most part, unpolitical in their character; and let us, in generosity and in justice, when speaking of him as a poet, only acknowledge his attributes as a man. Nevertheless, we are disposed to say freely that there is much interesting in the memoir before us; and few men ought to be more able, by opportunity and otherwise, to write on such a subject, than Mr. Motherwell's editorial successor. For what he has done, he deserves our thanks, and we cannot but sympathize with his feelings in reference to the neglected state of the tomb of one of the highly gifted sons of the west of Scotland, who has shed upon it the lustre of his name, and on its traditions, by his prose and poetical works, the light of his research, and creative genius. The vignette portrait is taken from a bust by one of our native artists, Mr. James Fillans, now of London, and faithfully recalls to memory the lineaments of the bard.

CITY SKETCHES.

NO. II.—THE LAST REFUGE.

ONE of the poor and lowly,
Toilworn and oppressed,
They bear her sadly, slowly,
The weary to her rest:
For merciless corruption, yet, yet another guest.

Not to the fields they take her,
Where green the turf might grow;
They go not forth to make her
A grave where wild flowers blow,
And o'er her lowly bed the wind might whisper low.

Away, 'mid field and meadow,
Beneath the old church wall,
Where many a solemn shadow
From tree and spire might fall,
And summer's dews and showers so gently rain on all.

Ah, no! within the city
There is a fitter spot
For one like her, whom pity
Compassionateth not;
And there, 'mid stranger dust, her nameless bones may rot.

Of those whom stern privation
From misery's cradle rears,
Through every alternation
Of bitterness and tears;
Even early childhood shaded with a cloud that never clears.

In youth without direction,
With evil frail to cope,
And cursed in each affection
That might have led to hope;
Unaided through the paths of darkest sin to grope.

Uncared for, she hath perished,
A lone one on the earth,
Who might have been the cherished
Of some poor but happy hearth,
With heart and feelings pure and stainless as at birth.

But want and harsh denial
Had withered leaf and bough,
And earth brought more of trial
Than hope to soothe her brow.
Its sunlight and its shadows—what reck's she of them now.

G. A.

RECENT POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

"Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."—DR. JOHNSON.

"THE pleasures of imagination," says Addison, "are, in some respect, equal to those of the understanding." The historian, possessing a lively fancy, enshrines the warrior, statesman, or patriot, in a halo of light, which, however pleasing to the reader, will induce him to adopt his opinions, without examining into their truth. In the pursuit of philosophy, the imaginative is too apt to be content with trifling experiments, on which he builds systems more beautiful than lasting; the biographer may, through ardency in the same temperament, gloss over the vices, or colour too highly the virtues, with which his hero may be gifted. 'Tis in fiction alone, that the fancy finds its truest and widest scope, there it may revel in undisguised delight, while in it, real occurrences are narrated, living characters are portrayed, the secret workings of the human heart, the experience of our ablest minds, are disclosed, without the formal details of matter of fact.

From the time of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, to that of the greatest master of fiction in modern times, good novels appeared at intervals; but the great proportion of those issued from the press, especially at the beginning of the present century, were filled with mawkish sentiment, exaggerated and unnatural pictures of life and manners—manly virtue being obscured under affectation and folly. In 1814, appeared the "Waverly Novels," which advanced this department of composition to a high standard, and greatly increased its circle of readers; and now we have authors, whose talents, education, and experience are of the first order, engaged in the production of these works, which accordingly contain their feelings and opinions, arranged and adorned with the brilliancy of high intellectual power, for the instruction and gratification of millions. The imagination is one of the gifts of God, its moderate use is therefore innocent and affords high gratification; and with reverence be it remembered, that the prophets of old, nay, the Divine Teacher himself, scrupled not to employ fiction or parable, in order to convey truths of everlasting importance!

Fiction embraces a wide circle of readers—the old as well as the young; the former quietly comparing their own chequered or peaceful lot with the fortunes of the hero or heroine of the story; the latter looking forward, with eagerness, to their future share of the dangers and pleasures of mature life. Works of fiction are scattered in profusion on the tables of the noble and affluent, and while they tend to relieve their *ennui*, they acquaint them, in some degree, with the hardships of the less favoured children of their common parent. The less affluent, agreeably intermix severer duties with the leisurely perusal of

its varied pages; the sons of dissipation and the idle, resort to it to "kill time," and meet occasionally admonitions which sink deeply into their hearts, relieving noble spirits from the thralldom of lethargy, and inciting them to industry and goodness of life; while to the laborious student and professional man, it forms agreeable mental relaxation.

Fiction "introduces us to the domestic society of the Romans, the baths, temples, and other marvels," of the eternal city, connected with a record of the sufferings and devotion of the early Christians; the entombing of a city in the lava of Vesuvius, is associated with a tale of interest and beauty. The hollowness of the power of the Greek empire, servile ceremonial, and strong professions of attachment, linked with deadly conspiracies; Alexis, conscious of his own weakness, and distrustful of all, saved by British courage and fidelity. The attempts of the Crusaders to regain the holy sepulchre—deeds of valour and chivalry, inspired and sustained by the charms of beauty—the duplicity and meanness of knights, sworn by the most solemn oaths to aid each other and the common cause, while the true spirit of chivalry and generosity is manifested by a Mahometan. In the mountain-passes of Switzerland, we witness the bold and successful resistance of haughty and tyrannical sway. The family of the Medici presents pictures of the unscrupulous use of unlawful means to further the wishes of insatiable ambition and cruelty, but fully frustrated by the overruling hand of providence. The history and manners of our own country furnish many themes for the novelist. The haughty bearing of the Norman conqueror, contrasted with the sturdy plainness of the Saxon; libertinism masked under chivalrous profession, and willing to attach the crime of witchcraft to an innocent and virtuous maiden, rather than abate one jot of its sanctimoniousness; with unregulated passions, after blasting all earthly and heavenly hopes, dragging their victim to utter destruction. Onward in the roll of centuries, and we behold the related and rival queens, the one as renowned for her beauty and misfortunes, as the other for the masculine nature of her mind, and the energy of her government. Forward still, and we discover the devices framed to preserve ill-got power, religious enthusiasm made the vehicle for political aggrandizement, and the mask for licentious passion. The vicious habits of an infatuated monarch, trampling over a just regard for his own safety, the sacred laws of hospitality, and the ties of tried loyalty, and is saved merely from the virtuous disposition of his intended victim. The religious enthusiasm of our revered ancestors, yielding up their life's-blood for the maintenance of eternal truth, contrasted with uncompromising fidelity to the behests of an ill-advised sovereign—its sincerity proved by continued attachment to the same cause, when it becomes hopeless. The last throes of the spirit of clanship, when the clans gathered around a prince whose ancestors had for ages worn the crown for which he contended; its entire suppression after his defeat, a defeat following partial success, the fate of his race. Feudal duty and affection shown in the devotion of *Meg Merrylees*, in saving the life, and raising to his rightful position, the heir of her former protector, even after she had been ignominiously driven from the gipsy haunt of Demcleugh.

The forms and usages of society, the modes of acting and feeling in

public and private, political and social relations, are all mirrored there, and men perceive their own reflections, and are corrected. Customs, ridiculous and wicked, but, from usage rendered familiar, there receive their deathblow. The infinite variety of shades of character, the endless workings of feeling and principle, the tempestuous passions which agitate the soul, the genial affections, the divine portion of his nature; the pleasures arising from the practice of virtue, and the insidious steps from innocence to crimes of deepest dye—causing us to refrain from the beginnings of evil, and to shrink from the brink of the precipice, from which those who depart in the least from the straight paths of integrity are sure to be thrown—every form of oppression, cruelty, and wickedness, difficult to reach, and little suspected, are in fiction discovered and developed.

Many pursue the business and pleasures of life with such avidity, that they have no leisure or taste for the refinements of fiction; but there are many dependent on their daily toil, whose cares cease when their desk is closed or their tools laid down, who wend their way from the mart, the counting-room, or the workshop, to solitary rooms, far from gaiety and friends. Expensive amusements are not for them, but how delightful is the perusal of the novel, (even though procured from the circulating library). They traverse lighted halls, thronged with the beauteous and the noble, and accompany the benighted wanderer on his weary way; read with new interest the well-told tale of true love; be deep in the counsels of cabinets; and equally versed in daring schemes of robbery and fraud. They appreciate (yet how inconceivable to some!) refinement of taste and expression—exhibitions of intellectual acumen—and love most dearly those personifications of moral and physical beauty, which we in vain seek for in actual life. Can a deeper conviction of the impropriety and danger of clandestine correspondence be received, than from perusing the melancholy, heart-rending fate of Lucy of "St. Ronan's Well," "Amy Robsart," or "Effie Deans;" and though the last reached, through a thorny and perilous path, honourable marriage, yet view the secret misery which accompanied her till death, arising inseparably from her changed position in society.

These brief and imperfect remarks precede a series of essays on recent popular works of fiction. In our investigations, we trust to be accompanied by many of our readers as to cherished associations; and if we can direct our other friends in their researches into fiction's stores, to its most valuable repertoires, we shall be greatly gratified indeed. The merit, but especially the moral tendency, of the works we discuss, will be our principal themes. We possess little tendency to hero-worship, and will not, on that account at least, call evil good, and good evil; and while we will acknowledge, when it exists, intellectual brilliancy and power, we will not hesitate to denounce immoral sentiment, though enshrined in the productions of genius itself.

E.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

THE tears I shed unbidden flow,
 I weep no lover lost or slain,
 But friendship in the dust laid low,
 Such as can ne'er be mine again.
 I hear "a voice"—'tis from "St. Rule;" *
 Not as of yore it kindly comes,
 From rocks, and groves, and grottoes cool,
 But from amongst the silent tombs.
 That "voice" to varied thoughts gives birth—
 Thoughts which no utterance may have;
 And though long silent upon earth,
 Oft does it greet me from the grave.
 It tells of other years and days—
 Of friendships frozen in the dust—
 How Fortune's sunny smile betrays
 When at the top of all our trust.
 That "voice," it comes from yon gray stone,
 Not as it came in days of yore;
 Its earthly melody is gone,
 And never must I hear it more!
 When Death removes so kind a friend
 No hope the aged bosom cheers;
 Fate ne'er will such another send
 To honour my declining years!
 Then let these tears forever flow,
 Though I by weeping nothing gain;
 Still let me weep, because I know
 That all my sorrow is in vain!

HERMIONE.

MALINA NEALE.

A TALE.

BY "A CONSTANT READER."

A MINISTER's visit! How many distant yet vivid recollections of that important event, in a country district such as owned our birth, come fleeting into our reflective mind. Well do we remember how our mother had duly impressed upon our infantile mind the importance of the occasion—how she laboured hard at instructing us for nearly a whole week previous to the event, in the necessity of a proper, grave comportment. How our catechism was blubbered over in a corner, regularly every evening on our return from school; till, betwixt greasy thumb-marks and tears, hardly a trace of the decalogue remained. With what feelings of awe, and instinctive perception of coming evil, we awaited

* A celebrated ruin at St. Andrews, near which the late Professor Thomas Gillespie lived, died, and lies buried. Many of his pieces were headed—

"A VOICE FROM ST. RULE!"

his dread coming; and then, how he arrived on his little grey pony—that slow-paced, but sure-footed animal; and how, immediately as his tap was heard at the door, the herd and little dairy-maid disappeared, and could nowhere be found. But when he took us on his knee, after coaxing us from a corner, and we looked up into his bland smiling countenance, and at the grey hairs that floated down on his shoulders, our fears at once were dissipated—all constraint fled—and we felt as much at home, as if we had known him all our life.

The day on which Mr. Neale set out from our farm—situated on the verge of a long tract of moorland in Galloway—came on one of those cold drizzling afternoons, which the moors seem above all places subject to. No one who has not travelled in those misty, lonely regions, can fully appreciate the chilling, spirit-crushing effect of this sort of weather. A man, we hold, may even be tolerably comfortable under a pelting shower of rain; but the dreary, hopeless effect of these clammy, cold mists, defy all attempts at enjoyment. Nevertheless, Mr. Neale rode on; his master required men who valued their fellow beings' interests at a higher rate than a wet skin. His thoughts were engaged with more important matters than the weather, and he felt its influence all the less on that account. As he neared home, passing along an old fir plantation that skirted the road, from the overloaded boughs of which heavy drops of water fell, pattering into little pools beneath, a low moan struck his ear—seeming the half-suppressed cry of a female voice. Though wet and weary himself, he could not avoid descending from his horse to ascertain whence it proceeded. Pushing aside the dripping branches of some dwarf alders and firs, he entered the plantation. There, lying at the side of a fallen trunk, with her head resting upon it, was a woman, apparently about forty years of age, pale and emaciated from want or suffering, and evidently very ill or dying. Her tattered garments betokened the class she belonged to; yet upon her features was stamped a something, belying strongly the evidence of her having been always such—a beggar. Beside her lay a boy, about twelve, fast asleep, covered partially with his mother's wet garment, which she had contrived, despite her own misery, to cast over him. Ah! what love is there like a mother's—so devoted, pure, and unselfish—braving suffering, toil, and sorrow—sacrificing willingly all comfort and enjoyment—enduring even to the gloomy portals of eternity. Mr. Neale stood a moment silently looking at the two; his soul was touched by the sight of their wretchedness. He then addressed a few words to the woman, who, opening her eyes, replied faintly, in a slightly foreign accent, that she and her boy were dying with cold and hunger. They had been two days out, and had tasted nothing but wild berries; they had lost their way, and were too weak to travel further. For herself she cared not; she was going to die, "but," and her eye sparkled with wild energy as she spoke, "oh! save my boy, sir, and the blessing of heaven, and a mother's, will rest on you and yours." Attempting to raise herself up, the effort proved too much for her, she fell back and fainted. Mr. Neale paused a moment to consider how he should act, then lifting the lad in his arms, he leapt into the saddle, and rode rapidly home. There, his wife and little daughter Malina, welcomed him with cheerful smiles,

wondering not a little at his unusual burden. A few words satisfactorily explained all; and immediately two of the domestics were despatched to bring in the poor woman. The mother and child were laid in a warm bed, and such restoratives applied as could be easily procured. Next morning, after a long slumber, the lad awoke refreshed, but the parent, who had given indications during the night previous that her mind was wandering, never awoke again to the light of reason. In two days she died, raving incoherently, in a strange tongue, from which nothing could be gleaned affecting herself. A gold ring, after her death, was taken from her finger, containing the initials E. L., engraved inside of it, and this was all the clue to her condition, home, or lineage. She was buried in the church-yard of Lylestane, and the letters of the ring cut in a rude way on a little stone, erected to mark her resting-place. Mr. Neale's next thought was about the boy—how to dispose of him. He did not relish the idea of casting him upon the parish—if such could be found entitled to sustain him—or, worse still, of turning him adrift on the ocean of life to beg, or, mahap, steal. There was a quick intelligence beaming in the little fellow's dark eye, prepossessing Mr. Neale greatly in his favour; besides, he had become quite a favourite with all the household, particularly with little Malina, who had already learned to call him brother, and pled earnestly that he should not be sent away. Backed by his wife's support, the worthy man at last consented to retain him, and try what could be made out of him. His first effort was to obtain some clue to his history, but after repeated attempts, gave it up as hopeless. All he could glean was, that he had come a long while ago across a great sea, had lived in a large house at home, but had mostly wandered about the country since coming to Scotland. His mother called him Vincent Leroux; and this was all he knew. Between him and little Malina there was no great disparity in point of years, though their dispositions were of a widely opposite cast. The boy was proud and hasty, quick to retaliate injury, and ready as speedily to forgive; while she was a quiet, thoughtful child, meek and retiring in disposition. Notwithstanding, however, a friendship was speedily formed betwixt them, disproving, as we see it do in a hundred cases, the supposition that individuals of similar tastes associate best! Vincent rapidly progressed in his studies under Mr. Neale; the impetuous character of his mind carrying him through those difficulties which most youths are willing to be lifted over. The character of his leisure reading, which was principally narratives of travel and adventure, and such being the only books of a purely literary character he could lay hands on, they, naturally enough, inspired his sanguine mind with an irresistible craving after a seafaring life. Several times he hinted a wish to his kind foster parent to allow him to go to sea, but Mr. Neale knew well all the disadvantages of such a life, and endeavoured always to dissuade him from it. He might have as well attempted to check a volcano; opposition only tended to make the flame burn fiercer; his whole soul glowed with desire to mingle in those scenes of wild adventure, on the bosom of the great deep, he read of. One morning he was amissing. They waited for him till mid-day, supposing he had rambled away from home, and, hunger im-

pelled, would find his road back ; but afternoon and evening passed, and no word was heard of him. After a night of anxiety, spent on his account, Mr. Neale set out on the following morning in search of him, but returned from a fruitless errand. In the interim, the servant had discovered, lying on a table in the bed-room occupied by Vincent, a scrap of paper, on which was pencilled, in his hand-writing, a few lines, stating, that he thought himself a burden on his foster parents, and wishing to be so no longer, he had resolved on pushing his fortune elsewhere. He hoped some day to be able to make a suitable return for their kindness.

Seven years rolled by. Many a bright eye in that time was dimmed with sorrow—many a chord of agony had been wrung in the human heart—many a light foot and silvery voice was hushed—many a hearth-stone desolate—and many a fair and gallant form mouldering in the dust. Seven years—what a change it works ! How long a period for youth's buoyant hopefulness to look forward to ; yet how brief for gray hairs to look back upon. 'Tis a large span in man's life, yet a very atom of time past or future. Looking at it—measuring it with respect to boundless futurity—we feel ourself "almost cotemporary with Adam !" Seven years, then, had passed, but still no tidings of the runaway. Conjecture had ceased concerning him ; he held a place in memory like a dream of the past, to be spoken of only by the winter hearth. Many changes in this interval, had occurred in the minister's family. Malina, no longer a blooming little hoyden, had sprung up into the blossom of beautiful womanhood. Thoughtful intelligence beamed from her deep blue eye, and lent a nobility and grace to her high forehead, redeemed from boldness by the winning sweetness that lurked in every feature, lingering always like a halo around her countenance. Her mother was becoming frailer, though not more so than her weight of years necessarily implied, nor so much so as Mr. Neale himself, whose past labours and watchings had greatly impaired a constitution not naturally strong. Being out one raw winter day, he caught cold, and returning home, was seized with an inflammatory disease that increased with fearful rapidity. Medical aid was called in, but proved unavailing ; the angel of death hovered over his dwelling. Like electricity, the tidings flew through the length and breadth of the district, and daily inquiries were made at the door concerning him, by many anxious faces, who had come long roads to learn the truth. Many an aching heart crossed the moor for nearly a week. We remember passing the house on our way to school ; as soon as we came in sight, the forgetful glee of childhood was hushed. With solemn feelings, we gazed at the window of the room where he lay. At first, the shutter was partially closed. Next day, it stood closer still. On the fourth, a little corner of it alone admitted the light. We felt he was worse. On the fifth, it was closed altogether, and the window slightly raised. A sad presentiment smote freezingly our soul—Mr. Neale was dead ; we saw him no more. In a few days, his dust was carried through the village to the church-yard. Lylestane was that day a place of tears. As the mourners passed along the narrow street, with slow solemn tread, you could see, grouped around each door, little clusters watching the sad procession with wistful, speechless gaze. Old men, white

headed patriarchs, and old women, sat upon the stone benches under the eaves of the houses, or leant upon their crutches; the sick and infirm gazed with outstretched neck from windows; little children stood hushed beside their sires, responsively sobbing—all eager for a farewell glimpse of the urn that held their prophet's ashes.

But how fared it now with Malina and her widowed mother. At first, the bereavement seemed to them more a dream than a stern, awful reality; but by and by it broke in upon their bewildered minds, with all its sad truthfulness. Not only had they lost a husband and father, but were cast desolate and helpless upon the world. Mr. Neale left no means, nor had he any relatives whose influence could now benefit his family. Their condition was indeed a sad one. Some time elapsed ere they could resolve upon any scheme which might benefit them, and place them out of the reach of a contingency becoming daily more inevitable. At length Malina struck upon an idea, which speedily passed into a resolution. She conceived the design of going to Edinburgh, and taking up a school; and, having made known her project to her mother, the latter, after some hesitation, agreed to it. In a few days, all their preparations were made for quitting Lylestane. One aged domestic, Nanny Gow, who had lived in the house since girlhood, alone remained to be disposed of, as it was considered out of the question to take her along with them. Malina informed her of the plan which she was about to adopt, and, offering her her wages, requested she would look out for other service.

"Na, na," she replied, refusing the offered money, "we maunna pairt thus, Miss. It wad break my heart to ken ye were awa' in the great city, an ne'er a freen' aside ye. Sae lang's I'm able to do a han's turn, I'll help ye, and then Providence will provide for me. Keep your money, I want nae wages, but I maun e'en gang wi' ye."

Nanny at length got the matter arranged, by dint of entreaty and persuasion, entirely to her own satisfaction, and, in a few days, the three left that home, wherewith was associated all that memory loved to cherish.

In no place does a person feel his own littleness more than in a crowded city. Jostled about by the busy throng—passing through the unceasing stream of strange faces that hurry on—yet unrecognised, unknown—no familiar nod—no gruff "good day"—no momentary stoppage by acquaintance—the heart feels as lonely, perchance, as if in a dreary waste, with nothing but wild nature to hold converse with. Feelings of desolation and loneliness were stamped on Malina's heart, the moment she had leisure, after the little bustle of change had worn off, to sit down in her new home. Then, all the difficulties and dangers of her situation appeared with heart-crushing force. Her mother saw or guessed what she felt, and strove to comfort her with assurance of success, though even the comforter herself looked sad enough, to be sure. A few days passed ere Malina felt her spirits rising above the chilling influence, removed partly by a few pupils appearing, in answer to several advertisements she had published in the papers—an earnest, she joyfully took it, of her future success. She struggled on with renewed hope. Gradually the pupils increased to a dozen or more, and her most ardent wishes seemed about to be realised. But on what a feeble thread

does success in anything often hang! One little girl, who had given her great annoyance, she one day applied discipline to, and thought no more about the matter. In the evening, she was surprised by a call from a jauntily dressed lady—the parent of her pupil—who entered the classroom in a manner quite unceremonious, evidently in a highly excited state of mind. Malina politely asked her to take a seat, but the other, with an indignant toss of her head, refused, exclaiming—

“So, Miss, I understand you chastise your scholars in a quite arbitrary manner; it would appear, just as you think fit, or as passion moves you, without reference to the necessity of punishment at all. I was not aware of this till to-day, when my dear little daughter, on coming home, informed me of your cruelty towards her.”

“Cruelty,” gasped Malina.

“Yes, cruelty, Miss. I hold no child should be chastised; it will learn anything by gentleness, and did you know your proper position—did you know your duties—you would act on this principle; but I am sorry to say you don’t, and are quite unfit to teach.”

Malina felt her blood almost boiling in her veins, but she strove to appear calm, and endeavoured to reason the lady into a proper view of her conduct towards the pupil.

“Oh, no more is necessary,” said the other, interrupting her; “I have only come to pay you the quarter’s salary due, and inform you of the withdrawal of my child. I am thankful I know how to manage my family without your aid.” So saying, she pulled out her purse, and flung down the few shillings that were due; and then, with a mock-respectful curtsey, sailed out of the room.

But her malice did not end here. The poor girl soon saw her pupils drop off one by one, till, in less than two months, not a single scholar darkened her door. Many of them paid nothing, and the few who did pay, assigned no reason for their removal. It was only by means of sundry hints thrown out, that she learned the author of all this to have been her visitor, who had gone about among the parents of her pupils, giving a magnified report of Malina’s conduct, and insinuating her inability to teach. Thus, three months after her arrival in Edinburgh, she found herself poorer than when she entered it. To crown all her misfortunes, term-day was drawing nigh, and her scanty means were inadequate to pay the rent of the house she had taken, nor had she any prospect of bettering her condition. Her mother waited upon the landlord, and informed him how matters stood, requesting that he would give delay, for a few weeks, at least, by which time she might be in a better condition to settle with him. He listened with patience till she had done, and then calmly replied, that he could not, honestly to himself, afford her any aid, as he was almost totally dependent upon the rents of his house; besides, her daughter’s prospects of success were so doubtful, that they afforded him no security. He must, in justice to himself, unless the rent, or security for it, was forthcoming, sequester and sell such of her effects as would pay him. Mrs. Neale returned home, sick at heart, and reported her ill success to Malina; adding, “But, my daughter, let us not despair. Providence may yet interpose on our behalf: hitherto we have depended on him, and not in vain.”

The day of sale drew on, and the dim hope which Malina entertained

of relief, became hourly more obscure. She had gathered together such few trinkets and ornaments as still remained in her possession, and had resolved on seeking humbler lodgings; though, poor girl, it was with sad anticipation she looked forward to the future; she saw no means of saving herself and her parent from absolute want, unless she hired herself out as a common servant, and this she more than half resolved on doing. About mid-day, a crowd of people entered the precincts of the hitherto sacred home, and with them came the auctioneer. To escape their gaze, she shut herself up in another apartment, from which she heard the furniture disposed of piecemeal. Soon all was over, and the people departed. The landlord came, and informed her, that as the new tenant did not take possession for a few days, she was welcome to remain till she found another house, if, by the delay, she was likely to be more favourably situated. Malina thanked him, and replied, she hoped to be able to quit soon, and with this assurance he departed. A desolating feeling sunk into the hearts of the little family, after the worst had subsided, and the gray curtains of evening began to close around them. Within, all was dreary and comfortless; the rooms looking bare and empty, and echoing the sound of the voice with a sort of hollow mockery. Malina noticed that old Nanny had disappeared; she had not been seen since morning, neither could the widow recollect of her having gone out on any errand. Just as they were becoming very uneasy regarding her, fearing she had gone out and been run over in the street, or had met with some one of the hundred accidents daily occurring, they were fortunately relieved by her entrance. Without pausing, and evidently labouring under some excited feeling, she begged Malina to put on her shawl and bonnet and accompany her out a little.

The young lady, surprised at such a request, demurred at first against compliance, inquiring where she meant to take her to.

"Dinna speir mony questions, else we may be ower langsome. Ye needna be feart to gang wi' me; I winna tak' ye whaur ony ill can befa' ye. It's a' on my ain account I want ye; sae come awa'."

Malina thought a moment whether to comply or not with such a strange request. She had every confidence in Nanny's integrity; perhaps the errand was, after all, a trivial one; perhaps there was something important in it. Curiosity was aroused—and what will a female not do when this feeling is awakened. Hesitating, she consented, saying,

"Well, for your own sake, Nanny, I will go; but I hope the errand will be of some use to you."

The two departed. Malina accompanying her conductress through a number of streets, wondering in her own heart what Nanny meant, being forbid to ask any questions, on the ground that "it wad spile a' to speak o't;" but wondering, most of all, when she saw her stop at a door, in a fashionable row, and ring the bell. It was opened, and silently Nanny caught her by the arm, half-leading, half-dragging her into a handsomely furnished apartment, and bidding her sit down, left her, stating that she would return in a minute or two. A vague uncomfortable fear seized Malina at being thus left; her first impulse was to run after Nanny and demand a satisfactory explanation; her second, summarily to quit the house. But a moment's reflection banished any

doubt she might entertain of Nanny's integrity, and forbade the idea that any harm could possibly arise from waiting to see the result. Most probably, thought she, some lady wishes a governess for her family, and Nanny may have been making application for me; or some other situation may have turned up. I shall see my employer immediately. Entertaining this as the most probable idea, she, feeling more at ease, began to cast her eyes about the room; but guess her astonishment, on perceiving a number of the very articles adorning it which lately graced her own humble home. She thought she must be deceived—it was quite impossible—but, no! another glance assured her of the identity of the articles, particularly of a pair of water-colour sketches, the product of her own labour. With strangely agitated heart, she looked around in wonder and suspense, in no way lessened by the door suddenly opening, and a stalworth young man, of about six and twenty, entering, followed by old Nanny. He was dressed rather in a nautical than land costume, and a certain indescribable air about him, together with a bronzed though handsome face, conveyed the impression that a good part of his life had been spent on the ocean. He noticed Malina's confusion, and politely requesting her to be seated, followed the example, observing, with a smile, "I suppose, Miss Neale, you will have forgotten me. It is so long now——"

A long untouched chord vibrated in Malina's heart as he pronounced the words. Like one awakened from a dream, she stammered out—"What! Vincent."

"Yes, the same," he replied, "runaway Vincent; but I hope returned at last to be of some service to my old friends." So saying, he rose, and offered her his hand, which she at once took. "I thought," observed he, after a pause, "I would have had a great deal to say to you, but somehow I find myself adrift in a fog. I suppose, however, I must assign some reason for my sudden appearance after such an absence. It is a long story, but to cut it short, the substance of it is this:—After leaving, as I did in the silence of night, your kind father's home, I proceeded by all the by-paths I could find, to the nearest sea-port town. There, a skipper took me up as cabin boy, from which, after much knocking about and rough handling, I gradually rose to the command of a merchant vessel. I never forgot my old benefactors, and resolved, so soon as fate permitted, on revisiting them. Only on returning from my last voyage, a few weeks since, did opportunity present itself. I hurried down to Lylestane; but judge my dismay and sorrow on learning that your father was no more, and that you had gone to Edinburgh, though none could say how I should find you there. On my return, I accidentally encountered, in the street, Nanny. We recognised each other, and from her I obtained an account of your many trials. I imposed silence on her, and we planned together the meeting of to-night. I hope you will not say I have done wrong?"

"Oh, no! surely not," replied Malina, scarcely confident whether it was not still all an illusion.

"One thing more," returned he, drawing himself closer, "I have been too long at sea to acquire much eloquence of speech, nor have I hitherto had much occasion for such a quality; but I have one request to make

—one favour to ask—which I would entreat with all the heartfelt sincerity a seaman can be supposed to entertain, because I feel it to be an imperative matter of duty—nay, more than duty. It is just this, Miss Neale—that you and your mother will unconditionally make this your home, till you find a better. I owe this much, at least, to you, for the kindness you once showed me, when a houseless, wandering, nameless, boy—kindness which I can never expect to repay. Say, do you agree?”

Malina's eyes were suffused with tears, which she vainly struggled to hide. Her heart was too full of strange, whirling, yet pleasing sensations, for utterance. She had no other alternative—what could she do but accept the offer?

“Then,” said Vincent, “permit me to send Nanny for your mother, who, I hope, will agree to the arrangements.”

Mrs. Neale was prevailed upon to accept the temporary offer; but, somehow, we do not pretend fully to explain it, Malina made rather a longer stay than a mere temporary one. The truth must out. Some months after, as Vincent, Mrs. Neale, and Malina, were seated together in conversation, in the same room, Nanny entered, and addressed the latter as Mrs. Leroux. Such was really the case.

TO THE CLYDE.

O'er all the streams that Scotia pours,
Sweet murmur'ing, to the sea,
With warmest love my heart still turns,
Fair, winding Clyde, to thee!
Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles
Thy placid waters glide,
Linked to a thousand memories sweet,
My own, my native Clyde!

Let others love the tangled Forth,
Or mountain-shadow'd Spey;
The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee,
Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay;
From all their charms of wood or wild,
I ever turn with pride
To where the golden apple gleams,
On thy green banks, sweet Clyde.

It is not that thy heaving breast
A kingdom's wealth has borne,
That pregnant barks, a gorgeous crowd,
Thy spacious ports adorn;
'Tis not thy cities fair to see,
Thy castled homes of pride,
That knit this heart in love to thee,
Thou proudly rolling Clyde!

An heir of poverty and toil,
Thy wealth to me is naught,
Yet thou hast treasures to my soul
With deepest pleasure fringed,—

The homes of living, and the graves
 Of parted friends are thine—
 The loving hearts, the tried, the true,
 Bright gems of sweet "Langsyne."

Oh! honied were my joys, I ween,
 When, 'side thee, lovely stream!
 Life dawn'd upon my wak'ning soul,
 Bright as a poet's dream.
 Then daisied fields to me were wealth,
 Thy waters were a sea,
 And angel-voices in the clouds
 The larks' far streams of glee.

How loved I, on thy pebbled marge,
 To watch the minnows play!
 Or on thy rippled breast to set
 My tiny bark away!
 Or chasing wide the painted fly,
 Along thy skirt of flowers,
 While on the swallow-wings of joy
 Flew past the laughing hours!

Each smiling season, then, had charms—
 Spring came with buds and flowers,
 And wild-bird nests, with bead-like eggs,
 Leaf-screen'd in woodland bowers;
 Summer brought aye the rushy cap,
 The dandelion chain;
 While hips and haws, like gems, were strewn
 O'er Autumn's yellow train.

But years of mingled weal and woe,
 Like bubbles on thy wave,
 Have pass'd; and friends are scatter'd now,
 Or slumbering in the grave:
 The dust of time has dimm'd my soul,
 And, 'neath vile passion's sway,
 Its freshness and its bloom have pass'd
 For evermore away.

Yet, still I love thee, gentle Clyde;
 For aye, as with a spell,
 Thou bring'st me back the cherish'd forms
 In memory's haunts that dwell.
 Like sunshine on the distant hills,
 Life's early joys I see;
 And from the brightness of the past
 I dream what heaven may be.

Dear stream! long may thy hills be green,
 Thy woods in beauty wave,
 Thy daughters still be chaste and fair,
 Thy sons be true and brave!
 And, oh! when from this weary heart
 Has ebb'd life's purple tide,
 May it be mine, 'mongst those I've loved,
 To rest on thy green side.

COLINSLIE.

H. M.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY CHAS. DICKENS.*

THE era of annuals is on the wane. The "Coronals," "Wreaths," and "Keepsakes," of former years, anxiously looked forward to by us in our younger days, as suitable presents to country cousins, whose favour their glittering sides and manifold illustrations never failed to secure, are no more. It is true, their literary merits were seldom of any high order; but what of that? Who ever thought of presenting good literature in such circumstances? Sentimental poetry and love tales—German or Italian, if possible—effected what a hundred volumes of history or political economy could never have accomplished, viz., a warm reception at the holidays, and a pleasant partner to spend evening parties with during their continuance. Even a series of portraits of the nobility was unable to resuscitate a flagging interest on their behalf—their star was set. With regret do we look upon the departure of all these old friends, towards whom, on account of the many pleasant associations connected with their appearance, we ever felt kindly disposed; and would not, on any account, have been betrayed into a heartless criticism of their contents. And when we look at their successors—so many utilitarian-professing tales and maudlin-philosophy poems—we do so with considerable suspicion. We doubt if the children of this generation are wiser than their fathers, and feel a kind of hankering after the good old days of annuals, clad in green and gold bindings, with loyal frontispiece portraits of the reigning sovereign. The birth of this new spirit of the age may be dated some four years back, from the appearance of Mr. Dickens's first Christmas offering; and we presume it has been found a most profitable speculation, from the host of imitators who have followed in that gentleman's path. This year, we have been literally besieged with Christmas tales. Scarcely had summer closed, ere the magazine advertisement sheets teemed with intimations of forthcoming tales by Mrs. Gore, Miss Toulmin, Mr. Soane, and half-a-dozen others, all struggling for precedence in the field. But how it comes that they all chose the same period for their productions, does not seem quite clear. Why might we not have mid-summer tales, or spring stories, as well as Christmas ones? then one would at least have leisure to read them all in season. We merely suggest this in passing; perhaps necessity—if the competitors increase in the same ratio as they are now doing—will compel such an arrangement for the ensuing years.

Of Mr. Dickens, as a writer, enough almost has already elsewhere been said. No man has more rapidly risen to fame, or with so little effort has caught the floodtide to popularity; and few novelists have written many things so well, and some things so indifferently. Confined to his own sphere—that of delineation of Cockney life and manners—he exhibits the hand of a master, and a thorough insight of character; but

* London: Bradbury & Evans. 1847.

out of that sphere, (and he not unfrequently mistakes his field,) he errs most lamentably. The press, with few exceptions, have accorded him their plaudits, too indiscriminately, we fear, often for his own sake; for the effect for a time was, that his extravagances increased almost to monstrosities, while the beauties of his pieces dwindled away. At length a few friends ventured to expostulate with him, and he has proved himself not deaf to timely warning and remonstrance—we allude to his recent serial, “*Dombey & Son*,” which, at the outstart, exhibited the most glaring disregard of all that was natural or in good taste, but which has begun again to redeem its character, and promises to do more than fulfil our expectations of it. Among the worst and most paltry effusions of his pen, may be classed one or two of his Christmas pieces. With but one exception, in our view—that of the “*Chimes*”—they were unworthy of him; and those who had prophesied his downfall, foretold by the *Quarterly* as “like the stick of a rocket,” had some reason to believe their prophecy was nigh interpretation. It was not without some doubt and distrust we took up the present volume, and glanced at its contents. We shall let it speak for itself. The story is divided into three parts; it opens with a fit of moralizing on a battlefield, which, though powerfully written, and containing many striking truths, seems to have no further connection with the story, than as being the scene on which, some hundred years afterwards, an orchard grows, and two young sisters dance. These are the heroines of the piece. They are the two daughters of Dr. Jeddler, who is immediately introduced after the dance is over.

“Well! but how did you get the music?” asked the doctor. “Poultry stealers, of course. Where did the minstrels come from?”

“Alfred sent the music,” said his daughter Grace, adjusting a few simple flowers in her sister’s hair, with which, in the admiration of that youthful beauty, she had herself adorned it half an hour before, and which the dancing had disarranged.

“Oh! Alfred sent the music, did he?” returned the doctor.

“Yes. He met it coming out of the town as he was entering early. The men are travelling on foot, and rested there last night; and as it was Marion’s birth-day, and he thought it would please her, he sent them on with a pencilled note to me, saying, that if I thought so too, they had come to serenade her.”

“Ay, ay,” said the doctor, carelessly, “he always takes your opinion.”

“And my opinion being favourable,” said Grace good humouredly, and pausing for a moment to admire the pretty head she decorated, with her own thrown back; “and Marion being in high spirits, and beginning to dance, I joined her: and so we danced to Alfred’s music, till we were out of breath. And we thought the music all the gayer for being sent by Alfred. Didn’t we, dear Marion?”

“Oh, I don’t know, Grace. How you tease me about Alfred!”

“Tease you by mentioning your lover!” said her sister.

“I am sure I don’t much care to have him mentioned,” said the wilful beauty, stripping the petals from some flowers she held, and scattering them on the ground; “I am almost tired of hearing of him; and as to his being my lover”—

“Hush! Don’t speak lightly of a true heart, which is all your own, Marion,” cried her sister, “even in jest. There is not a truer heart than Alfred’s in the world!”

“No—no,” said Marion, raising her eyebrows with a pleasant air of careless consideration, “perhaps not. But I don’t know that there’s any great merit in that. I—I don’t want him to be so very true. I never asked him. If he expects that I— But, dear Grace, why need we talk of him at all just now?”

But who is Alfred? the reader may feel tempted to inquire. He is

the ward of Doctor Jeddler, whose guardianship that day expired, and the young man is about to start for a three years' tour among foreign schools of medicine. We need hardly say, he is over head and ears in love with his guardian's youngest daughter. But while his merits are properly appreciated by the elder sister, the object of his choice is meanwhile a little inclined to flirtation, the reason of which is subsequently explained. As Alfred departs that morning, there is a breakfast party, at which we are introduced to an improved version of Dobson and Togg, in the persons of two attorneys, Snitchey and Craggs, who come with the necessary deeds of release—Snitchey is the business man, and Craggs his echo. We have also, in the person of Doctor Jeddler's footman and butler, Britain, a modified John Willet, described, "a small man, with an uncommonly sour and discontented face," who turns jolly and good-natured in the course of the tale. But the most original character of all, is perhaps honest Clemency, the maid.

"She was about thirty years old, and had a sufficiently plump and cheerful face, though it was tursed up into an odd expression of tightness that made it comical. But the extraordinary homeliness of her gait and manners, would have superseded any face in the world. To say that she had two left legs, and somebody else's arms, and that all four limbs seemed to be out of joint, and to start from perfectly wrong places when they were set in motion, is to offer the mildest outline of the reality. To say that she was perfectly content and satisfied with these arrangements, and regarded them as being no business of hers, and took her arms and legs as they came, and allowed them to dispose of themselves just as it happened, is to render faint justice to her equanimity. Her dress was a prodigious pair of self-willed shoes, that never wanted to go where her feet went; blue stockings; a printed gown of many colours, and the most hideous pattern procurable for money; and a white apron. She always wore short sleeves, and always had, by some accident, grazed elbows, in which she took so lively an interest, that she was continually trying to turn them round, and get impossible views of them. In general, a little cap, perched somewhere on her head, though it was rarely to be met with on the place occupied on other subjects by that article of dress; but from head to foot she was scrupulously clean, and maintained a kind of dislocated tidiness. Indeed, her laudable anxiety to be tidy and compact in her own conscience, as well as in the public eye, gave rise to one of her most startling evolutions, which was to grasp herself sometimes with a sort of wooden handle (part of her clothing, and familiarly called a busk), and wrestle, as it were, with her garments, until they fell into a symmetrical arrangement. Such, in outward form and garb, was Clemency Newcome."

Clemency, in fact, is just a new edition of Tilly Slowboy. If we could realize that young lady at thirty, the characteristics would be found embodied in Clemency, with a few slight variations. She is an honest, kind-hearted, simple creature, and forms one of the greatest attractions of the tale.

At length the breakfast is over—the coach is in sight. Alfred bids farewell to all, especially to Marion, whom he intrusts to Grace's care, till he should return and claim her as his wife.

"The coach was at the gate. There was a bustle with the luggage. The coach drove away. Marion never moved.

"He waves his hat to you, my love," said Grace; "your chosen husband, darling. Look!"

The younger sister raised her head, and for a moment turned it; then turning back again, and fully meeting, for the first time, those calm eyes, fell sobbing on her neck.

"Oh, Grace! God bless you! But I cannot bear to see it, Grace. It breaks my heart."

Thus ends part first, between which and part second, a lapse of nearly three years is supposed, though not stated, to have occurred. It opens with a description of Snitchey and Craggs' offices.

"The offices of Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs stood convenient, with an open door, down two smooth steps, in the market-place; so that any angry farmer, inclining towards hot water, might tumble into it at once. Their special council-chamber, and hall of conference, was an old back room up-stairs, with a low dark ceiling, which seemed to be knitting its brows gloomily, on the consideration of tangled points of law. It was furnished with some high-backed leathern chairs, garnished with great goggle-eyed brass-nails, of which, every here and there, two or three had fallen out, or had been picked out, perhaps, by the wandering thumbs and fingers of bewildered clients. There was a framed print of a great image in it, every curl in whose dreadful wig made a man's hair stand on end. Bales of papers filled the dusty closets, shelves, and tables; and round the wainscoat, there were tiers of boxes, padlocked and fire-proof, with people's names painted outside, which anxious visitors felt themselves, by a cruel enchantment, obliged to spell backwards and forwards, and to make anagrams of, while they sat, seeming to listen to Snitchey and Craggs, without comprehending one word of what they said."

Of course, the office does not stand long open without a client appearing, in the person of a Mr. Michael Warden, of whom we learn, from the conversation that ensues betwixt him and the attorneys, that he has been sowing his wild oats, has nigh ruined himself, and in a great measure his property; but that he is, worst of all, in love with Doctor Jeddler's youngest daughter, Marion, the betrothed of Alfred. Nor does his attachment, according to his own showing, seem at all a hopeless one. The lady and he have been old acquaintances, and too intimate, evidently, for the peace of Master Alfred, who has a rival he dreams not of. Warden intimates his intention of carrying off the young lady, with her own consent, to Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs.

"He can't, Mr. Craggs," said Snitchey, evidently anxious and discomfited. "He can't do it, sir; she dotes on Mr. Alfred."

"Does she?" returned the client.

"Mr. Craggs, she dotes on him, sir," persisted Snitchey.

* * * * *

"Now, observe, Snitchey," continued he (Michael), rising and taking him by the button, "and Craggs," taking him by the button also, and placing one partner on either side of him, so that neither might evade him. . . . "I am briefly going to review, in half-a-dozen words, my position and intentions, and then I shall leave it to you to do the best for me in money matters, that you can; seeing that if I run away with the doctor's beautiful daughter, (as I hope to do, and to become another man under her bright influence,) it will be, for the moment, more chargeable than running away alone. But I shall soon make all that up in an altered life."

"I think it will be better not to hear this, Mr. Craggs?" said Snitchey, looking at him across the client.

"I think not," said Craggs. Both listening attentively.

"Well! you needn't hear it," replied the client; "I'll mention it, however. I don't mean to ask the doctor's consent, because he wouldn't give it me. But I mean to do the doctor no wrong or harm, because, (besides there being nothing serious in such trifles, as he says,) I hope to rescue his child, my Marion, from what I see—I know—she dreads, and contemplates with misery; that is, the return of this old lover. If anything in the world is true, it is true she dreads his return."

Matters now reach a climax, and the little plot that the story con-

tains is now in operation. Michael has an interview with Marion, who makes a confidant of Clemency, at which preliminaries are settled. Meanwhile, all unconscious of this, the doctor has made preparations for the reception of Alfred, who has intimated the night on which he would return. A pleasant party are assembled—the guests all merry—Alfred expected every moment. At last the chaise is heard, that brings him home. With panting heart he quits it, wishing to surprise the guests, and, above all, his own loved Marion.

"Listening for her voice: attempting, as he crept on, to detach it from the rest, and half-believing that he heard it: he had nearly reached the door, when it was abruptly opened, and a figure coming out encountered his. It instantly recoiled, with a half-suppressed cry.

"Clemency," said he, "don't you know me?"

"Don't come in," she said, pushing him back. "Go away. Don't ask me why. Don't come in."

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know. I—I am afraid to think. Go back. Hark!"

There was a sudden tumult in the house. She put her hand upon her ears. A wild scream, such as no hands could shut out, was heard; and Grace, distraction in her looks and manner, rushed out at the door.

"Grace!" he caught her in his arms. "What is it! Is she dead?"

She disengaged herself, as if to recognize his face, and fell down at his feet.

A crowd of figures came about them from the house. Among them was her father, with a paper in his hand.

"What is it?" cried Alfred, grasping his hair with his hands, and looking in an agony from face to face, as he bent upon his knee beside the insensible girl. "Will no one look at me? Will no one speak to me? Does no one know me? Is there no voice among you all, to tell me what it is?"

There was a murmur among them. "She is gone."

"Gone!" he echoed.

* * * * *

"The snow fell fast and thick. He looked up for a moment in the air, and thought that those white ashes, strewn upon his hopes and misery, were suited to them well. He looked around on the whitening ground, and thought how Marion's foot-prints would be hushed and covered up, as soon as made, and even that remembrance of her blotted out. But he never felt the weather, and he never stirred."

So ends part second. Another lapse of six years takes place betwixt this scene and the opening of part third. Many changes have taken place. Britain is now landlord of the "Nut-Meg Grater," and married to Clemency. Alfred did not die of a broken heart, but was consoled for the loss of one sister, by the worth of another, who proves a more suitable wife for him every way. It would be unfair, however, to go over the whole tale in this manner; we must leave the readers to find out the rest of it elsewhere.

The "Battle of Life" is, on the whole, a failure. In all candour, we pronounce it the worst of any of Mr. Dickens's productions. No doubt, there are many beautiful passages interspersed throughout it; but there is in it a want of vigour, and, at the same time, an unnatural colouring given, that impairs and destroys its effect. As a story, there is almost no plot in it; and the little that is, is so much adapted for stage effect, as to leave always on the reader's mind an unpleasant idea of sawdust and scenery. His heroine, Marion, is a lovely hypocrite, scarce deserving the fate she meets. Although a kind of interest is thrown around her, and she appears at the close in a half-angelic garb, it contrasts strangely

with the heartless cruelty she practises, in deceiving, without aim or motive, a lover who is ardently attached to her. All the sentiment Mr. Dickens afterwards expends on her, does not at all redeem the impression she first leaves on the mind. The other characters are scarce worth alluding to, with the exception of Grace, one of the few life-like portraits of a noble-hearted girl we have yet seen Mr. Dickens draw, without being destroyed by sentiment on the one hand, or silliness on the other. Of the other individuals, we have already taken notice. The book is a very pleasant one for a spare hour's reading, or might form a good Christmas gift to a young friend, but is not likely to contribute much to the author's fame.

There is one point we cannot but allude to—the manner in which it is illustrated. These are, as might be expected, excellent; but owing to different artists being employed upon the same figures, these sometimes do not resemble themselves in successive pictures. Thus, for instance, Mr. Macclise's Marion is a fair girl, and Mr. Doyle's a dark one, and not very like the other; with a few other such slight incongruities, sometimes a little puzzling to the reader. The plan of illustrating such a work by a variety of artists, is decidedly a bad one, and should never be adopted. One artist is sufficient; either Mr. Leech or Doyle, alone, could have done it much more satisfactorily, without the aid of Macclise, whose genius does not tend that way.

ALEXANDER'S SWITZERLAND AND SWISS CHURCHES.*

SWITZERLAND has ever been to us an interesting country. The very name of it awakens in the mind a host of high associations. Linked with its existence are some of the noblest struggles for civil freedom history has on record. It has been the birthplace of liberty; the refuge of the persecuted; the nursery of great minds, the result of whose labours we still trace around us; the home of genius, and the scene of the noblest moral triumphs which man has ever achieved. Nor is it an uninteresting country when its natural beauties come to be considered. There, nature in all its varied features may be seen, and often, too, at one glance. Above are the hoary glaciers; lower, the wooded hill; and deep down in the valley, the waving corn, the picturesque village, and placid lake. Within the compass of a few miles, every variety of climate may be experienced, and every description of scenery embraced. Switzerland has, of course, not been untrodden ground; the home of Tell, Zwingle, Calvin, and Erasmus, was not likely to remain unexplored by the traveller, tourist, or antiquarian. We have had "Tours through Switzerland," "Notes on Switzerland," "Researches in Switzerland," &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. Every Cockney who has visited it, has returned home brimming-full of Tell and patriotism, and must forthwith find a valve for his impressions

* Glasgow : Maclehose.

in publishing. We do not lack works on Switzerland, but we lack valuable ones. It is not sufficient to know the height of Mont Blanc, how long it takes to ascend it, the appearance of the glaciers, the difficulties of travelling, the rarity of the air, the majesty of the Jung-Frau, or the beauty of Lake Leman, which, spiced with a dash or two of the patriotic, form the staple matter of the productions of ten out of fifteen of our Swiss tourists. All this may be very good and proper to retail to an attentive family circle, or to bore a pleasant party with; but we enter a serious protest against its publication. What we want, and what the public want, is information, solid and substantial. Civilized nations are now becoming more united in the bonds of universal brotherhood; every step in science, knits them more firmly together. Out of this arises a desire to know something about each other—not so much the country, the roads, and mountains, as the people, their habits, faith, condition, and resources; and we are glad we have got this desire now in part gratified by a perusal of Dr. Alexander's work. Only in part, we say; for the book is almost confined to the religious condition of Switzerland, and valuable, principally, as a *vade mecum* on that point, rather than on any other. Its correctness may be relied on, as the whole work bears the stamp of careful personal investigation into facts; every conclusion it comes to, is marked by cautious philosophical research, and a thorough acquaintance with the subject. On this point—the religious condition of Switzerland—we would willingly extract, did not our want of space forbid us. As a short summary of the matter, we may state, that the religious phenomena of Switzerland is divided into Romanism, Infidelity, and Protestantism. The first predominates in some of the cantons, in others mixed, and in some almost unknown. It embraces the larger portion of the population, about 900,000. The Protestants, according to the Doctor, have, in many parts, a leaning towards Neology. In point of education, they are in advance of the Roman Catholics, and characterized by greater intelligence and enterprise; while the latter are better instructed in the rudiments of their religion, and have a sincerer faith in, and reverence for it. The Jesuits, in the face of much opposition, and despite, having been oftener than once expelled the various cantons, are still busily at work, causing “a continual source of disturbance.” Their missionaries are dispersed through every quarter of it, endeavouring to promote the party, and accomplish the objects which they never attempted to conceal. These objects, for which they are devoting “vast resources and untiring energies,” are “the extirpation of Protestantism, the overthrow of political liberty, and the appropriation, by their order, of the entire work of education.” Three years ago, they formed a league, from which sufficient subsequent firebrands have been thrown to keep Switzerland in a state of agitation. They published the great objects which they meant to secure. These are stated as—

“1. The establishment of a bishopric in Saint Gall, in the hope of bringing that canton entirely under ultramontane influence. 2. The overthrow and annihilation of the liberal party in Valais; and, 3. The accomplishment of an old project, the recal of the Jesuits into Lucerne—a project which the league held to be, of all the rest, most important.”

A correct idea of the extent to which Infidelity prevails, cannot be easily obtained. Socialism, Neology, and Deism, have a strong hold, in many quarters, on the popular mind; the last, chiefly amongst the more educated classes. It is to be feared, however, from many symptoms, which are daily becoming more fully developed, that the influence of Infidelity is exercised to a very great extent.

Passing from this to the more strictly literary part of the volume, we may remark, that it is written in an easy, graceful style, in which the resources of the scholar and philosopher often are exhibited, and not without many passages both amusing and humorous. As a specimen of the style, take the following :—

"The scenery on this road (from Sallanches to Chamonix) is marked by variety. At every ascent and every turn, a new picture is spread before the view—some of them very beautiful, some of them overwhelmingly impressive. Now the road passes through a narrow defile, shut in like a *cul-de-sac*; now it opens upon the verge of a steep declivity, and displays a wide-spread plain, clothed with verdure and silvered with streams; here, a pine-clad forest shuts in the prospect; there, a bleak and barren rock shoots up its ungracious front; and presently a deep glen comes in view, down which rushes a mountain torrent. At one time, the traveller seems afar from all human dwellings; in an instant, some picturesque chalet starts into view, and the tinkle of bells guides the eye to herds of cows and goats browsing and bounding among the rocks, whilst a moss-covered cross, or a rude image of the virgin and child, announce that superstition reigns amongst these majestic scenes. At length all interest is absorbed in the view of the mountains,—

"Alps on alps in clusters swelling!"

And amid those

"Palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

one feels as if shut in from all commonplace associations and sources of pleasure, and constrained to seek enjoyment in what at once awes and elevates the spirit.

"The slow rate at which the traveller necessarily advances along this road, affords abundant facilities to the troops of beggars who frequent it to ply their occupation. A great deal has been said of the annoyance of this, and much harsh language has been lavished upon those by whom it is practised, and the authorities by whom it is tolerated; but for my part, I cannot say that I perceive the justice of this. In the first place, how many of these poor creatures are in circumstances in which they can do nothing but beg—old, infirm, maimed, and idiotic? and, really, what does God give us a little spare money for, but to help such miserable creatures, that they may live on his earth, and if possible be happy? Then, secondly, I must say this for these Savoyard beggars, that although sufficiently persevering, I never found them rude or insolent; they solicit plaintively, they receive gratefully, and they submit to a refusal, often harshly enough given, without sullenness or murmuring. I found them not lost to a sense of propriety, for when I have said to some of them, 'You see I have given something to that poor creature there, and I can't give to you all,' their reply would be somewhat to this effect:—'*Ah! oui Monsieur; vous avez raison; mais nous sommes tres miserables, et certainement Monsieur a le bon cœur*;' in which, though of course there was a little cunning flattery, there was at the same time a touch of good sense and politeness, which forbids me to assent to a charge which unceremoniously includes them all in the category of rogues and vagabonds. Once more, it is to be remembered, that a considerable portion of those who surround the travellers do not come as mere beggars, but have something to offer by way of exchange; some bring milk, some spirits, some bouquets of mountain flowers, some wild strawberries, some pebbles, crystals, and bits of ore; and I have yet to learn any reason why these poor creatures should not sell their little articles of traffic for as much as they can persuade the traveller to give for them. In a carriage before ours was a sturdy round-

and-red-faced Yorkshire cotton-spinner, who, I supposed, had made a fortune, and who deemed it behoved him to drive off with frowns and execrations these poor Savoyards, whenever they approached him with their wares. Now, I should like to know how he would relish the application of the same rule to him, when he sends forth his travellers to pester country dealers for orders, or his ships freighted with prints to be exchanged for as much as can be got for them in Africa, India, or China. Free trade is a noble thing when one understands thereby 'the world for all to make of it what they can;' but when it means 'the world for me to make a fortune in, and then me for myself to enjoy it;' bah! there is more morality by far in begging than in that!"

Willingly would we enlarge. We had marked off several other pieces for extract, but find ourselves unable to afford space. To all, we say, buy the book if you can; if not, borrow it. The information it contains is the most valuable we have ever seen given in the same compass; and it possesses, at same time, from the style in which it is written, a fascinating and unflinching interest to readers of all classes.

TO ———, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Accept, sweet girl, this votive lay,
 To friendship's altar due,
 With every warmest wish of weal
 That heart can breathe for you.

Beauty, with lavish hand, hath shower'd
 Her richest boons on thee,—
 A form of rarest loveliness
 And faultless symmetry.

Oh! ne'er may pain or sorrow blanch
 Thy lip of ruby dye,
 Ne'er pale thy cheek, or envious dim
 Thy bright, bewitching eye:

And may the beauties of thy mind
 Shine on, as now they shine;
 And love, with all earth's purest joys,
 Round thy young heart entwine.

And when, in matron dignity,
 You bless a happy hearth,
 May the favoured *one*—thy heart's best choice—
 Appreciate thy worth.

ARIEL.

HUMANITY VERSUS INDUSTRY.

AT the present day, when the ten hours factory bill is exciting a considerable share of the public attention, and when many well-meaning people, moved by the plausible pretext of its humanity, are inclined to support it, we would fain see its bearings brought more prominently before our readers, because, in our humble opinion, it more vitally concerns the welfare of the people than is generally supposed.

We will endeavour to explain both the good and the evil of parliamentary interference; and as the best means of doing so, we will first recapitulate the effects of the present existing law.

Its principal measures are—limiting the hours of work to sixty-nine per week, and that only for workers thirteen years old and upwards; meal-hours, and holidays, distributed in a particular way; sanitary regulations for white-washing, boxing-in dangerous machinery, &c. Children from nine to thirteen are allowed to be employed six and a-half hours a-day, but under stringent rules as to schooling, &c.

The first visible operation of this act, was to throw totally out of employment the large population between the ages of nine and thirteen, whereby the rules for their education became a dead-letter; and as these children are all of poor parents, and there is no public provision for their education, the *humanity* of the legislature has consigned them to the idleness and vice of the streets, instead of the industry and order of a factory.

It may be replied, that this vast evil is not the fault of the factory act, because the act does not forbid the employment of children, although it limits the hours of their work; but the rules are so troublesome, and stringent, that they have had the effect of preventing it almost entirely.

We are far from encouraging, or approving, of the employment of children so young in toilsome work; but we desire to point out the insanity of providing a remedy infinitely worse than the evil, and the wickedness of such meddling interference under the plea of humanity.

The factories required inspection much, and the other measures of the act are humane and good; but if the State wished to encourage its labour, by promoting the health of the rising generation, and rescuing it from the degenerating influence of too early toil, it should have extended its paternal hand a little farther, and provided some means for the education and moral training of these children, instead of leaving them to grow up in darkness and crime, a curse to themselves and a scourge to society; keeping crowded our hulks and our prisons, and leaving the advance of the people yet one generation longer in arrear.

The sanitary regulations of the act are excellent, so far as they go, and the boxing-in of dangerous machinery is of great importance; still, under the very best regulations, unfortunately, accidents do occur, and we think there should be some better provision for insisting on compensation from the employers. It is true, the act empowers the inspectors to prosecute for the compensation of injured workers; but as it also entails on the inspector all the expenses in case of failure, his zeal in the cause of the suffering is not likely to be greatly stimulated thereby; and it is more customary to hush the matter by some paltry solatium.

If a worker is crippled and maimed, and thereby rendered incapable of earning his support, who is so well entitled to accord it, as those in whose service he has suffered? Should society at large be burdened with it? We think not. A man who sets in motion vast and dangerous engines and machines, which are nearly certain to cripple a percentage of his fellow-creatures per annum, takes upon himself great responsibilities; and he should be made to feel that he does so.

Fortunately, among our mill-owners, many are men full of heart and honour, who know their duties, and who do them; and for such, legislative interference were not so necessary; but all are not of this class,

and those who wantonly sport with the lives of their fellows, and heartlessly dismiss those maimed or worn-out in their service, should come within the pale of the law.

Not many weeks ago, a poor girl, employed in a factory in Glasgow, met with an accident which deprived her of one arm entirely, and the use of the other. The compensation given by the employer was *five pounds*! and this the inspector considered liberal; but what does it amount to? just twenty, or twenty-five weeks' subsistence; and after that what is to become of the poor girl, who has been deprived of all means of earning her bread, and whose crushed limbs, and blighted hopes, they have compensated with such a beggarly pittance? Is a whole life's labour to be valued at twenty weeks' purchase?—the lifelong comfort, happiness, and even subsistence, of a fellow-creature, paid for with five pounds? Heaven protect the poor from such humanity!

There are few factories where there is not plenty of employment suitable enough for those only partially crippled. Even after losing an arm, they may be useful; and we know of works where such are invariably retained in employment, without any reduction of wages; but this unfortunately is too rare. It is even common enough, when a girl is out ill for a week or two, to fill her place, and refuse to take her back. What is a girl's fate in such a case? having been without wages for weeks, run into debt, and with a doctor's bill to add to her grievances, is refusing to take her back anything short of gross cruelty? Work elsewhere may be difficult to obtain; and thus, hungry and hopeless, what alternative has she but a degraded and precarious existence. Of a truth, if a young girl working in a factory is virtuous or honest, she is more to be honoured for it than those in a far higher station; for what temptations, privations, and contaminations, must she not endure!

In other works which we know, the employers pay a medical man a salary to attend their workers free of charge; besides which, there is a relief-fund for the sick; and thus, by the power of combination, they are enabled to receive four, six, or eight shillings per week, when ill, by paying 1d., 1½d., or 2d., per week, when well.

There would be some humanity in a factory bill which promoted, or insisted, on institutions of such benefit.

We come now to the proposed limitation of working time to ten hours; and here again humanity is made the plea, but we find it only the stalking-horse on which the measure is sought to be carried.

We think humanity is on the wrong track, for a workman's time is his capital, and is it likely that robbing him of one-sixth of it will materially promote his comfort? It is replied, "We do not seek to interfere with the labour of grown-up men;" but every one knows that those about a factory cannot well work longer than the engines. They say, too, that "wages will not fall;" if we could think so, then would we too become advocates for the bill; but we suspect that our fears are more prophetic than their hopes.

The immediate effect of the bill must be to enhance the cost of production, for it will take a sixth more capital, machinery, and labour, to produce the same quantity.

If the manufacturer's profits are not such as to meet this increased cost without charging higher for his goods, he will be beat by foreign competition, and the quantity of goods consumed will be much smaller, the workmen employed will be fewer, and wages must fall.

If, on the other hand, the manufacturer can afford to pay more for the cost of production, and still sell as low as foreign rivals, the sixth of deficiency in the country's production will come to be made up, more mills will be built, more machinery constructed, and more work-people employed; labour will become scarce in the market, and wages will then rise; but will the manufacturers' profits be able to stand this further rise in the cost of production? We have little hesitation in saying they cannot; there will come an inevitable reaction on the workman, and the trade of the country will flow into other channels.

We hold it as an infallible rule, that the rate of wages depends not on the time worked, nor on the price of food, nor on anything whatever but the proportion existing at the time between the demand and the supply of labour. We are of opinion that every limitation of work-hours will at first raise wages, because workmen will become scarce the moment it requires a greater number to do the same work; but we think that this state of matters could not continue, but would cause a ruinous reaction on the whole trade of the country, because the increased cost of goods would diminish the consumption, producing a corresponding decrease in the demand for labour.

We view the movement as a step of retrograde from freedom and progress, but we are not disposed to be alarmists; nay, we even hope that, by new discoveries in science, and new adaptation of machinery, the consequences even of such a measure as the ten hours bill, may be to some extent averted.

There are three different kinds of capital employed in production—money, knowledge, and labour; and it has always been a matter of difficulty to apportion the profits equitably between the three. We do not think that legislative interference can effect this, and we would rather leave it to natural causes; but as for such interference on the score of humanity, we totally deprecate it, as only a plausible pretext to gull those who are but partially acquainted with the subject.

If there is any fermentation of benevolence in the country, (and would to Heaven we saw it!) there are thousands of undoubted fields for its exercise. Let it cheapen justice to the poor man, and cheapen food, and even cheapen luxuries; let it establish national schools, and reading-rooms, and baths for the working classes; let it cherish the children of the land, not only by preventing toil, but by cultivating their mental powers, and their moral perceptions; let it improve the habits of the lower classes, by improving their dwellings, by promoting innocent recreations, and by doing everything to increase their self-respect; but let it pause before taking a step fraught with such vital interests, such powers of welfare or ruin to the people, as a law which says to the working man, "Even if thy children be hungry, and the wage of thy labour be small, thou shalt not increase thy toil."

G. A.

LADY BORES.

PARDON us, fair readers, that we should choose as a theme for the employment of our pen a subject apparently so ungracious and ungallant. Consider us not, however, in so doing, as belonging to the tribes of the Vandals and Goths of other days, who looked on womankind as only the handmaids of their pleasures,—or as woman-haters, who affect to despise and avoid the whole sex together. We belong not to, and have no kindred feelings with, those either of ancient or modern times who thus acted and thus felt; nay, we rather plead guilty (if such an expression can be allowed) to the having a soft side towards the gentler portion of creation. We love the dear creatures. We own that we have, in their company, spent many a delicious evening; and, perfect though we consider ourselves to be, we have felt, on more than one occasion, that devotion to the fair sex is one of our weak points. Still we know that *humanum est errare*; and we feel no compunction, therefore, in thus unfolding to view one of our little failings.

We offer these preliminary observations as a proof that, in taking up this subject, we are actuated by no malevolent feelings toward the sex; but that, while we admire and esteem them *en masse*, and it may be some loved one in particular, there are certain individuals among them who are very far indeed from deserving our commendation or respect, and whose company is shunned, not only by the sex to which they belong, but by the other on whose attention and good-nature they lay the severest tax. To the honour of the darling fair, however, be it said, that the members of the class, the *nom de guerre* of which we have chosen as the subject of our theme, are few in number, and are known and appreciated as they deserve. Their presence is the signal for the cessation of confidential intercourse; for should any private or family secrets, in the acquisition of which they delight, and over which they gloat, reach their ears, it can no longer be ranked under the class “private and confidential,” but speedily becomes part and parcel of the gossip in general circulation. Their eyes and ears are ever on the alert to investigate and know all that happens within the circle of their ken; and, to do them justice, they exhibit no selfishness in hoarding, for their own use, the knowledge thus acquired, but are desirous that the world should fully and speedily reap the benefit of their observations. They seem, Proteus-like, to have their eyes and ears everywhere. Nothing escapes their notice, from the colour of the carpet on which they tread, to the private character of its owner. They go from house to house—call here and there—and from each visit they acquire fresh stores of tittle-tattle, which, with liberal additions, they retail *here*, in order to extract something new which they can dispense *there*; and thus onwards they go—day after day, exhibiting the same routine.

That the Lady Bore is a bore *par excellence*, is indeed a great fact; and any one who, while enjoying a delightful *tête-à-tête* with some cherished fair one, has been interrupted by the entrance of one of these aforesaid personages, will amply bear us out in this our assertion. Should the arm be encircling the waist, and the hands linked in one,—the position, so charming and enchanting, is rudely disturbed, and the

delightful vision dispelled, not so much from the prying eye of a third party, though that be bad enough, as from the pleasing consciousness of the fact that this, with a few heightening embellishments, will, with its voluble narrator, be circulating its rounds next day, and form the subject of conversation over some little cup of scalding water, not greatly to the advantage of the parties more immediately interested. The Lady Bore is generally impervious to ridicule—she is proof against insinuation or hints, unless the latter resemble those of the Irishman, to whom it was delicately hinted, in a house where his absence was desirable, that if he didn't go out at the door, he would be thrown out at the window.

In company, their whole conversation is about their neighbours—their failings and their faults—the visits they receive—the expenditure of their household—the little tiffs and quarrels that arise—and such other matters, as unworthy the notice of a rational being, as the subjects themselves are trifling and silly. Fond of visiting, they encroach sadly on the time, patience, and good-nature of those who are honoured by their notice. They never seem to think that time, however worthless it may be to them, is valuable to other people, and of too much importance to be thrown away on idle gossip, the retailing of which, however pleasant to themselves, is very far indeed from being so to the generality of those on whom they call.

The Bores can be divided into classes, more or less disagreeable. There is the refined and the vulgar—the talkative and the silent—if, in the latter case, we can properly confer the appellation *silent* on one who giggles and laughs at whatever may be said, let the subject spoken be of a risible nature or not. But whatever be the division, the main features are preserved throughout. The same lineaments can be traced, and the same extreme desire to shun their company manifested, by all who know them.

Miss Julia Windham, a distinguished member of what we would call the refined class, is a lady whose age is, we may venture to say, *above* twenty. In conversation, not content with speech in relating her delicate tit-bits, she brings into play the muscles of her countenance; and, now twitching her nose, and pursing her lips, dilating her eyes, with the occasional use of her hands, contrives to make herself a thorough bore in a very few minutes. "For her part, she hates scandalous stories, and wouldn't tell things for the world; but still she thinks that Mr. S. should not be so often seen with Miss F. She didn't approve of such constant visitation—it boded no good. She could not conceive how Mrs. C. was able to keep such a rank. Where were their means? It was matter of surprise, indeed, how some people managed to keep up rank with so apparently scanty resources. Mr. K. was not to her taste. He used to visit her; but she couldn't bear him. He was so rude, she had to tell him that, if he didn't mend his manners, she would show him the door. So many visits are paid to them, that their house is liker a place of public resort than a quiet domicile." And so on she goes, giving neither her own tongue nor the ears of the company any rest, while she dilates upon such themes. Change the subject as you may, it proves useless; for soon, by her skilful management, she turns it into a gossiping channel, and resumes her monopolising volubility. Sometimes she

meets with pretty significant rubs and rebuffs; but these, like an arrow from the hide of a rhinoceros, rebound without inflicting injury or causing uneasiness. Let her once obtain an entrance into a house, and woe betide the unlucky inmates! They will be continually pestered by her visits; and, to compensate them for the time lost—the annoyance endured—the family duties disarranged—they have nothing but the melancholy reflection that the expressions they make use of, and the incidents occurring during her stay, will be faithfully stored up in the records of her memory, and will be brought forth and exhibited to the gaze of the inmates of the next house she honours with a visit.

Miss Fanny Lee, destitute of the polished manner of Miss Julia, possesses all her other qualifications—inquisitiveness, tale-telling, and the art of making herself disagreeable. Fanny, when she visits a house, can, to a certainty, tell the arrangements of the room in which she sat, from the pin she detected lying on the floor when she entered, to the letter she saw half-concealed beneath one of the ornaments of the mantel-piece. These minutiae she recapitulates wherever she goes, imitating rather cleverly the peculiar phraseology or tones of those whose houses she has visited, and thus extorts a laugh, which we will not, however, characterise as genuine; for what security have those to whom the tales are thus so comically repeated, that their household arrangements, and individual peculiarities, will not be subjected to the same scrutiny, and retailed elsewhere as fit subjects of mirth?

Of all kinds of Bores, preserve us from feminine ones. With a masculine Bore we can be uncivil. When he refuses to take our hints to be off, we can shove him out at the door, or turn our heel upon him, and leave him at once. But we cannot act thus with a Lady Bore. Disagreeable as her conversation may be—uninteresting and tiresome—it must be borne with in patience, and with seeming good humour. As a lady, she is entitled to courtesy; and no gentleman will ever so far forget himself as to act in a different manner towards her. It is this feeling which renders most intolerable the company of a member of this fraternity; and should it so happen—as, indeed, it often occurs—that you meet them in a house, with one of whose inmates you desire a private interview, you find your purpose thoroughly baffled, and the thermometer of your wrath and hot displeasure rapidly rising; while your restless motions upon the chair would lead an unconcerned spectator to believe that you were seated on a couch of nettles.

We have thus imperfectly attempted to sketch the character of those who may be classed as Lady Bores. However feeble the outline, it will serve, we hope, to portray clearly enough the distinctive features of this class. Should any of our gentle readers discover, after perusing this article, that they are imbued, or even tinctured, with the failings pointed out as belonging to the genus "*Lady Bore*," we would advise them, as they value the esteem of their own sex, and, what is perhaps to be as much desired, the respect and love of the other, to eschew these peculiarities, otherwise they will find, to their cost and to their misery, that, wherever they go, they will be shunned, despised, feared, hated; and that they will deprive themselves of all the enjoyments flowing from good taste, candour, benevolence, confidence, friendship, and love.

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MARITIME DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER FIRST.—EARLY STATE OF GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE, AND THE DISCOVERIES OF COLUMBUS.

It is a noble occupation to elevate the mind to the high place of thought, and to trace from the eminence the successive landmarks which knowledge has left along the march of time. These "green spots in the desert," scattered here fitfully and scantily, and there with lavish profusion, over the domain of intellect, are still the monuments by the side of which Philosophy delights to take her stand, either to survey the surrounding wilderness, or to fill up the more brilliant outline with which successive cultivation has enriched them. During the centuries which have acquired the well-earned title of the "dark ages," the lamp of learning was either hung up in the cloister, or shed a dubious and partial lustre over the occupations of wealth. The Arts languished, and Science had chained few captives to her car. On the other hand, however, the revival of letters, and the invention of printing, are the great events of the later era, to which History is ever found referring, as the source of our boasted sunshine, and which modern eulogy is so prone to array in gorgeous colouring.

"It were considering too curiously," perhaps, to investigate what particular effects were produced, and through what peculiar channels the progress of discovery in the maritime world was influenced, by these events. Certain it is, however, generally speaking, that the impulses which were imparted to this branch of physical knowledge, were consequential and indirect, compared with those which spread brightness on the more abstract and intellectual subjects of human interest. It is, indeed, in the nature of things that it should be so. Poetry, history, and oratory, for example, were capable of reaching their highest excellence without such aids, because the elements of their perfection resided almost exclusively in conception and idea; and hence the benefits they derived was matter of extent, and not of quality. But the work of bringing together the ends of the earth was a task of more stupendous accomplishment. The restless foot of Adventure might roam with comparative certainty over the field and the forest; but the Sea checked its progress, and seemed, with the white foam of her surges, to fling back to aspiring man the law first given to herself, "Thus far shalt thou come,

and no farther." Yet a higher law was given for man's direction ; and the Ocean herself, "in the fulness of time," was destined to be subject to his will, and to become the scene of his proudest triumphs.

The primitive attempts at navigation must have been exceedingly simple. In an open bark, capable of holding two or three individuals, timorously propelled with a paddle or oar of rude construction, along the shore, or through smooth bays, is to be seen the germ of those tall ships that now bear life and strength over the deep, and through all climes. These ideas necessarily belong to an early state of society ; but our imagination can never rest satisfied with the splendour of the present, without flying back to contrast it with the simplicity of the past.

It is from the shores of the Red Sea that our earliest accounts of maritime enterprise have descended. Upon it were launched the ships of Solomon, which sailed on their three years' voyages—returned with the rich treasures of Mora—or, in the words of Scripture, "bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks." The adventurers of a later age spread their sails on the Mediterranean ; and the maritime enterprise of many centuries was comprehended within the limits of that inland sea. At first, the Straits of Sicily, and afterwards the Pillars of Hercules, better known by the modern name of the Straits of Gibraltar, were, for ages, the *ne plus ultra* of the early voyages to the westward. Beyond this point, and somewhere in the vast expanse of ocean into which it opened, Heathen Superstition had placed the Hesperian Gardens, and the happy isles of the blessed—a belief which, in subsequent times, changed its character for one not less fantastic, that the terrestrial Paradise, and the bowers of Eden, were still blooming far in the western waves. In fact, the wildest creations to which a poetical imagination could give birth, were readily assimilated with the idea of the unexplored domains of the deep. All beyond the sphere of discovery was the region of enchantment—the dwelling-place of monsters—

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven ;
And of the cannibals that each other eat—
The Anthropagi ; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Chilled, as it was, by the superstitions of a rude mythology, Adventure halted at such a barrier as the *mare magnum* of which the Pillars of Hercules were the portals ; but when one voyager after another had ventured to the very verge of the charmed circle, and some by the tempest had been driven beyond it, the supposed dangers, which their overcharged fancies had pictured in such dreadful aspect, were found to fade away before the real hazard with which the stormy elements surrounded their path. So long, however, as Science condescended not to lend her aids to the seaman, his voyages were obliged to pursue the sinuosities of the coast ; and thus it is that the greater part of the Old World was comparatively well known, ere the Americas (separated, as they were, from it, by two vast oceans) had even become the subject of conjecture. Similar reasons conspired to make the coasts of Europe much earlier known than the southern and western shores of Africa. Before

the discovery of the compass, at least before it became the universal guide of the navigator, the pole-star was the beacon of his wanderings—and from its situation, with the tail of the lesser Bear, was available only in the Northern Seas, becoming invisible in the latitudes south of the Equator. The Southern Hemisphere, no doubt, had its own constellations; but, like all the stars, they performed a diurnal revolution—a rambling propensity which destroyed their usefulness to the early mariner. “As to the constellations,” says Thomas Campbell, “Homer speaks of their bathing themselves in the ocean; but he particularly excepts from this general rule of refreshment the greater Bear, who had a surly aversion to take the water, much to the advantage of mariners, to whom Bruin served in the place of a compass.” We thus find, that, when the seamen of past times were navigating so far down as the shores of Norway, and even penetrating into the White Sea, their progress in the contrary direction was bounded by a few degrees south of the Canaries. Had Bruin, as the poet of Hope humorously calls him, been pleased to hang his lamp a little higher, we cannot but think that the fame of discovering the Indian passage by the Cape would have shed its rays round an earlier name than that of Vasco de Gama.

Navigation, and hence discovery, had, however, to struggle with other obstacles than those with which Superstition had invested the unknown kingdoms of the sea. One of these, of no slight importance, was its ignorance of the true figure of the earth; for the fact of its being of a spherical shape, is a notion which was admitted to general belief only in comparatively modern times.

We are perfectly aware that the merit of correct notions on the subject has been claimed by modern critics in behalf of the Chaldean and Greek astronomers, inasmuch as it is said their mathematics would have been faulty in their prediction of eclipses, except on the assumption of the correct figure of the world. But, independent of the doubt which does exist, whether the ancients had any knowledge of the subject really deserving the name of science, it is certain that the idea was, till recent times, the object of general rejection, as being too plainly and palpably inconsistent with the testimony of the external senses, and the then vulgar reason of man. If the opinion was entertained, it served only to beguile the hours of philosophic retirement to the few, encountering alternately the rejection, the neglect, or the opposition of the multitude. Thus, history informs us that Thales, one of the sages of Greece, taught that the earth was a sphere, more than five centuries before the advent of Christ; but from the same source, we also learn, on the contrary, that certain disciples of this sage strenuously maintained that it bore the figure of a cylinder. Some, again, were wedded to the notion that it was a high mountain, the base of which was of immense extension, and that the stars floated round its summit; while others fancied it had the shape of a ship. And not a few were found to trace it to the resemblance of a bird. To all these theories may be added another, which enjoyed, probably, the most extensive popularity. According to it, the earth was supposed to be an extensive plain, the limits of which no one could pass, without being plunged into the universal abyss. This idea, being believed to be consistent with the sacred writings, was,

in later times, taken under the wing of the Church; and the doctrine of the globular shape of the world was denounced as a heresy of superlative magnitude.

In the beginning of the fifth century, Cosmus, an Egyptian monk, principally with the view of refuting this doctrine, composed a work entitled the "Topography of the Christian World," in which he describes the world as an oblong plain, surrounded by an immense wall, which supports the firmament, or azure vault of heaven. The succession of day and night is the effect of a great mountain, in the northern part of the earth, behind which the sun conceals itself every evening.—There is a curious geographical monument, of the middle ages, which may be mentioned as bearing witness to the same thing. We allude to a map preserved in the library of Turin, attached to a manuscript copy of the Apocalypse, which was written in the year 787. This map represents the earth as a place bounded by a circular line, and divided into three unequal parts. To the south, Africa is separated by the ocean from a land called the fourth division of the world, where the antipodes dwell, and which the excessive heat of the torrid zone has hitherto prevented from being visited. At the four sides of the world are represented the figures of the four winds, each astride upon a pair of bellows, at which he labours; and at the same time, has a conch shell applied to his mouth, from which he blows hurricanes, as may be conjectured from his distended cheek. At the top of the map (which is the east) are Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the tree of forbidden fruit.

As knowledge advances, slowly indeed, but still progressively, more correct notions became prevalent; and at, and before the age of Columbus, the idea that the earth was a sphere, had generally taken the place of the numerous theories which, in prior times, had divided opinion on the subject. Still, however, the fact was in itself conjectural; nor was it practically settled till the ships of Magellan and Sir Francis Drake, in the sixteenth century, had circumnavigated the surface of the globe. Thus, so flattering to our national pride, did an English seaman, in the sixteenth century, pursue that ray of light which had dawned in the closet of the Greek philosopher two thousand years before; and through perils and darkness, finally, permanently, and splendidly verified a problem which had been the subject of so many conjectures, and the solution of which had been obscured by so many fables.

On a topic of this kind, when the accumulated annals of different centuries, and the superinductions of different sciences, all demand access to an honoured place in the tablet, it is difficult to compress anything else than a hasty outline within the compass of our pages. In filling up this outline, it will, we apprehend, be sufficient to select the grand points of discovery, rejecting the more minute events, which, though they grace and give zest to the journal of the voyager, would take volumes to relate.

These grand points or divisions of the subject may be taken to be, the discovery,—*first*, of the great Continent of the Americas;—*next*, of the passage to India, by the Cape of Good Hope;—*then*, of the Polar Seas;—and, *lastly*, of the numerous clusters of islands which are scattered over the vast extent of the Southern Ocean.

In pursuing this arrangement, we, of course, dismiss (with little ceremony) the events of the times prior to those of Columbus, and of the Portuguese seamen by whom the first voyages to India were accomplished; for although the materials for a survey of the subject through former ages are not in themselves scanty, still Time has so flung his shadows over that part of the past, as to rob it of much of its interest; and even, as it still recedes into distance, is fast clothing it in the party-coloured garments of romance. The course of genuine history, however, commences with the subsequent era, which has been fitly termed "the heroic age of Geography;" for, in fact, all previous discoveries fade into insignificance before the vastness and grandeur of those which began with that age of bold and hardy enterprise.

The discovery of America, and the passage to India, took place within a few years of each other, in the end of the fifteenth century. Many separate circumstances had, for a long time previously, been silently accumulating to bring about some great event of maritime daring. The Italian states, especially those of Genoa and Venice, were the chief naval powers of the middle ages; and European luxury, such as it then was, was indebted principally for its gratification to the Venetian and Genoese merchants. The perfumes, and spices, and other merchandise of India, were for the most part brought down the Red Sea, or Arabian Gulf, to Alexandria, which was long the centre of an extensive commerce; and, being brought to Italy, were afterwards spread over the principal parts of the North. The revolutions which were incessantly convulsing the Asiatic nations had, however, the effect of bringing Indian produce to find its way by other channels; so that, at times, in journeying from Europe to the East, the caravans of the merchant are found following the more arduous and circuitous route of the Black Sea and the Caspian—from thence, overland, till the course was intersected by some of the branches of the Indus. The difficulties which attended any of these routes were such as the thirst after wealth, even in peaceful times, could alone have surmounted; but when a state of warfare had added danger to the difficulty, a most powerful motive was engendered to find the spice-groves of the Indies by new avenues. Such a motive, in its turn, was productive of unbounded conjecture; and in an age when the wildest reverie had charms which were not extended to sober truth, the idea that India could be reached by the Atlantic was admitted to universal credit—an idea, indeed, which acquired strength from the fact that the Egyptians and Carthaginians were erroneously said to have circumnavigated Africa, many ages before.

Commerce, thus checked in one direction, was chalking out for herself a new route to the East in another; while different means were preparing the world for an event in the Western Hemisphere, of a more brilliant description. With the coasts and islands of the Indian Sea—at all events, between the Arabian Gulf and the mouth of the Ganges—the ancients appear to have been well acquainted; but, stretching farther to the north-east, the shores of China and Japan were comparatively unknown. Travellers from Europe, in the middle ages, however, had traversed great parts of Asia, and had brought back with them such marvellous accounts of the scenes they visited, the fertility of the soil, and the riches

of the inhabitants, as fired the imagination, and excited the cupidity, of the less-favoured nations of Europe. True it is, that many of these accounts were fabulous; but still they were believed;—and it is amusing to see how far human credulity, without the check of knowledge, will extend. Sir John Mandeville an Englishman of the thirteenth century, an apostate from his faith, was one of these travellers, whose narrative was the most agreeable, because it was the most astonishing. He wandered thirty-four years in Asia, and, among other wonders, had the good fortune to visit a nation where some of the inhabitants were thirty feet in height, and some were twenty feet higher. He had, besides, the honour of an audience at the court of Prester John, a Christian prince in the heart of Asia, and saw that monarch seated on his throne, with no less than twelve archbishops, and two hundred and twenty bishops, around him. “The gates of his palace,” says our traveller, “were made of sardonix; the bars, of ivory; the window, of rock-crystal; and the tables, of emeralds. Radiant carbuncles, too, each a foot in length, served instead of lamps, to illuminate the palace by night.”

Men of cooler judgment, and more correct principle, had, however, preceded, as well as followed, this “false knight;” and while they testified of the fertility and wealth, “the barbaric pearl and gold,” of the Asiatic nations, they likewise ascertained that there was an open sea to the east of China and Japan, and the other Indian shores. This gave an impetus to adventure; and the penetrating spirit of the American discoverer speedily foresaw that, if the earth was a globe, these lands could with certainty be reached by boldly stretching across the Atlantic, in a westernly direction.

Again, to facilitate these events, to which enterprise was thus finding so many motives, Giajo, a native of the Neapolitan state, had, in the previous century, brought the compass into practical use; and to enable the mariner to chain down discovery when accomplished, maps and charts, graduated with systematic parallels of longitude and latitude, were becoming more common.

Add to all this, that the rivalry of the great Italian states of Venice and Genoa had produced the very common result of reducing both to a condition of mutual weakness; so that, at the age to which our observations bear reference, they found themselves supplanted in the dominion of the seas by their neighbours the Portuguese and Spaniards, who were then undoubtedly the principal maritime nations of Europe—a character which they proudly maintained till England, a half-century later, put forth those energies which have since kept her at such an immeasurable distance from all competition.

That Portugal and Spain should have succeeded to the honours of the first splendid discoveries, is by no means a subject of wonder. They had the advantage of the near neighbourhood of the Italians, from whom they were the first borrowers of the best part of their navigation; and in another important particular, they stood in this favourable predicament, that their shores were washed by the Atlantic, in whose more boisterous waters their seamen found a sterner, and, therefore, a better school for the formation and encouragement of those habits of intrepidity

and coolness amid danger which were essential to the success of the great undertaking that awaited them.

Such being the wants of the commerce of Europe, such the wishes her ambition had resolved to gratify, and such the means she possessed of bringing both to a desirable accommodation, the only element of success now wanting was a navigator of sufficient talent to undertake the solution of the great mystery of the age. For such an adventurous project, the circumstances demanded an able seaman, accurately acquainted with the duties of his profession and the nautical knowledge of his times—possessing unwearied perseverance in the midst of obstacles, and a steady composure when surrounded by dangers—qualified to preserve discipline in extremities, and to reduce turbulence to order—quick in suggesting the means of safety when overtaken by peril, but ever cautious to avoid it—skilful in governing others, but more eminently so in controlling himself—whose ardent genius could pursue discovery for its own sake, and surmount difficulty for the renown it would shed around his name—endowed with an enthusiastic spirit which could at all times preserve him from the sickness of disappointed hope, and pour into the drooping hearts of his followers a portion of his own glowing soul—in short, an instance of the power of conjuring up the confiding spirit so strikingly exemplified by the poet—

“Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.”

The age required such a man ; and such a man was found in Christopher Columbus.

Born, as is now all but universally believed, in the city of Genoa, (for the honour of his birth-place has been the cause of much and intense controversy,) this illustrious man spent part of the earlier half of his life in the service of his native state, where he enjoyed a considerable naval command. The unsettled condition of the Genoese and other Italian states, however, induced him to pursue the path of fame in foreign countries ; and he repaired to the court of Portugal, in hopes of being employed in the discovery of the unknown region of the Atlantic. Baffled in such expectations at the Portuguese court, he despatched his brother to England, and proceeded himself to Spain. His plans were for many years rejected as the speculations of a visionary—an imputation which seemed to derive some countenance from the natural enthusiasm of his mind ; but after flattering the ideas of conquest of Ferdinand, and engaging to place under the sway of the Spanish sceptre territories far excelling in extent and wealth the European dominions of that cautious monarch, he at length was entrusted with the command of a squadron of three ships, not exceeding in size the small coasting vessels of the present day. With this expedition, and carrying with him about one hundred men, on the third of August, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos, a sea-port at that time of some note in the province of Andalusia, on his first voyage of discovery. After a passage across the Atlantic, chequered with those hopes of success and those fears of failure which the uncertain nature of his object was calculated to excite, and, at the same time, disturbed by the mutinous disposition of his followers, which it required that energy peculiarly his own to soothe and repress, he at

length, on the night of the 11th of October, discovered the New World! Next morning, he set his foot on St. Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands, in the West Indies, of which he took formal possession in name of their Majesties of Spain. The moment the crews landed, they erected a cross, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to Almighty God for his goodness in crowning their wishes with success, and landing them in safety through so many dangers. The ceremony of taking possession of the island was witnessed by numbers of the natives, who looked on with silent astonishment, supposing the seamen to be celestial beings who had sailed out of the sky, by which their view of the ocean was bounded. They appeared entirely inoffensive; and both sexes carried their love of primitive simplicity to its utmost extent, declining the encumbrance of all articles of dress whatever. In this voyage, besides others of lesser note, Columbus discovered the large islands of Cuba and St. Domingo, where one of his ships struck a reef, and became a wreck. After erecting a fort on this last island, and leaving in it about forty of his men, he directed his course, with the remaining two vessels, to Spain.

In the passage homeward, a violent storm separated the two ships; and the little bark of the admiral was in such imminent danger, that he himself, though the best practical seaman of his day, lost all hopes of reaching land. In such a moment of trial and terror, the dread of destruction, which would have been the all-engrossing subject of most minds, seems to have occupied but a secondary place in that of Columbus. His spirit soared above the tempest; and he is found ministering to that lofty fame which was through life the exclusive object of his ambition. "That which afflicted him most," says a late writer on the subject, "was the thought that his discovery would be buried with him in the ocean. He adopted the only means that remained to preserve the memory of it. He wrote a brief account of his voyage on two leaves of parchment, and put each of these leaves into a cask that was carefully closed, so as to be impervious to the water. One of these casks was thrown overboard immediately, and the other was allowed to remain on deck, to await the foundering of the vessel. But Providence interfered to save the life of this great man. The wind fell, and the danger disappeared."

Another wind drove him into the Tagus, from whence he directed his course to the harbour of Palos, which he had sailed from eight months before. The other vessel reached a northern port of Spain about the same time.

The successful navigator was received in Spain with every demonstration of joy. His progress to the court of his sovereign was less a journey than a triumphal march; and when he appeared before them, and exhibited the rarities and the native Indians who had accompanied him, and modestly gave a relation of his discoveries, he was not allowed to retain the posture of homage he had assumed, but, in addition to many marked tokens of consideration, was reckoned worthy of distinguished honours and dignities.

The success of the first expedition opened the eyes of the Spanish monarch to the importance of the discovery; and Columbus, from being

the master of three miserable vessels, now found himself the admiral of a fleet of seventeen sail. With this armament he sailed from Cadiz on 25th September, 1493; and, retracing his steps, after a favourable voyage, descried the Island of Dominica. In this voyage also, he added Jamaica to his discoveries; but discontent having broke out among his crew, he found himself obliged to return home, where he was a second time received with distinguished favour.

Four years afterwards, with six vessels, he made a third voyage to the Western World, when he discovered Trinidad. He traced the South American coast from the Gulf of Paria a considerable way to the westward, and thereafter proceeded to St. Domingo. Here he found a colony, which had been left under the government of his brother, in a state of the greatest insubordination. Numbers of colonists, discontented with the viceroyalty of Columbus, transmitted complaints to the Government in Spain. A new governor was sent out, to restore order to the distracted settlement. The first act of this personage—who appears to have been a man of weak talent, but hasty temper—was to arrest Columbus, and put him in irons; and, thus degraded, was he conveyed home to Spain. The native pride of his mind still supported him under the infliction of this indignity—so much so, that he refused on the voyage to have his fetters taken off, and even expressed a wish that they might be hung upon his tomb, as a memorial of the vicissitudes of his life. It was, indeed, a moral lesson, qualified to speak volumes to a sensibility less intensely acute than that of the illustrious subject of its severity;—one day, the governor and admiral of the Indies—the next, a prisoner, and in chains.

When he arrived in Spain, these tidings roused public indignation; and he was speedily consoled, not only by his release to freedom, but by the favour of the King and Queen, the latter of whom ever continued his friend. But he found every effort unavailing, either to obtain the stipulated rewards of his discoveries, or to be reinstated in his government.

His restless spirit, however, could ill brook an inactive life. On the 9th May, 1502, with four small vessels, the largest being only seventy tons burthen, he sailed on his fourth and last voyage. The first land he reached was Martinique. Thence he directed his course to Honduras, and, latterly, surveyed the coast southward to the Gulf of Darien. His fleet was afterwards wrecked on Jamaica; and it was not till he had languished a whole year by the wreck, that he was relieved from his desolate condition by a vessel sent to bring him away by the governor of St. Domingo. Broken-down in health, and in extreme poverty, he sailed for Spain in 1504. His claims, though not openly disputed, were secretly disregarded; and the greatest man of his times was suffered to pass the last years of his life in penury and want. He died at Valladolid, of a broken-heart, on the 20th of May, 1506, and in about the seventieth year of his age.

We have thus lingered on the voyages of Columbus, because, independent of the intrinsic nobleness of his character, and the magnanimous traits with which every page of his history is pregnant, it is to him, and to him alone, that we are indebted for lifting the veil of mystery which

hung over the Western Ocean, and laying open the sources of wealth, dominion, and knowledge. He it was that emancipated geographical science from the bondage of ignorance and fable, and discovered to astonished Europe "the unknown companion that had been sleeping for ages by her side." Yet to him the knowledge of the true value of his achievement was not vouchsafed. "With all the visionary fervour of his imagination," says Washington Irvine, "its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury—the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king—could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"

[To be continued.]

CITY SKETCHES.—No. III.

THE DREAM OF THE FEVERED.

A weight is on my limbs, and a cloud is on my brain;
My sorrow and my wrongs are forgotten in my pain;
The blood is throbbing wildly in this burning heart of mine;
And my senses swim and reel, like one that's drunk with wine.

This dimly-darkened room, this lonely bed,
Tell of the present, though the past hath fled.

I sleep calmly for a moment, and my memories return;
Full of sorrow, full of longing, for my cottage-home I yearn;
And a spot of silent beauty comes to soothe me in my dream,
Where the moon is shining brightly on a silver-running stream.

Fond memories, that o'er the present cast
A vivid radiance gather'd from the past.

A jasmine-covered cottage is smiling in the light
Reflected from its windows and its walls of pearly white;
And I see the poplars turning their white leaves to the breeze,
And the meadows and the hedgerows, and a thousand things like these.

Ye gentle spirits of my happy home!
I see ye beckon, and ere long I come.

There are voices in the garden like children at their play,
Full of thoughtlessness and laughter, they seem so light and gay;
And a mother fair and gentle is watching them in joy,
But most her eyes are turning to a bright-eyed laughing boy.

Oh, God! this burning brow, this beating head,
Recall the truth;—wife, child, and all, are dead!

Again I dream a moment, and my memory wanders back;
There is sunshine on the past, there is pleasure in its track;
But the present, it is dark and dim; I know not how I came
To be lonely on the earth, with no child to bear my name.

The last, the left of all that love had known;
No joy to cheer me now—alone! alone!

My brain is whirling round, and my eye-balls start and strain,
Yet I feel not earth about me, nor suffering, nor pain.
Lo! the lost ones, they are near me; their breath is on my brow;
Loving, smiling, happy dear ones, we are re-united now!

The glorious future comes, and Hope's bright hand
Beckons me onward to the spirit land!

GLASGOW.

G. A.

"I'LL SEE ABOUT IT TO-MORROW."

ON the evils flowing from procrastination, much has been ably and eloquently written. This evil habit is prevalent to a great extent among all classes of society, and holds sway over many who pride themselves on their promptitude and punctuality, and freedom from all dilatoriness, on the pernicious tendencies of which, however, they will loudly declaim. Alive to the defects of their friends and acquaintances, they see not their own, and, wrapped up in fond self-conceit, take upon themselves the office of censor, and sit in judgment on their fellows. Others again there are, who fully perceive the dangers consequent on indulgence in procrastination, and are convinced that they ought to shake themselves clear from its trammels, and stand forth free and unshackled; but who, either from listlessness or sloth, make no effort in this matter, and drag on their existence, the prey of circumstances or the sport of accident.

Procrastination is a habit most easily acquired, but from which it is most difficult to get rid. Let it once obtain a footing in our nature, and it will increase in strength, unless vigorously opposed and continually watched. To put off till to-morrow is so agreeable to the generality of men's natures, that they insensibly defer, till another opportunity, the performance of that which they could as easily and more effectively accomplish at the present moment. The love of ease proves often stronger than the love of duty, and the imperative calls of the latter are lost in the insidious whisperings of the former.

The most inveterate procrastinator will by no means acknowledge that it is right and proper to defer the execution of any work to another

period, if such could be at once discharged as efficiently. Very often he laments that he suffers himself to neglect urgent duties from love of ease and indolence; but while he thus regrets, he makes no effort to rectify his conduct and amend his ways. He is one of those

"Who know the right, and who approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

He laments and confesses his errors, but still continues the same path—energetically exclaims, "I must rid myself of this baneful habit," but, while uttering these sentiments, resolves to see about the accomplishment to-morrow, and thus, resolving and re-resolving, he lives the same.

Could the votaries of procrastination show any good resulting from it, we might be tempted to excuse their habitual yielding to its fetters. We, of course, make a wide distinction between executing any business rashly and without consideration, and procrastinatingly. In our progress through life, and in our conduct, we adopt the olden adage—

"In the middle path there is the greatest safety."

One decided disadvantage resulting from procrastination is the accumulation of business. By putting off from day to day the execution of necessary work, arrears increase to such an extent, that we get alarmed, and either neglect business altogether, or discharge it in such a slovenly, careless manner, as almost to defeat the end sought to be attained by its performance. Mark the procrastinator, when, having deferred till he could defer no longer, he sets about bringing up his accumulated arrears. Standing with an irresolute air, he knows not to what part of the frightful array of work he ought to turn himself. Beginning one department, he proceeds but a few steps, till he recollects there is some part of more importance, to the execution of which it behoves him to commence *instantly*. Scarcely has he set himself to obey the dictates of his second thought, than he remembers something more important than all. Wavering thus from point to point, from one department to another, he gets confused, and, not knowing what to do, sits down in despair. Should he manage to work arrears up, and have his way clear before him, he inwardly resolves that he will never permit himself to be landed in such a quandary again—that he will turn over a new leaf, and improve. The habit, however, has become too strong for him, for, after a few ineffectual struggles, he relapses, only to be roused by a repetition of his former mishap.

Our worthy friend, Saunders Tamson, is a notable procrastinator. Were it not that he must rise betimes, and attend to business, he would slumber in bed all day long; and should he, in such a suppositious case, be requested to rise, would ejaculate, in sleepy accents—"I'll see about it the morn." There is no getting him to move expeditiously in his business. Sloth has obtained the mastery over him; and, judging from his conduct, it would seem that his ruling principle was, "Whatever can, by any possibility, be shoved off till to-morrow, let it remain untouched to-day." Despite the numerous evils, losses, and inconveniences to which he subjects himself by perseverance in this procrastinating principle, he makes no exertion to shake himself from the yoke, but to all admonitions addressed to him on this score, by his friends, he returns

for answer, "Oh aye, you're quite richt; I'll jist see about it the morn." His office is in a state of confusion. The instruments of his trade lie scattered here and there, ever in the way when not required, and not to be found when urgently wanted. The chairs and stools are cracked, the gas or water pipes leak, the stock of articles required runs out, and to the application of the men in his employment, who speak repeatedly for renewal of stock, or repairs of breakage, Saunders stands with his hands in his pockets, and, after he has heard these statements, grunts out,—*"I'll see about it the morn."* When his workmen see their master so heedless and procrastinating, they follow the example, and, idling their time, do as little as they can, leaving the rest to be "seen about the morn."

Saunders's business, which was once flourishing, has dwindled down to a mere shred of what it formerly was; and this, not because he is less liked, or performs his work in a less tradesman-like manner, but simply because he does not execute his work promptly and punctually. Give him a job to do, there is no saying when you will have it finished. We speak in this matter from experience, for, having entrusted a rather important and urgently-desired job into the hands of Saunders, we were anxious to have it restored to us, properly finished, as speedily as possible. We had called repeatedly, and were met with evasive answers, generally ending with the assertion that it would be sure to be done to-morrow. We at last got tired, and determined, if the job were not completed when we next called, it would be taken away, finished or unfinished. We called, and found him in.

"Well, Mr. Thomson, we have called up for our little job, which we suppose is finished by this time."

"*"Tweel a wat,"* said Saunders, *"its no athegither done yet. We're jist gien't ane or twa finishing titches, and we'll gie ye't the morn."*

"You've told the same story," said we, "these two or three weeks, and it appears just to be as far on as ever. Really this will never do. We must have it, and that immediately."

"Ou ay," said Tamson leisurely, *"I'll inshure ye o't the morn; so just keep your min' easy. Hae ye ony news to tell us."*

"We can't wait," said we resolutely, "and if you cannot give us it finished, we will take it as it is, and get some other party to complete the work."

"Ou, if that's the gate o't, I maun see what length it's got. Tam, is Mr. M'Phee's job finished?"

At the summons, Tam, after some time, came forth, brandishing aloft in his fist our job, which had been finished, and never sent over.

"Hoo comes this, Tam?" said Saunders, rather abashed. "Why was that no sent hame, when ye kent it was in sic a hurry?"

"Deed, maister," replied Tam, *"I speered at ye gin I wud tak it ower, and ye tell't me to let it staun, an' you wud see about it the morn."*

Tam had no sooner disappeared than we, taking upon ourselves the office of mentor, began to reprove Saunders, and point out to him the stupidity and folly of thus procrastinating the affairs of his business. We were soon interrupted; for Saunders, who was by no means dissatisfied with himself, getting tired of the homily, said—

"I daursay ye're quite straucht in what ye're saying, an' I'm maybe a wee thocht wrang; so I'll e'en see about the matter, and begin to improve the morn."

Saunders's business being thus defectively managed, as regards the working department, is equally mismanaged in reference to his books. These are in a state of the greatest disorder. His order-book is not properly kept up, his journal is behind, and his ledger not accurately and continuously posted. Deferring the entering of his transactions from day to day, he forgets the particulars; and inserts oftentimes at random the various items; omitting some, and mistating others. He thus frequently makes out wrong accounts, which occasion heart-burnings and quarrels among his customers, who, in the long-run, leave him, and give their work to those more exact and methodical in their movements.

Yet, with all his faults, Saunders is liked by his friends, who patronise him from feelings of friendship. Oftentimes do they urge upon him the propriety of bestirring himself, and looking alive; but their kindly advices are thrown away, for Saunders, while promising amendment, defers the execution of it "till the morn."

Procrastination is well said to be "the thief of time." How many precious moments does it steal!—moments of infinite value!—moments, the seizing hold and proper use of which, would fill the mind with knowledge, enlarge the faculties, and lead the soul onwards to a full fruition! Time is so precious, that it has been beautifully said—"God only gives us one moment at a time, and withdraws it as soon as given."

Nothing is so fatal to a man in business as procrastination. Why, the time he is thinking, and hesitating, and deferring the execution of a plan that gives ample promise of a good return, another steps in, and, by smart and prompt proceedings, reaps the harvest; while the other cannot make up his mind to sow. The man who, in all his proceedings, acts with promptitude and decision—who adopts as his motto

"Whatever is right
Pursue with might,"

is as sure to make his way through the world prosperously, as the procrastinator, the timid, and the irresolute, are sure to sink and lose themselves in the world's rapid current. Of infinite importance, indeed, it is to time the right moment—to seize the golden opportunity to catch that flowing tide which, in the affairs of this world, "leads on to fortune." And, while speaking of the tide, our recollections are awakened to a little incident illustrating the value of promptitude. A number of vessels were lying at the Tail-of-the-Bank, near Greenock, waiting for a favourable wind. During the night, the wind chopped round, and, taking advantage of the auspicious moment, one of the captains unfurled his sails, secured a good offing beyond the Cumbraes, and sailed to his destined haven. Several months elapsed, when he returned with a full cargo, and found his colleagues lying at the same spot, wind-bound, and unable to move. Our great naval hero, Lord Nelson, knew well the advantages derivable from promptitude and decision, and, in all his actions, from pursuing an enemy to the execution of the most trifling duty on ship-board, showed himself to be actuated by these great qualities. "At a quarter to six," said he, to one of his tradesmen who promised to

render his account at six o'clock the following morning—"at a quarter to six, sir, if you please; upon quarters of an hour my success in life has often depended," and in a similar spirit was the reply given by one of our celebrated naval officers, when appointed to the command of the West India station. He was asked when he would be ready to proceed. His reply was not "in a week," or "a few days," but "This evening."

While the man of a procrastinating spirit destroys his business, and subjects himself to innumerable inconveniences, he, at the same time, inflicts annoyance and loss on those with whom he deals. While hesitating and doubting as to the propriety of completing a bargain with some one, he prevents others from coming forward, who would, with fewer words, and less consumption of time, complete the transaction. He neglects to keep his appointments, delays the fulfilment of orders, and, by so doing, keeps others in a state of suspense and anxiety. He is a man who cannot be trusted, his word is disregarded, his company is shunned; and those who deal with him do so, either because they cannot help themselves, or, being friends, have a kindly feeling towards him.

The procrastinator has no idea of the value of time. Time flies over his head in rapid flight, and leaves him as careless and procrastinating as before. *Tempus fugit* has now almost become anglicised. Of Time, none can stay the rapid flight; for, like the tide, it heeds not the voice of man, though it should thunder forth from the mouth of a Canute, or (though, in this case, it may be said comparisons are odious) from the lips of a sea-captain, of whom it is reported, that enjoying himself over a bowl, his coxwain informed him the tide was waiting for him. Said he—"The tide has been very obliging, in thus waiting for me; give it my compliments, and desire it to wait a half-hour longer."

In other matters, unconnected with the dry details of business, does this unfortunate habit of procrastination intrude itself, with its accompanying train of mortifications. In courtship as in business, promptitude and a speedy coming to the point, run the fairest chance of success. The man who visits, and talks, and jokes, but nothing more, may please for a time; but his influence and power must wane under the attractions of him who mounts the breach, pops the question, and leads the blushing fair one to the altar. A very worthy bachelor friend of ours—one who is most precise and particular in all his doings and sayings, and who is by this time turned of forty—was boasting to us of a very lovely fair one to whom he was paying court. Struck with his description of her charms, we accepted an invitation he made us to go and visit her at her *habitat* in the country. In due time we reached the house, and were shown into the parlour by a sister of the loved one of our friend. "The sister is pretty good-looking," said he, "but nothing to her sister." After refreshments had been offered and accepted, our friend made inquiry for the other sister.

"Oh, Jamie, do you mean? Why, she's been married these three weeks."

"Married!" said our bachelor. "Married, did you say? Why, I never heard of it."

Nothing could be more lachrymose than the countenance he assumed.

We could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the dismal appearance he presented. We tried to console him, but found our task hopeless at first, although he soon brightened up, or at least appeared to do so. On our way home, he confessed that procrastination, while justly stigmatised as being the thief of time, was also, in his experience at least, the thief of ladies; and that, should he ever be on the same path, he would *change the strip*, and take time by the forelock.

We have often admired the prompt and naïve suggestion of the young lady for removing a preliminary difficulty that stood in the way of early connubial bliss. Two days before the arrival of that month in which it is deemed inauspicious to visit the temple of Hymen, she was taking an evening stroll with her betrothed, who, in a deep sigh, lamented that one envious month should elapse before his happiness would be complete. "There is still one day of April to run," said the blushing damsel; "why not seize it, and complete your felicity?"

A procrastinator can never occupy a distinguished place among the great ones of the earth, who have become so by their talents, and assiduity in the cultivation of them. Procrastination and progress are antipodes the one to the other. While the latter darts its eagle eye into space, and is ever restless to discover and unfold fresh beauties in nature and in art; the former looks to the past, and is satisfied with present attainments, or, if it cannot shut its eye to manifest improvements, defers consideration of them to the future. While progress is the *vis progressus* or moving principle of the march of intellect, and the advancement of truth, procrastination is the *vis inertia* or sluggish inert principle, which, if it does not directly oppose onward improvement, acts as a drag-weight on its march.

A procrastinating spirit is the sure sign of a weak, irresolute mind. The tide of human affairs rolls on, and the procrastinator allows himself to be drawn heedlessly along, and cares not to avail himself of the helps that float down the stream. The apex of his highest ambition is, how to pass the day with the slightest trouble to himself—the least sacrifice of inconvenience and labour. The noble pursuits of the mind, in its exhaustless desire after knowledge, interest him not; improvements in the arts and sciences rouse him not from his sloth; and though some of these should affect his own individual calling, and be pressed upon his notice by well-meaning friends, he thrusts his hands into his pockets, and exclaims, "I'll see about it to-morrow!"

Oh! how lamentable and humiliating it is to see man—immortal man—a slave to the procrastinating principle!—a principle, the application of which deadens the feelings and aspirations of his soul, and makes him an inert, useless piece of matter—a drawback on the exertions and energies of his fellow-men. Instead of hastening onward the progress of truth, and rejoicing in every improvement as the dawning of a more advanced stage of existence, he slumbers on and heeds not the movements that are going on everywhere around; or, should he notice them, it is simply to remark that he'll see about them to-morrow.

To all those who are the slaves of this habit, and to those on whom its chains are being entwined, would we lift the voice of warning. The approaches of this habit are insidious, and agree with the sloth-loving

propensities of man's nature. The love of *present* ease is powerful enough to drive off the calls of *present* duty, and unless self-denial be brought into play and assiduously persevered in, this pernicious habit will obtain the mastery. Prevention is better than cure. Prevent the enemy from obtaining a lodgement in the citadel, and you are safe; allow him to obtain an entrance, though only for his little finger, and he will make way for his entire body. In the sense, if not in the exact words of the Latin poet, which we thus freely render, we would call on procrastinators to

"Oppose beginnings. It is then too late
To call in medicine's aid, when, through delay,
Disease has virulently increased in strength."

Finally, in all our pursuits, let promptitude, energy, decision, lead the van; let patience and perseverance follow; and who shall set limits to our success?

HOSPITALITY.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. A. C——, BEITH.

BY MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF "THE HOME OF THE HEART," &c.

SHE opes her door, with welcome bland—
With smile serene—and open hand;
Bids you forget, with accents kind,
The travel-toils you leave behind;
The savoury meal with haste prepares;
In kindly comfort steeps your cares,
In little acts, more felt than seen,
With earnest care and tender mein,
She smoothes the spirit's ruffled dress
With sympathetic kindnesses.
The heart of friendship undisguised!
Benevolence epitomized!
A kind and careful friend is she—
Soul-soothing Hospitality.

Like sunshine, 'mid these low brown hills,
O! many a bright green spot I see,
Where Love her cup of kindness fills
In homes of Hospitality.
There Comfort, in her russet brown,
Unchill'd with ceremonial vain,
Is sweeter than the *silken* down
Of *Fashion's* frizzell'd train.
The cup which in our hand they place,
Unchill'd by Fashion's formal grace,
Warm with benevolence, o'erflows,
Nor aught of empty boasting knows;
But, like the cup of eastern king,
When proffer'd to the favour'd guest,
He costly gems therein doth fling,
Till it o'erflows.—In chalice best,

The grapes of heart-communion prest,
 Outpours her luscious wine for me;
 There spreads her downy couch of rest,
 Heart-cheering Hospitality.

Away with falsehood's phrase, away!
 Those Judas-kisses that betray—
 Inviting with angelic smile,
 But stinging you with serpent-guile!
 Away with all the crystal gleaming
 Of jewels! only gems in seeming;
 My friend must, like the diamond-ray,
 Shine on me still, by day, by night,
 By woe's dim lamp, in joy's bright day,
 With truth's unchanging light.
 Friendship—as love—benignly free,
 Unbought their Hospitality.

I've sat in tassellated halls,
 Fair as Arabian poetry,
 Whose ornature and pictured walls,
 Seemed fragments from old Italy,
 Or visions of some Eastern clime,
 Or dreams of ancient Hindostan,
 Where pale and meek-eyed Jeessamine
 The air with rose-breath odours fan;
 Where Kindness, from her silver urn,
 Pour'd sparkling comfort all around,
 And music-tones that breathe and burn,
 Out-well'd in rich melodious sound.
 The stranger *there* forgets his home,
 And absent, theirs remembers long,
 Where all that pleaseth ear or eye
 Is bathed in Hospitality.

Framed in the shade of purple hills,
 Where float Traditions old and grey
 Round Druid shrines—where tinkling rills
 Amid the heath-flow'rs stray,—
 A quiet lake in beauty sleeps,
 Like moonlight on the shades of night,
 Or clouplet blue, when sunshine creeps
 Around its brim of snowy light.
 Fringed in a flowery selvage deep
 Of water-lilies, silvery pale,
 Where sighing winds and rushes weep,
 Low 'mong the wavelets' wail.
 Like snow-flakes on its waters dank,
 Pale Penitence, with tear-fill'd eye;
 Peace, slumbering on its sedgy bank,
 O'er eve on night's dark edge they lie,
 Like frost-work on a silver vase,
 When sparkling moon-beam o'er it plays.
 There springs a fountain, calm and sweet
 As Lethe, 'neath an ivied tree,
 Which oft has lull'd my cares asleep,
 With flowing Hospitality.
 On yon old arch, where flowers entwine,
 Like wreaths of festal drapery,
 Write, 'mid these dates of elder time,
 "The Hall of Hospitality."

From his palm-shade the Patriarch went,
 At noon-tide forth, to meet
 Three strangers; brought them to his tent,
 And wash'd their wearied feet.
 To welcome thus the stranger, rise;
 So you may entertain,
 Unknown, even angels in disguise,
 And Abraham's blessing gain;
 And this, at last, be said to thee,
 "You did it not to them, but— Me."

LETTER ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As doubtless you, like the rest of the literary world, have taken some interest in a subject of old dispute, but recently revived and ably discussed in *Blackwood*, viz., the possibility of acclimating the classical metres in the fertile fields of English Poetry,—I venture to hope that a few remarks on so pleasant a theme, may not be unacceptable to yourself or your readers.

I think the main reason for these measures never taking their place in English verse, has been the failure of the early writers of hexameters—Sidney, Staniforth, &c., who bound themselves down too much to the Greek and Latin rules of quantity, endeavouring to govern our language by these, instead of attending solely to accent; by which they made their lines invariably harsh and stiff, and indeed generally unreadable.

When, in a later day, Southey renewed the attempt, he saw the error of his predecessors, and in a great measure set aside these restrictions; but perhaps he went even too far, substituting extreme license for extreme constraint. Nevertheless, on the whole, he executed the task well; and it was no fault of the hexameter measure that "The Vision of Judgment" found little favour with the public.

Coleridge, in my opinion, surpasses Southey. I like his "Hymn to the Earth" better than any English hexameters I know; and his fragment on Mahomet (which *Blackwood* in error calls Southey's) is also very good. I only find two faulty lines in the whole,

"Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid; the people with mad shouts."

The fault in this line will be pointed out afterwards. The other

"Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation,"

is a very bad line, lame all through, and throws the accent on the last syllable of "saddest."

Mr. Merivale, in his translation (published two years ago) of Schiller's Lyrical Poems, has been frequently very successful in his hexameters, and also in the combined hexameter and pentameter; and I have little doubt some of them may become as popular as they are in

the original German, in which language a modification of the classical metres has been very successful.

I think that all verses of dactylic structure are eminently adapted to the spirit of the English language; and it is sufficient proof of this, to point to the involuntary dactylic lines that are constantly occurring. There is a well-known and frequently-quoted hexameter line in the second psalm—

“Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?”

But besides this, the Book of Psalms is everywhere full of them—not often complete lines, but showing the chief essentials, that is, the two last feet of the line correct, a dactyl followed by a trochee. The following detached sentences are tolerably perfect hexameter lines, selected at random :—

“Shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion.”

“For he hath
Strengthened the bars of thy gates, he hath blessed the children
within thee.”

“Bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.”

“Every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.”

“Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.”

“Yea, thou shalt see thy children’s children, and peace upon Israel.”

“Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy.”

“My soul
Waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning.”

Psalm cxxxvi. has a peculiarly dactylic character, from the beautiful repetition of the words “For his mercy endureth for ever.”

But there is no occasion for heaping up instances of involuntary hexameters. What remains is, to decide within what limitations the English poet must restrain those licenses which to a certain extent the language requires.

I think the hexameter alone never will be a favourite with the English public; but by combining it with the pentameter in alternate lines, after the manner of Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of the Ancients, I do think that it may become popular. The objection to the continuous hexameter is the length of line, and the dissyllabic termination, which is not agreeable to the English ear.

As rules for the hexameter, I think every line should begin with an accented syllable; and I would totally condemn the license Southey claims of commencing at pleasure with a short one. The cæsura (a pause after the first syllable of the third foot) is certainly a beauty, but may be dispensed with, and yet without injury to the metre. Of course, the fifth foot must be a dactyl (a long and two short syllables); and the last ought to be a trochee (a long and short), as the classical spondee (two long) sounds harsh in reading, and in fact, when it occurs, is invariably pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, thus making a forced trochee, as in the line of Coleridge previously quoted, which ends with “mad shouts,” two syllables of equal force, but which, in reading the line, become a long and a short. He has no other in-

stance of this, and Southey not many, as fortunately his ear was more correct than his theory. On this point, I have some doubt whether the last foot of the hexameter, even in the classical languages, was invariably pronounced as a strict spondee, but imagine it took more frequently a trochaic sound; at least, I have heard good readers of Greek and Latin verse accent the penultimate.

False pronunciations must be eschewed, and harsh elisions of syllables are bad; for unless the verse be smooth and flowing, it will utterly fail.

The pentameter I would keep as dactylic as possible, although that is not essential; but also in hexameters, I like those lines best that abound in dactyls, particularly where the cæsura is marked. In the pentameter, the cæsura is absolutely necessary, and, from the nature of our language, nearly unavoidable.

If by these few remarks I shall have done anything towards engrafting these classical metres on our language, I shall esteem my labour not in vain. In concluding, I give you a specimen of verses constructed as nearly as I could on the principles laid down, with this addition, that I have, although not without some hesitation, given the pentameters rhymes. I do not like rhymed hexameters; but I fancy that, however unclassical, the rhymed pentameters bring the verse still nearer to the forms of our English poetry, and may therefore sound less exotic.

In the hope that my defects may urge some higher hand to make a more successful attempt, I submit myself to the risk of being snubbed by any modern Apollo, as Propertius by the ancient, with

“Quid tibi cum tali demens est flumine? Quis te
Carminis heroi tangere jussit opus?”

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours very faithfully,

G. A.

Glasgow, 13th February, 1847.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

A FRAGMENT IN HEXAMETER-PENTAMETER VERSE.

THOU who hast been from eternity God and Lord of creation;
Deep in the fathomless past, giver and maker of all,
Soul of the universe, guiding its ceaseless motions and changes;
Infinite, mighty, and wise, in thy beneficent thrall!

First and alone in the limitless regions of space, we behold Thee,
But by the power of thy will, call to existence the germ
Which, in the fulness of time, thou shouldst fashion and mould at thy pleasure
Into fair life-breathing worlds, giving their being a term.

Thou didst form the stars in their infinite, intricate courses;
Badest them brightly revolve, filling all ether with light;
Thou didst call them together in clusters and firmaments rolling;
Peopling the blue depths of space, countless, and beaming, and bright.

Systems and suns, with their planets, circling in swift revolution,
Measured their orbits by laws framed from Eternity's birth;
Bright-orbed givers of radiance, like to our Sun in his glory;
Gentle receivers of Love, such as our beautiful Earth.

What though for joyless ages thy smile ne'er dawned upon chaos,
 Neither the light of thy soul moved on the face of the deep;
 Soon to its depths thou calledst, and, lo! they were stirred at thy bidding;
 Earth, with her energies fresh, rose from her ages of sleep.

Kindled to beauty and life by Nature, the nurse of her being,
 Warmed by the amorous sun, fanned by the genial breeze,
 Impulses new and energetic heaved in her quickening bosom,
 Filling with gladness and hope valleys, and mountains, and seas.

Silent and voiceless at first were the steps of her stately progression;
 Fair though the blue heavens beamed, rich in their sunlight as now;
 Long ere the fulness of life filled ocean and earth with rejoicing;
 Long ere a blossom or leaf waved on a green summer bough.

Humble and lowly the earliest phase of organic existence;
 Grass on the deserts and rocks, shells in the caves of the sea;
 Still were they hopeful germs of a fuller and fairer creation,
 Types of a lovelier time dawning to glorify Thee.

Thus to the shadowy past, though dim and dark its revealings,
 Turn we to trace on its page glory, and knowledge, and love,
 Beaming afar in the bygone time as they beam in the present,
 Giving the universe still beauty and hope from above.

G. A.

THE DEATH OF ODUS.

AN OSSIANIC TALE.

LISTEN to a tale of old. An aged chief sat by a rising oak; his white hairs streamed on the gale; his arm was now feeble, and his steps were short and slow; but he was of the mighty of renown—his sword was once the fire-beam of battle; his eye the light of death. He leaned on his staff, and waited the return of his stern sons from the field. The night-shades gathered on the plain, and the sun retired in his ocean-bed. The dim mist rolled around the hills, and revealed to the aged hero the forms of those he soon should join upon their clouds. A rushing foot-step broke the silence of night, and a dark form appeared staggering in its flight.

"Who art thou, son of night?" said the aged hero; "whither speedest thou, like the roe that is pierced by the hunter? Doth the foe pursue thee, thou weak of heart? What is there on the plain, that thou lookest backward and tremblest? Are the Sons of Battle* low?—Fear not, son of sorrow; mine is not the arm of cruelty, neither do I delight to triumph over the unfortunate. Art thou of the strangers of the distant land? Followest thou the King of the World,† when he

* The ancient Celts so designated the Romans.

† The Emperor of Rome was so called.

spreads the Wings of his Pride? * Still I will cheer thy heart, and send thee away in peace. Thou art safe in my dwelling; it is provided with the venison of the chase; partake with me in joy, and rest in confidence."

"Generous warrior," said the stranger, "thy words are healing to my smarting wounds. I am not weak of soul, O stranger; nor is my arm feeble on the field. Where the ravens congregate, I offer them the flesh of the mighty to their feast. My sword is no feeble scintillation in my hand; it is destroying as the fire of heaven, when it roars among your shaggy hills. Yet let me rest in peace, and the foe and the guest shall partake together. I am faint from my wounds. I am weary from the vanquished field. Lead me, son of sympathy, to your halls, for my spirit fails. Soon will it return to my native plains."

"Son of misfortune," said the chief, "thou art welcome to my abode; it is open to the needy, and the unfortunate shall never receive insult in its shade. Son of the brave, thou art pale; thou tremblest at every step. Doth thy spirit sink? Tell me, are the ghosts of thy fathers before thine eyes?"

"Chief of the generous heart," said the wounded warrior, in feeble accents, "my strength fails me. The music of my native plains is ringing in my ears. The bright daughters of the sunny land seem beckoning me home. I am no son of feeble men. My father's halls are by the deep-rolling Tivere.† He thinks upon his son, and his dim eyes will grow blind that he is no more. O my lovely Adiana! is it thy spirit that hovers before mine eyes? Dost thou come to cheer thy lover's departing moments? Father of the brave! my sight grows dim, and my exhausted spirit fain would rest. Here let me repose in peace."

* * * * *

"Sleep on, thou sad of heart. Soon shall it be thy last. Such as thou art now, was the dark-eyed Dermid. O brother! from thy dark mist look out. Show me thy fleecy form, riding on thy cloud, as it careers upon the wind. Dermid, thou wert brave as the mountain-torrent, resistless thine arm as the deep-rolling flood; yet thou didst fall beneath the arm of the mighty, and strangers raised thy tomb. They raised it in sorrow. They mourned for the fall of the valiant.

"Dermid left the halls of his fathers; and where the heroes of Morven broke the spears of Lochlin's sons, he was no feeble flame. Three days we rode on the foaming billow; on the fourth, the young Sun of morning looked dimly through his cloud in the east. He was as if bathed in blood. He looked out as the mighty from his rock of power, when his soul is flushed with joy at the contendings of the valiant on his plains, and his smile nerves the heroes of renown. His beams glittered on the morning wave, as on the burnished steel of a victorious king. Our white sails appeared like the fleecy clouds of the blue heaven, when they show to us the ghosts of those who have passed away. Glorious to the young hero were the beams of morning; for, on the ocean's ridge, a full-bosomed sail appeared. A warrior stood at its prow, and his spear

* "Wings of Pride" is a phrase used in Ossian to signify the Roman Eagle.

† The Tiber.

sparkled in the morning beam, like the clear stone of the mountain. It brought joy to the souls of the valiant, for it threatened the breaking of the feeble shields. —

"The heroes sought the plain. And as when two fierce winds contend shaking the mountains to their foundations; the firm rocks are hurled down their sides, into the valleys; and the strong oak of the forest is torn up like the feeble plant,—so met the foes. Fierce was their contention. Dark rolled the streams with blood. Here clanged the warrior's steel; there it drank the life-drop of the feeble. Dermid, mine eye rests on thee still, thou thunderbolt of death! Dermid stood like the rock of the torrent, when a hundred streams unite and lash their white foam upon its sides. The trees are torn away by the flood, but the rock stands steadfast. So stood my brother in the field of groans. His arm rolled back the tide of battle, and the foemen fled.

"Chief of the mighty! thou art fallen now. Thou returnedst not from that field of thy fame. I was then weak in arms, O Dermid! but my young soul loved to hear their clang. I saw thee fall by the purling brook. I saw the red tide oozing from thy side. I feared not for the flying foe; but I loved thee, thou stern son of my father!—The spear of a fallen foe, who rolled on me his eyes of wrath, pierced me, as I flew to aid the fallen chief. Mine eyes grew dark, and I swooned on the red heath.—My strength returned, but our friends were scattered far. The night descended on the hills; Dermid still lay by the little stream. I scared away the ravens, as they flapped around the dying hero; he rolled his dark eye upon me. 'Morla, my brother, is it thou?' he feebly uttered. 'I am weak and dying. The spirits of our fathers beckon me from their fleecy clouds. Soon, my brother, shall I dwell amid the storm, and look down from my airy hall on your deeds with joy. I would drink, O brother! for my lips are parched with the drought of death.'

"Mine eyes were like the spring oozing from its source. I was grieved for the hero's fall. I gave him of the mountain-stream. He revived; and leaning on my shoulder, we sought for our friends. 'Sons of the brave,' said a warrior, whose tall form issued from the shadow of a rock, 'you seem weak and in distress. Mine is the hall of friendship. The needy repose there in safety, and the brave are welcomed with joy. Come, sons of streamy Morven, partake of the cheer of no feeble chief.'

"We followed him to his halls. His warriors were around. They were the friends of Morven, and we were received with joy. They prepared a couch for the wounded Dermid. He arose from it no more. 'Morla,' said he, 'carry to the white-bosomed maid of my love, the beauteous daughter of the aged Dunmora, that messenger of the grave; 'tis a pledge of my love.' 'Twas an arrow's head. He plucked it from his bosom, and his spirit followed it.

"We raised his tomb by a rushing stream. An oak waved across it with its arms. We raised the song for Dermid; he was no feeble chief in the field."

"Son of the mighty," said the wounded warrior, reviving, "thine is a tale of woe. I too had a brother once—his name was Adan. He left our pleasant fields. Son of the misty land! ours is a sunny clime.

There grow the vine-tree and the pomegranate. There are fields waving with yellow corn. My brother tilled the ground. He was called to the wars of our country. I remained behind—a boy who loved the chase of the fierce boar in the shaggy woods. But my soul, O chief! was fired with the thirst of fame. I sought the field, clad in my father's arms. My brother received me not with joy. 'O Odus, my brother!' cried he, 'what brings you to the field? Boy! you are too weak to carry arms!' O chief, the pride of my soul arose. I longed for the fight, that I might prove my arm in combat. It came. I rushed into the thickest of our foes. I fought long. I was desperate. It was the rage of youth. When the combat slackened, I lay on the field. No hand of sympathy was there to soothe me in my pain. I thought of home, and fain would have returned. I thought of my brother's words, and I felt indignant still.—I observed a tall figure moving upon the plain. He stooped, searching among the dead. He seemed overwhelmed with grief. 'Odus, my brother!' he exclaimed, 'hast thou fallen in thy youth? Who will carry the tale to our grey-haired sire? He will mourn for thee, O Odus! he will mourn for thee! for thou hast fallen without thy fame. Thou hast fallen like the sapling in the rushing storm.'

"I started at the words. I strove to rise; but I was weak and feeble, though not as I am now. I fell again, among a heap of dead and dying men. 'Adan, Adan!' I exclaimed, 'I am here! I am weak, O Adan! but I am not weak in soul. My arm has not been idle in the field. My manhood has come. Adan, withdraw your bitter words.' He bent over me, and his dark eye owned a glistening drop. 'Odus, my brother,' he said, 'thy young soul is not of the race of feeble men; but thou hast fallen in the rashness of thy youth. Who will tell it in our pleasant valley? Who will comfort our aged sire?' 'Adan,' said I, 'I am weak, but it is not the weakness of death. Lead me to your tent; to-morrow I will be well. He raised me from the ground. He saw that my wound was not mortal, and his joy was great. He led me among the old warriors, and they were loud in the praises of my courage. O chief! my soul was glad. Often since have I been in the strife of the field. But who shall tell it to our father now? Adan has fallen—he fell on a field of fame. I was there. I saw him breathe his last. 'Odus,' he said, 'I see our sunny land. Our grey father leans upon his staff, and beseeches the gods for our return. Odus, we shall never return. Thou, too, shalt fall; but thou shalt fall a hero. The gods of our country be propitious to our aged sire! Odus, my spirit sinks within me. O lovely Adatha! on the cold plain is stretched the form of thy beloved. Thou wilt weep for the fallen, but thou wilt rejoice in his fame.'

"Such were the words of my brother. He passed away in his youth. I saw him laid in his narrow tomb. He sleeps far from his native home. O stranger, soon too shalt thou lay me in my narrow place of abode. Mine arm has been lifted against thee. It has struck thy country's warriors. Our swords have crossed the earth. We have vanquished the nations; but alas for the Imperial City! Her time is come. By Carun's stream we fought, as we were wont; but who can

control the gods? They gave us our day of fame; let us submit to their decrees. Stranger, your warriors have prevailed. I fell by one of your groves of oak. I lay insensible. I revived, and drank of the mountain-stream, and felt my strength return; but oh! it is the strength that forebodes the hour of dissolution. O chief, I feel the pangs of death. Twenty-three summers only have I seen; but I fall not without my fame. I see—I see the blue mountains of my native land. I hear the songs of its maidens ringing in my ears. Adiana, bright sunbeam of my love! thou wilt mourn over my fall. I loved thee, O Adiana!—I love thee still. O aged warrior, thou knowest the strength of love! It gives vigour to the feeble arm; it nerves to deeds of fame; it soothes the departing spirit. Stranger, I have seen the mighty low—I have seen defeat: let me not see the coming ruin. Farewell, generous chief! Mine eyes grow dim. I will sleep here; I will rest for ever.”

* * * * *

“Thou hast fallen,” said Morla, “in thy youth, O stranger of the distant land. No more shalt thou curb the fiery steed—no more rejoice in the deeds of arms. Why didst thou tempt our mountain-warriors?—why didst thou leave the bright and sunny land? Thy aged father waits for thee—thy loved one mourns for thy return; but they wait and mourn in vain. Thou art fallen like the stubborn oak of the mountain, when it rejoices in its strength. The storm rages over the groves, and the feeble trees bend beneath it, and are safe. But the stout oak yields not: it stands erect before the sweeping blast, till it parts by the roots; and it falls, and is withered on its hill.

“Stranger, thy tomb shall rise on the rustling heath. The hunter of future days shall mark it, and say to the youthful warrior—‘Here rests the stranger foe. He came from the bright and sunny land, but he fell on the spears of our fathers. His mounds of strength are now desolate, and the green grass waves upon their sides. Our fathers were mighty in war: they passed not away without their renown.’ Thus shall future years hear of our warriors’ deeds. They have vanquished the King of the World. They have brought joy to the soul of the aged Morla. They have rejoiced his heart. They are still a race of heroes!”

Such were the words of Morla, as he stood over the departed warrior. His warlike sons, returning, drew around. They grieved for the fate of the young and valiant foe. They laid the departed in his tomb. They raised a tall stone by his head, that it might speak to other days. They mourned for the hero’s fall, but they also rejoiced in the song of victory, as the bards struck their sounding harps, and thus their voices raised—

“Where are the Sons of Battle? where spread they the Wings of their Pride?

“The Sons of Battle are scattered on our fields. Their steeds are stricken like the roe by the hunter. They are rolled away like the mist of the mountain. Their Wings of Pride are spread on the far-bounding ocean: they are spread like the wings of the doves, when the hawks pursue them. They have melted away in their pride, like the snow in the rolling stream. Rejoice, ye conquerors, in the feast of shells! Sing,

O ye mountains! for the mighty have fallen. Rejoice, ye blood-stained streams! for the Sons of Battle are low.

“Raise the song, ye Bards, for the fallen—for those who have passed away in their renown. Their fame shall last. They have smitten the mighty behind their heaps. Their fame shall last for ever; for the Sons of Battle are scattered on our fields.”

SONG.

Sweet's the morning hour, displaying
Beauty on hill, tree, and tower;
But with thee, all lovely, straying,
Sweeter far the twilight hour.

See the sun is low descending!
All is charming, bright, and fair;
Now to me thy soft hand lending,
Lead on to St. Inan's chair.

On our way the heath-bells blooming,
Tinged with gold; yet we may see
Fragrant thyme, the air perfuming,
Pure and beautiful, like thee.

Here alone thou oft hast wander'd,
Nature's native charms around
 wooing thee to be remember'd,
Shouldst thou leave this hallow'd ground.

Then these flowers would droop in sadness,
Thy haunts solitary be,
Linnets lose their wonted gladness,
If we were deprived of thee.

Let them not be long forsaken;
Oh! in pity oft return;
Here thy youthful joys awaken;
Here thou ne'er hadst cause to mourn.

Oft in fancy I'll be nigh thee,
Charmed when thou art not aware—
Often thus be sitting by thee,
Happy in St. Inan's chair.

Sweet's the morning hour, displaying
Beauty on hill, tree, and tower;
But with thee, all lovely, straying,
Sweeter far the twilight hour.

BEITH.

D. CALDWELL.

THE DESIRE OF HAPPINESS THE INCENTIVE TO HUMAN ACTION.

THE ideas entertained by different individuals as to what constitute Happiness, are so varied, that he who pursues it must despair of ever attaining its unalloyed enjoyment. The attainment of a favourite object, with many, is, to their minds, the sure means of entering on a state of existence that will be undisturbed by sorrow. Some look for Happiness in the possession of wealth; and the desire of its acquirement may arise from higher and holier motives than the mere thirst for sensual indulgence. It may be desired for the purpose of blessing the poor estate of sin and misery in which millions are left to be pests to society, and curses to themselves. It may be for the purpose of study and retirement in declining days; and that the blessed, the glorious hope, of happiness may be consummated in rural retirement; for, with the poet, he may think that

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound!
Content to breathe his native air,
On his own ground."

And the individual may reason that if "paternal acres" be a source of Happiness, how much more sweet must that felicity be, derived from acres, the produce of a life of honourable toil and exertion! It may be, that, with high religious feelings, and impressed with obligations which man owes to God and his fellows, he seeks Happiness as the fruits of his exertions in teaching, or having taught, to others the doctrines of that faith he has received for himself, and which leads him to believe that all beyond its influence are in a condition, the consequences of which are fearfully important.

Others again—the rare spirits of the human race—the prodigies of the God-imagined creature, man—within whose clayey tenement there is lodged a larger portion of deity or of demon than in other men—be it for good or ill to their fellows, they leave the beaten tracks of human routine. To the common world, their thoughts are madness—insanity. Like the lightning's flash, the scintillations of their souls move in no direct course—zig-zag, eccentric. It cannot be told by the observer whither their bolts are shot; but, nevertheless, they meet their object—they destroy the wisdom of venerated and vaunted generations—they annihilate customs, and break up systems upon which men have acted, and have believed in for long centuries. The work of a demon or a god is surely there; but the world receives their thoughts as madmen's ravings, flashing but to destroy—their actions burst upon it like crashes of thunder, or the dread convulsions of an earthquake. Nothing is seen but desolation and ruin. Men fear for systems; they seem to believe that truth will fail at last; they are startled and alarmed with doubt, fear, indignation. Those restless beings, tossed by the inner spirit, struggling with

the mightiest objects, grappling with the boldest aims, are denounced, anathematized, often given over to the "bigot's ready hell;" at the least, the world frequently scorns them, laughs at them. Do these men court unhappiness? possessed, as they generally are, of the acutest feelings, and the keenest sensibilities that Nature can bestow. It would be against all experience to believe so. They seek for enjoyment in the exercise of those rare faculties with which Nature has so endowed them.

The austere monk, cavered in his gloomy cell, with self-imposed penances and lacerated body, seeks, from his own voluntary torments, to derive a source of Happiness. The soldier on the battle-field, smarting with pain from the wounds inflicted by his foes, "seeking his reputation at the cannon's mouth," wades through scenes of blood and carnage, in the eager search of Happiness. How varied all human pursuit!—how different are human tastes! But, in all their paths and aims, there is but one object ever before their view—one question at every turn they make—"Who will show us any good?" Behold the miser on his bed of pain—the conqueror and destroyer of all flesh glazing his faded eye till its last flash has been expended; with the expiring throb of his mammon-adoring heart, he clutches his money-bags—his long-cherished idol—in his embrace, and feels that, dying thus, he would be happy. Look to the devotee, whose life has been passed in acts of faith, devotion, charity, prayers, meekness, and forbearance towards men; his soul is unsatisfied with the things of time and the life that now is;—with his last breath he declares the vanity and unsatisfying nature of human things; and, amid the wreck and dissolution of his mortal frame, his imagination kindles at the thought of other worlds, and he hails the grisly spectre, Death, as the kindly usher to a happier and a better state.

What, then, is Happiness? Has it ever been attained in time? If ever you found a happy and a contented man, who had no other wish to satisfy, no other virtue to attain, then, indeed, these questions might be easily answered. Happiness, we conceive, must result from a perfect satisfaction with ourselves, our own character, our circumstances in life, our attainments, our bodily health and enjoyments. It belongs to no circumstance, no station, no amount of the wealth of this world, but with our perfect acquiescence, not in word alone, but in feeling, that all that regards ourselves, and those connected with us, is right and well ordered. And he who is so must either be as insensible to feeling as a clod, or pure in spirit as an angel; and his conversation and connexions must be with those as pure and happy as himself.

What then?—are men to be told that this life, being a gloomy state, is to be voted a *horrid bore*?—that because Happiness, that glorious idea which is the undoubted mainspring of all human action, and which is ever in the future of man's expectation, and never in the enjoyment of the present hour—that, therefore, the human race are to become a set of whining, drivelling, miserable hypochondriacs? Surely not. The desire of Happiness we firmly believe to be the instigating cause to all religious belief, and to all acts of faith. But, as regards this world, how useful is the feeling to the human race! All improvement, all exertion, works of art, of charity, of benevolence, discoveries in science, poets' visions, ro-

manicists' dreams, all human action is, and must be, performed by the instigating influence of that noblest of all incentives, the feeling of satisfaction in carrying out a cherished design, and the hope of attaining Happiness from the applause of our own consciences, or by sincerely improving the condition of ourselves and others. Pleasure differs so far from Happiness, in our apprehension, that the former is momentary, or, at the best, of a fleeting nature, and the latter a lasting state, without desire of further enjoyment. So far as this world and our constitutions are concerned, Happiness is a thing not to be expected ever to be attained; and yet the Author of our being, wise in all his plans, who formed this world for man, and man for himself, has implanted the thirst of Happiness within the human breast as the highest and the strongest incentive, not only of obedience to his revealed, but to his organic laws. Some men are more unhappy than others; and those gifted with the highest attainments are often, if not generally, "of all men most miserable." It is, and must be, a natural consequence. He who knows the perfection of beauty in virtue, knowledge, order—he must keenly feel the infringement of their requirements in himself or in those around him. It is the duty of man to call in the aid of judgment and of reason to sober down the disappointments and jarrings that meet and jostle him in his earthly career of existence. That existence was given him to be useful to himself and others; and that end can only be gained by the infliction of misery hanging over a guilty or an imperfect step. We are none of us immaculate: Heaven knows, none of us are perfect. Crosses, cares, troubles, anxieties, are to be met with, and must be looked for in this life. It is our duty to avoid them as much as possible, and to acquire as much Happiness as our situations will permit. These ends can alone be gained by constantly acting under the guidance of calm reflection, and in doing good.

SONNET.

OH! 'tis a cutting thought that Man must feel—
 Must feel the pressure of the thousand woes
 That hover round his being, fixing throes
 Within his bosom that no time can heal.
 Philosophy is weak, though nerved like steel,
 To cure the heart-ache. Sickening as Man goes
 Along this vale of tears, around him throws
 A thousand vain illusions every ill,
 From hopes that perish ere they well have shown
 Themselves on Fancy's promise—cherished fields;
 And on such hopes full many a spirit builds
 Its love of being. The foundations gone,
 Life is a bitter draught—a load of care,
 By sorrow stifled, struggling 'gainst despair.

WANDERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN RENFREWSHIRE.

BOTANY.

CRUIKSTON CASTLE—WAUKMILL GLEN—FERENEZE AND GLENIFFER
BRAES.

IN a literary miscellany such as our *Magazine*, it may probably not be considered out of place, the introduction of some notices from a Correspondent of the *fauna* of Renfrewshire—not strictly in the dry style of scientific naturalists, but, if possible, in imitation of Goldsmith, who, as Johnson said, wrote his “Animated Nature” in the view of rendering a technical science more attractive than it had hitherto been to general readers, without presuming any approach to comparison with that eminent author.

Should this first sample of our Correspondent’s excursions be considered of any interest, they may, if continued, include the Zoology and Botany of the County, as well as its Geology and Mineralogy, from Kelly Bridge to the furthest limits of the parish of Eaglesham.

Botany, in the meantime, presents itself as a favourite subject. Where was there ever, or where is now, the human being so dead to the beauties of Nature, as not to admire plants? Flowers are favourites with all, from the child emerging from infancy to the senile florist, eyeing, with “spectacles on nose,” his favourite tulips, pansies, or auriculas. It is not with the florist, the garden, or the greenhouse, that we are now at work. Nature, uncultivated and unassisted Nature, without especial regard to splendour or speciosity, is our theme, having more in admiration the “gowan” which even “peeps round the fox’s den,” than that pretty plant’s cultivated self—the daisy of our gardens.

Let us, then, have excursions, making our remarks as we go along; and let it be seen that in the vicinity of Paisley are to be found a fair amount of the rarer plants indigenous to the “North Country.”

The banks of the Canal, as one goes towards Glasgow, are redolent of a variety of plants; but crossing the bridge at Rosshill, and making a passing visit to the ruins of Cruikston Castle, a few minutes might be spent there. The historical recollections of the place, and the fate of its once royal inhabitant, must, in the first instance, absorb all minor feelings. But these vanished, just take a *detour* to the eastern side of the ruins; and in fraternity with the nettle, the dog’s-mercury, and other forbidding plants, under the umbrageous protection of the trees, and upon what appears at one time to have been a moat, you will find that truly remarkable plant the cuckoo-pint or “wake robin” (*Arum Maculatum*.) It is a plant which affects solitary and secluded places; and its peculiar form of flowering and fructification, and its arrow-shaped maculated leaves, of a sombre green, associate it with gloom and melancholy, so as to cause it to form an appropriate appanage to the famed and time-worn edifice of Cruikston. The plant is rare in Scotland. It is found at Inch Mona, in the Lake of Monteith, Perthshire; but the locality of the

Castle of Cruikston appears, so far as made known, to be the only one in Renfrewshire. It is naturally acrid, and said to be poisonous. It has tuberous roots, and is cultivated in the Island of Portland, as it produces a feculent matter, by boiling the roots, which is wholesome and nutritious, and much made use of as flour. Why should its cultivation not be extended?

Passing the noisome vapours of the chemical works at Hurlet or Nithill, let us proceed to the Waukmill Glen, either *via* Barrhead or Darnley. Strange it is that the Waukmill Glen has neither been honoured with the strains of the poet, nor the meditations of the botanist. Tannahill wrote of his "Dusky Glen," which, with all its beauties, is a mere ravine, compared to the Waukmill Glen. The Brock burn, in its progress from the muir lochs of the Mearns, passes through this romantic glen, and, by successive leaps over inaccessible rocks, forms a dam or basin, formerly used as a reservoir for the Darnley Bleaching-Works, now deserted and dilapidated. The banks slope suddenly downward towards the bed of the successive falls, thickly covered by a variety of trees and shrubs, with an under-growth of vegetation of a diversified character—such as the rare wood-sanicle, the wood-ruff, and many others which occur in such places. This spot is particularly noticed as a *habitat* of the herb Paris (*Paris quadrifolia*), a plant very rare. It is perennial, and associates, like the Arum, with the Mercury. It has a slender upright stem of from four to nine inches, with four horizontally-arranged leaves at the top, in the centre of which is the greenish flower of the class Octandria, which eventually is succeeded by a fruit or berry of a dark colour. How this curious plant has been titled "Paris" is not explainable, unless its berry may be supposed to have been the apple which caused the Trojan war. The Waukmill Glen is worthy of a visit, though the operations of the Gorbals Gravitation Water Company may tend in some degree to do detriment to its amenity.

Leaving this romantic spot, and retracing so far our steps, we reach the Fereneze and Gleniffer Braes. Along these ridges, and their vicinity, numerous plants of common occurrence are found, but a few only of the scarcer ones, whose peculiarities, either in regard to form, beauty, or utility, are intended to be culled as we wander on.

The tuberous Moschatel (*Adoxa moschatellina*) is a small, vividly green, and tender plant, seeking shelter under the protection of trees in secluded places. There are two spots at the northern base of the Braes where this plant exists—the Hairlaw wood, below the water-fall, near the Glenfield dam, and below the Rev. Mr. Brewster's lately-erected house. The root is in a degree tuberous, and its prettily-formed leaves are radical, each being placed at the summit of a slender stem. The flower is very peculiar—rises from the centre, of a globular form, but containing a compound of florets. It emits a musky odour, from which its name is derived. At these two places, the *moschatel* intermingles freely with its more common, yet equally retiring and shelter-seeking neighbour, the wood-sorrel, commonly called "Ladies' sourrock," (*Oxalis acetosella*.) This lovely little plant grows almost invariably in woods, and is ever-green. It is well known for its fine acid flavour, which is such as to produce a most palatable conserve. A scientific

gentleman lately proved to satisfaction, from the Irish word "Sham-rog," that this plant is the true Shamrock of Ireland. Every one knows that it is customary to wear the badge of the Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and that the common trefoil or clover is made use of, clearly through mistake, arising from the trefoliated leaves of both plants tending to confound them. While in the lower department of the ridges, it would be a matter of regret to leave unnoticed one or two plants deserving of attention. At the base of the Gleniffers, in several marshy places, as below Braehead, that showy plant, the purple spiked Loosetrife, is to be found growing to the height often of three feet, exhibiting its long tapering spike of purple flowers. From its fine appearance, this plant has been introduced into the garden. It can be seen to great advantage upon the islet in the centre of the dam at Colinslie Printworks, which is covered with it, and, in the proper season, blooms "unprofitably gay." Another Loosetrife, but of a different class, is found about the base of the Braes—the Wood Loosetrife (*Lysimachia Nemorum*), which trails on the ground, and has a very elegant yellow flower. If these plants, and other Loosetrifes, had the fancied property of dissolving quarrels, they would be invaluable indeed. The Bitter Ladies' Smock (*Cardamine amara*) is to be found in the moist gullies as you proceed upwards. It is of the tetradynamious class, and, forms a good salad, as indeed does the common Ladies' Smock (*C. pratensis*.) The Butterwort (*Pinguicula Vulgaris*) also occurs, but not commonly, though its name would import the reverse.

[To be continued.]

SONNET,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, IN THE FAIRLEY ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXHIBITION IN BEHALF OF THE LIBRARY, FEB. 18, 1847.

SEE Scotland's Hero bending o'er his shield,
 In meditation deep upon his country's ills!
 His large eye flashes, and his bosom fills
 With youthful ardour for the tented field.
 To Edward's mandates, must the free-born yield?
 The very thought his valiant spirit chills,
 Yet nerves with vigour—every sinew thrills
 With ardent courage, while his heart is steel'd.
 "My country shall be free. Turn, brothers, turn!
 Let tyrants' dictates wasted be on air.
 My indignation and my valour burn,
 Of Fatherland the injuries to repair."—
 Forth spring the young, the valiant, and the free;
 And follow firmly HIM of Elderslie.

THE EAGLES' REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE TRIBE OF THE LAS-MAG-MI.

"The arrow flew—Galvina fell in blood."—OSSIAN.

WHILST Columbus, leaving the coast of Andalusia, was steering, in his fragile equipment, for the Western Seas, the aborigines of Northern America, though wrapt in gloomy ignorance, were enjoying comparative happiness. Feuds existed among themselves, it is true, oftentimes ending in carnage and tribe-extinction. Still, as the undisturbed possessors of the soil, they were not accursed by European innovation.

The evening sun was sinking behind the broad waters of Lake Erie, as the warriors of Las-mag-mi returned victoriously from a predatory attack on a neighbouring tribe. Reposing their wearied limbs under a forest glade, they beheld the outlines of an advancing band. Suspicious, the warriors stood prepared to receive them as enemies; but their caution was unnecessary, for, on a nearer approach, they recognised the messengers of a distant tribe, an ally, whose object was merely to announce, that the chief of their powerful tribe would visit Las-mag-mi on the appearance of the new moon.

This intelligence roused the vanity of their chief Fas-fas-ka, and he resolved to receive the announced guest in a style of unexampled munificence. Accordingly, he gave strict injunctions to his Indians to secure abundance of venison. Parties were formed, one to steal the finny tribe of the waters from their element; another, to bring down from their flight the winged fowls of the air; and a third, to pursue and secure the fleet quadrupeds of the land. Each party, in the laudable spirit of emulation, resolved to strain its utmost nerve to be the most successful.

The old moon had receded from view, and the three parties, in accordance with their chief's instructions, returned to the village, where they were introduced to the impatient chief. He first addressed the party who had gone in search of fish.

"What success have you met with?"

"O chief! we obeyed thy injunctions, toiled at thy command, and have been successful," replied the leader, who, along with the addressed party, made an abject obeisance.

The chief turned his keen, small, piercing eye to the second party. He spoke not, but they recognised his pleasure, and said—

"We have, most powerful Fas-fas-ka! been also successful. Look to the eastmost corner of your lodge, and behold! brilliant plumage glitters in the sun."

The chief nodded a sign expressive of his pleasure. He looked over to the third party. Their downcast looks told too plainly, want of fortune. They were silent.

"Speak!" said the chief sternly.

"Oh! irresistible Fas-fas-ka, we claim thy protection. We strained every nerve; we have slept none for three nights past, endeavouring to please thee, but have been unfortunate."

The lips of the haughty chief curled with displeasure; his brow lowered; and he uttered, through clenched teeth, strong terms of his disapprobation. Quickly turning to the two other bands, he said—

"You have been successful. We must have venison to garnish the repast of our allies. So, run! scour the plain with the eagle's eye, and the lightning's speed. Ere the morrow's sun go down, return, not with empty hands, but well filled. Away! remember your fate hangs upon your success."

The party made a sign, expressive of acquiescence, and left the presence of their proud chief, around whose mouth played a look of resolute determination. No sooner were they free from his commanding countenance, than they muttered terms of their chagrin at being appointed to execute so troublesome a task, when the rest of their brethren were enjoying the pleasures of the dance and the carousal. Complaint was useless, and they searched for consolation and advice in each other's faces.

"What can we now do? The expert huntsman Kia-ie-ee has, along with his practised assistants, been defeated in all attempts to enenare the game! We have been successful in the sea and the air, the elements we have been accustomed to; but who can promise us success on the land?"

A deep silence ensued, but no consoling strains were heard. The Indians set up a mournful chorus, tore the hair from their heads with grief, and threw themselves on the ground.

In the midst of this scene, an older Indian seemed alone to refrain from those violent expressions, his fellows uttered. His hair had changed with time, deep wrinkles furrowed his brow; yet his voice was firm, and his step elastic.

"Friends," said he, "why do you thus weep? Once I was young like yourselves, and often gave myself over to the bitter pangs of despair. Yet was I never forsaken by the GOOD SPIRIT. He has delivered me from a thousand perils more threatening than the present. The old moons have sunk in the other world beyond the mountains, leaving us for a while in darkness; but new ones came, to cheer our paths in the night. The GOOD SPIRIT may leave you; but ere long he returns, and cheers you by his presence. Follow me, and I fear not he will make you successful."

Every countenance changed, and hope twinkled in every eye, at these cheering words. Each one sprung to his feet, and followed. Now were they seen crossing a rapid stream; then ambulating under the tall boughs of a plantation; at another time following the footsteps of the old man over the luxuriant herbage of a flower-shaded mountain, or ascending some of its steep cliffs.

"Be not tired," said the patriarch in a consolatory strain—"be not tired, my brave youths; soon shall we arrive at our destination."

Onwards moved the imposing procession, with a regular and rather quick step. They followed in silence, as their leader conducted them through a lengthened shade of birch trees,

"High o'erarched, embower'd."

At the end of this cool and sheltered way, a smooth rivulet flowed clear as crystal. The old man paused and said, "Drink ye of this stream:

its waters are pleasant to the taste, and strengthening to the frame. We have yet one great difficulty to overcome. Be patient, and you shall succeed. Drink deep of the waters; they are blessed by the GOOD SPIRIT, and have a medicinal virtue."

The Indians, being refreshed, resumed travelling. With difficulty they scrambled up an intersecting precipice, on which they began to murmur at the difficulties into which they were led; whilst some acted so ungraciously as to insinuate they were seduced away, with the view of being delivered into the hands of the Wams, upon whose territory they were now closely bordering. The old man, to silence unjust murmurings and vindicate his integrity, laid open his scheme.

"See you yon wild craggy peak? On the westward corner, a pair of eagles long ago built their nest. Oftentimes they sally forth, and whilst they appear like a speck on the distant sky, they are making rapid spiral evolutions in descending and pouncing their talons on some ill-fated inhabitant of the wild, or on some of the flocks of the Wams' foe. Although they seize much from them, we escape their ravages. Let us mount. We will find it well stocked with what we search after. Let us then mount, and clear it."

Whilst he thus spoke, his finger pointed to a crag overhanging the Indians, very dangerous to ascend. They slightly trembled; but, recollecting that their return without venison would draw down the displeasure of their chief, their only course was to comply. After an arduous struggle, the party safely reached the summit. There, as the suggester expected, a considerable portion of the lighter venison was found. When they had cleared the eyry of all its desired contents, they descended more slowly, but with spirits more elated. On their way home, they found a fat buffalo entangled in a morass, whence he could not move. This excellent prize was secured; and with lightsome hearts they re-trod their former steps, and reached home as the sun had thrown his last streaks of crimson over the verdant earth.

They were introduced to their chief, who received them with greater pleasure than before, because they were more fortunate.

Another sun arose. Ere it had reached its meridian, Quas-gi-gua, the powerful ally of Fas-fas-ka, was seen moving over the mountain with a numerous retinue. Loud exclamations of joy, which pealed through the valley, welcomed the visitors. They met, and received each other according to their conventional notions of civility. Both chiefs, after Quas-gi-gua, chief of the Thos-pi-ha tribe, pulled off his mocassins, in token of the sincerity of his visit; sat down on a buffalo skin; and then, with a long pipe or calumet (the symbol of peace and friendship amongst the Indians), fell to smoking tobacco, mixed with the leaves of the *sumach*, which grows in a distant part of their country. When all these preliminaries of courtesy were gone through, the Thos-pi-has made known the object of their visit, by detailing the wants of their tribe, and requested the visited to supply them. Such messages were frequently exchanged amongst the peaceful tribes of North America, and it was accounted an insult and a breach of courtesy to send them away without the expected supply.

The request of the visitors was granted. Both chiefs were satisfied; and as Quas-gi-gua was preparing, along with his followers, to depart,

both chiefs exchanged strings, as a token of friendship. Their national music, which was performed on instruments—one like a drum—another a rattle or skin bag, filled with pebbles, which makes a noise when shaken, was played as the visitant chief and his retinue re-ascended the hill, and moved onwards to their own country.

Immediately after the withdrawal of the friendly tribe, a council was held, composed of the chiefs and warriors of the tribe. *Fas-fas-ka*, as the principal one, presided. The object was to discuss how to obtain a substitution of that article they had presented in abundance to the *Thos-pi-has*. After the debate was closed, and when the meeting was on the point of breaking up, an Indian, far advanced in years, approached and stood up, endeavouring to attract the attention of the assemblage. He was recognised as the old warrior who had led on the deputed party to the eyry of the eagle. He immediately gained silence (for every warrior, rich or poor, had the right to be heard in council), and said—

“I am poor, chiefs and warriors. A few days ago, I possessed cattle; now, I possess none. When the friendly chief arrived at the new moon, I was in the midst of you, rejoicing with those who joyed. On returning to my wigwam, my squaws told me an eagle descended, and bore off the fattest of my flock. On the morrow, I again joined in the festivities. When I returned, I found the eagle had committed other depredations. I stayed at home, sore vexed. I looked from my door, and saw an enormous eagle transfix its talons on the last twin-lamb of my flock, and carry it off. I wept, for nothing was left me but a horse. No sooner had the morrow's sun risen, than the same winged oppressor returned, and tore out the horse's eyes, in defiance of my bow. Now it is living in agony, and I fear we must soon part; and, oh! at last, to crown all, my misdirected arrow entered its side.”

Here the old man burst into tears.

“Do you all, then, noble chiefs and warriors, go to the eyry, whither I will guide you, and tear up its fixtures; for soon the eagles may steal your cattle, even as they have seized mine. Go, and the blessings of an aged warrior shall rest on your head.”

Silence ensued.

It was unanimously agreed to comply with the old man's request; and after preparations, the party followed. They soon arrived at the fountain-rivulet, where each refreshed himself with a draught of the clear waters.

“Now, whilst we are resting,” said the chief, “tell us more fully concerning the affair.”

The old man began—“O Sachem, many hundred moons ago, when our fathers were revelling in the fruits of abundance, there came to this country a pair of eagles. Frequently were they beheld watching with kindled eyes the fish-hawk, as like lightning it descended from making serial circumvolutions, and plunged beneath the placid waters of Lake Erie, whence it had scarcely re-ascended into the air, with a cry of exultation, till the clear-sighted eagle would pursue, and ultimately secure its prize. Often, too, has it seized on the lambs of the Wams, and borne them aloft. But never till this moon was it known to seize on our possessions; and thus it is they have hitherto remained unmo-

lest. Although our ancestors, day after day, saw these eagles, they could never, even after most careful search, find out their eyry. Sixty moons ago, dire famine overspread the country like a darkened cloud; and I had nought to fill the mouths of my starving offspring, or to appease the violent lamentations of my squaws. With a sorrowful heart, I wandered over morass and mountain, trusting that the Good Spirit would alleviate my sufferings. At length, he led me to this stream, of whose waters I drank, to refresh my broken heart. As I lay on that bank, I beheld an eagle descend from the blue sky, laden with venison. I watched its movements, and saw whither it retired. 'Is it right,' I murmured, 'that an irrational creature, who does not acknowledge the Good Spirit, should be fed, whilst I and my offspring are starving?' Waiting the eagle's departure, I pulled out my calumet, and reverentially directed its curling smoke to the rising and setting sun. The eagle flew off; and, arising from my couch, I ascended yonder precipice. I shortly afterwards returned to my family, loaded with venison. A time or two since, I have recommitted the same action. It was there I led the party you despatched, from which they got the viands for your guest. When retiring, I saw the eagle hovering around. Now I find it has marked me. It has been revenged. Let us be so too," continued the old orator, whilst the fire of youth played around his eyes, and his arms were used with great vehemence. "Let us not desecrate our renowned prowess by tamely submitting to the depredations of a bird of prey. Come! away!—let us enrich ourselves with the feathers with which we may adorn our peace-making calumets!"

The fiery spirit of the party was aroused by this oration, and they straightway ascended the cliff, after *Fas-fas-ka*. The chief is always foremost in the adventures of his tribe. His daring, boldness, oratory, or scheming powers, is what constitutes him so in most instances, and not hereditary descent. Amongst no people is equality more fully seen than amongst the Indian tribes; but when once any one of the tribe consolidates his power, he often grows overbearing in his deportment. The party reached in safety the eyry. It was large; composed of a heterogeneous mass of materials—large sticks, sod, earthy rubbish, hay, moss, and such-like substances. They found two eaglets in the nest—one, however, twice the size of the other, which, perhaps, proves that the vulgar assertion is correct, that the female lays only one egg, which being hatched, she lays another, and leaves it to be hatched by the warmth of the young bird.

By the time they were ready for departing, they had completely destroyed the eagle's nest, and had burned the materials amidst loud shouts of appeased revenge. After the work of demolition was concluded, the party descended the cliff, laden with spoil, and carrying with them the young eaglets. On reaching home, they encaged the prize, and presented the cage to the youthful son of *Fas-fas-ka*, an immoderate favourite, not only of his father, but also of the whole tribe, as his daring and mental powers were astonishing for his years. They afterwards rejoiced on the successful termination of this exploit, by dancing and music.

But, ah! man sees but a little way. To-day, his bosom is filled with

the sunshine of happiness; to-morrow, all is changed, and the blackness of despair succeeds.

The sun went down. The weary dancers retired to their wigwams. Another sun arose. All was bustle; for the day was set apart for athletic deeds—sports much valued amongst the tribe. The steeds neighed on the ground; and, after appointed signals, they bounded with matchless speed over the appointed course. The squaws, though generally treated like the vilest slaves—for it is they who till and prepare the ground—were permitted to be spectators of the scene. As the youths are early trained up to manlike actions, they also were brought to the field. Amongst these was the hope of his tribe, the son of Fas-fas-ka. He stood in the field, with the object of his affections, the cage and its imprisoned inmates, by his side. Three of the chief's squaws were appointed to watch him, but the eagerly-contested competition had allured them from their charge.

The chief of the Las-mag-mi tribe stood a short distance from his son, in the midst of the sachems. Their eyes were eagerly bent on the contest, for they had to decide the result. The chief now and then threw an anxious glance to the spot where the object of his solicitude was placed, for the child was daring, and might endanger his life. A general silence pervaded the multitude, nought being heard but the trampling of horses' hoofs. The anxiety increased as the racers gained nearer the goal. The chief again gazed over to his child. Two small specks, high in the air, attracted his notice. Fear arose within his breast. Suddenly, like arrows from heaven, sweepingly descended two eagles to the spot where the young chief stood alone and unprotected.

"Death!" hastily cried, in agony, the chief. "See, see!"

As he spoke, the eyes of the sachems were turned to where the chief pointed. Fas-fas-ka spoke—

"Affrighten them away! Raise the yelling noise of the war-whoop!"

The horrid noise re-echoed through the field. The spectators, both amazed and alarmed, started forward, as they gazed on the scene. The squaws tore their hair in grief.

"See, they mount!" said the agonized chief, as he pointed to the ascent of the two majestic birds—one bearing the cage, whilst the other carried the unfortunate youth. The eagles were resolute, for neither the frightful noise of the war-whoop, nor yet the bellowing of the Indians, made them relinquish their prize.

Being a day set apart for amusement, few bows were brought into the field. At last, one was brought to Fas-fas-ka. Strong feelings agitated his frame, and rendered him unfit to mark out with a steady hand the winged robbers. The old warrior was at his side. He seized the bow. He marked with a Bowman's eye. Swift flew the arrow, and one of the eagles fell, deluged in blood. A loud burst of joy arose from every part of the field. But soon all again was silent, for it was the cage-loaded eagle that had fallen. As the exulting sound ascended the atmosphere, the remaining eagle paused for a moment—gazed around—uttered a wild piercing shriek of grief—mounted higher—and then, with a resolute and almost unnatural force, dashed its victim, with demoniac vengeance, against the rocks of Las-mag-mi.

The chief gazed on the while with speechless horror. As he saw the too fatal result, he sprung from the midst of his sachems, and bounded to the spot where his favourite and only child had been thrown, under the expectation that life would not be wholly extinct. Vain hope! The ground was strewn with his fractured and dislocated limbs.

The whole tribe exhibited signs of excessive grief. They bedaubed themselves with white clay, blackened their faces, cut their hair, and thrust arrows into the muscular parts of their arms and thighs.

The scattered fragments of the youthful son of Fas-fas-ka were gathered, and carefully wrapped up in a buffalo robe, which was carried on Indian shoulders to its earthly home. Along with the body was buried two pairs of moccasins, some meat, and other articles to be used on the journey to the Town of Brave Spirits, which, it is generally believed, lies towards the setting sun.

Night after night, numbers repaired to the tomb, to give expression to their grief; and, occasionally, affection prompted them to pluck the long grass from its tear-bedewed verge.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A POPULAR AND COMPLETE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, Exhibiting the Pronunciation, Etymology, and Explanation of every Term usually employed in Science, Literature, and Art. Edited by the Rev. John Boag.—London: Henry Washburne.

PART First of this work now lies before us. Judging from the specimen, we should say that it will form a copious and accurate key to the words and terms at present in use, in the still-progressing language of England. The labours of Dr. Samuel Johnson have done much to render the task to succeeding lexicographers comparatively easy. Nevertheless, the constant accumulation and adaptation of new words and terms into our language, caused by the mighty changes of the last and present century, in consequence of discoveries in art and in science, and in the diffusion and refinement of our literature, render the labours of such men as Mr. Boag necessary and indispensable; and if the work throughout is equal to what we have inspected, it will be a valuable acquisition as a book of reference to the student, the man of business, and the professional gentleman. We recommend the work, therefore, to public patronage.

NEW TALES OF THE BORDERS, AND OF THE BRITISH ISLES. No. I.—Glasgow: J. Macleod.

THIS month brings a new serial before the public, in the shape of an old favourite, with, however, a more extended domain from whence to draw those tales of romance and "knightly worth," and of the domestic affections, with which every spot of our beloved country teems. The work is beautifully and tastefully brought out. The first tale is entitled "The Lost Ones, or The Two Captains," and, maugre a few improbabilities, is well told and interesting. Notwithstanding the very numerous literary speculations of the present day, we think that of the tales of our country is a fair and a promising one; and we trust that from time to time we shall be enabled to spend an agreeable half-hour over its pages; and we hope also, that the reading public will enable the spirited proprietors of the undertaking to make, and maintain it worthy of the best efforts of the kind ever issued from the Scottish press.

PAISLEY :—PRINTED BY JOHN NEILSON AND CO.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1847.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER WILSON.

No. I.

THE lives and writings of men of genius are always regarded by civilized society with no common interest. There is something sacred associated with the characters of those gifted sons of humanity who have drunk deeply of the cup of intellectual inspiration, that makes them, to the every-day people of this plodding and prosaic world, appear as creatures beyond the ordinary sphere of humanity.

Is it strange that such should be the case? Assuredly not. Ungrateful, indeed, would this world be, if it did not cherish, with fondest recollections, the characters and varied memories of its worthies, who have passed away, leaving the indelible traces of their inspired souls on their age and nation. Callous would mankind indeed be to the divinity that dwells in thoughts of truth, drawn from Nature in her ever-varying features, did they not cherish the living benefactors the world possesses. Nevertheless, it is too true that the latter accusation can with more frequency be urged than the former. The creative faculty of genius ever seeks to leave the old, beaten, and time-rutted paths of antique ages: it will not be content to walk in the ancient ways, simply because previous generations have done so. It looks to causes—it estimates effects—it strives to suit the means to the end, and to elucidate the end by the use of improved means. Mankind love to dwell in fancied security, in their castles of indolence: they are possessed with a loathing, a listlessness to mental activity: rather than seek to discover new paths of progress, they choose to creep along the desolated ways which their fathers and grandfathers pointed out to them. The “wisdom of our ancestors” is the shibboleth of their inert faith. They forget that the “wisdom” of youth is often set aside by the “experience” of manhood. Therefore it is, that the conserving spirit, which Nature has implanted in the human constitution, will not permit “new-fangled notions,” as they are called, to be obtruded into the system by which the world has been long accustomed to act. It seeks to “try the spirit” of innovation, and to mark its results; and it frequently happens, that, long ere the test of experiment has been fully applied, the man of toiling intellect—of ardent soul—who has dared to brave the opinions of the

world, that ungrateful man may be benefitted—falls, pining away in neglect, and often insult, into a disregarded grave. But time is the test of truth; and it as frequently happens that the men who were spurned by their generation, are deified by after-ages: their plans have been adopted, their precepts have been believed and practised, and the astonished people behold that they are better than those their fathers taught. Remorse follows for their neglect, admiration succeeds contempt, and mausoleums are reared to the memories of the sons of genius. The page of history teems with eulogies on their characters and attainments. They are discovered, indeed, to have been the prophets they professed to be. The predictions they uttered are found to be realised by the adoption of their new modes of thinking and acting, and the unexpected results are acknowledged to be truly the miracles of mind, capable of reproduction by the exercise of the same agencies. Men walk in the brilliance of an additional ray from the luminary of truth, shed upon the dark domain of hidden realities. It is perhaps well for the world that this slowness to believe should be the case. Infidelity has its uses, to test the gold of sincerity from the hypocrisy of imposture. It is alone the patient endurance of wrong that tests a man's faith, and proves that it is really an assurance of the truth that speaks within him, when he gives forth new revelations. Strong must be his love of truth—firm his faith in the constancy of Nature, and the testimonies it has unfolded to him—who can bear insult and neglect, when with facility, in a less arduous walk, he might live at ease, and be “arrayed in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.” It is not the fate of genius, however, to tread the downy paths of life—it is incompetent, so far, with its mission; and it is, perhaps, well for the world that the path is rough and stony. We have ever found that it is “through great tribulation,” and “deaths oft,” that new and fructifying truths are ushered into the world. Those who are commissioned to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, must be men with the divinity strong enough within them to defy “the devil, and the world, and the flesh,” in order that the glorious visions, hitherto unseen by other eyes than their own, may be demonstrated unto men. Every age has its messengers, charged with errands of love and mercy to the human race. The days of gifts have not passed away. The arcana of the material world are not yet explored. Our social relations and institutions are imperfect still. Galileo had a truth to utter; Luther, a message to reiterate; Bacon, a mission to announce; Shakspeare, a moral purpose to impart; Harvey, a mystery to reveal; Burns, his errand of peace and brotherhood to expound; Burke, Pitt, and Fox, important duties to perform; Watt, a revelation to proclaim; Cuvier, a vision, a mystery, to unfold. The Divinity still dwells with man. The infinite Spirit of Truth has not deserted the earth; it descends still in bright perennial streams. It comes in the poet's fraternal song, in the philosopher's keen-thoughted perceptions, in the experimentalist's demonstrations; it comes in every way by which the works of the Creator are elucidated, and the condition of his creatures improved and blessed; and come when it may, and whence it may, the messenger who translates its symbolical hand-writing is, like all the prophets, too frequently received with insult and injury by his

compatriots—with honour and semi-deification by succeeding generations.

The attributes of genius are of one generic kind, whatever be the object of pursuit. In poetry, in art, in social economics, or natural science, we ever find the same bold and resolute front raised against difficulty and opposition; the same enthusiasm and "perseverence unto the end;" the same success attending on their speculations; the same carelessness for personal comfort. The whole soul of the man of genius is engrossed by the object of his pursuit. He sees not, he cares not, for his fate, if he succeeds in adding one new or improved idea to his fellow-men. His soul is elevated by the contemplation that he is in the path of duty, and he shrinks not from it. He labours till the issues are revealed; and if he fall, he falls at least with his hand at his work. Such a mind did Alexander Wilson possess. In early youth, we find him impatient at his loom. He felt he was suited for far nobler work than the fabrication of muslins, or lawns, or gauzes. His soul, like that of many of our original thinkers, first burst out in song. His heart he felt to be full of something yet untold to man, and he strove to utter it. But it was not, we may say, till his eyes fell on the great American forests, that he found his proper theme; and when he found his theme, he left, indeed, "a beacon, to point out to the world the spot on which he perished." He immortalised his name, and left it one of the earliest and most illustrious that adorn the scroll of his adopted country.

Alexander Wilson was born within a few yards of the Falls of Cart, in the Seedhills of Paisley, on the 6th of July, 1766. His father, also Alexander Wilson, was one of the old race of intelligent Paisley weavers. He appears to have been an individual in good circumstances, for one in his station; for we are informed by his son's biographers, that he at one time had a small distillery at work on the banks of the Cart, at Paisley. It is otherwise stated, that, besides his occupation as a weaver, he was a smuggler, and that he was persuaded, in 1777 or 1778, to leave Paisley, and take up his residence at Lochlands, parish of Beith, near Threepwood, in the vicinity of Lochwinnoch, on account of the facilities the latter secluded place afforded him of carrying on his *wee still*. He remained at Lochlands for two or three years, when he removed to the Tower of Auchenbathie, where he remained for nine or ten years, and then removed to Paisley.* He departed this life, at the Seedhills of Paisley, on the 5th of June, 1816, at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight, having survived his gifted son by a period of about three years. Of Wilson's early education, the particulars known are, that, in consequence of a wish on the part of his parents, more particularly of his mother, to have their son educated, it is supposed for the church, he studied Latin for a short time under a student of divinity. The death of his mother, about this period, seems to have put a stop to

* While old Wilson lived at the Tower, an incident occurred which shows that he was not safe in his seclusion, from the dangers of his precarious traffic. His goods were distressed for recovery of a fine imposed on him for his illicit distillation. Mr. Fulton, the late laird of Sproulstoun, paid the fine, and released him from the officers of the law, who were on the road towards Paisley, with three cows, an eight-day clock, and an escritoir, which they had taken off with them.

his studies, and to have left him no other prospect of life but that of a mechanic. We suspect, however, that his education was, notwithstanding, meagre and imperfect, as in later life we find him ignorant of accounts, and, according to the narrative of one of his personal friends, imperfect in the grammatical construction of his own language; and at the conclusion of his apprenticeship, the four lines written on his indenture show that his hand-writing was very deficient, both in character and style. At all events, it is certain that his early education was not such as would warrant us to expect that he would be the future masterly delineator, with pen and pencil, of the hitherto unexplored ornithology of America.

Previous to his commencing the loom, Wilson lived some time at Lochlands with his father, and was also employed as a herd-boy on the farm of Rakerfield; "but he was a very careless herd, letting the kye transgress in the corn, being very often busied with some book." According to tradition, it appears that, at so early an age as this, he had attempted poetical composition. It is related that the late William Macdowall, Esq., of Garthland and Castlesemple, hearing his herd singing a song referring to the locality, inquired of him where he had got it. Johnie, whose name is introduced by his young companion, answered—"The Lochlands smuggler's callan' made it." Young Wilson was sent for, sung his song before the laird, and received a guinea. As this song is a curiosity in its way, although its authenticity is disputed,* we transfer it to our pages.

"Castlesemple stands sae sweet!

The parks around are bonnie, O;
The ewes and lambs, ye'll hear them bleat;
And the herd's name is Johnie, O.

Ye'll see them spread along the fields,
The mavis to them chanting, O;
At night they hae the brawest bields,
In shaws among the planting, O.

Pan, wi' his reed, they dinna heed,
But the blackbird and the linnet, O;
They strike their notes clean like a bead;
They excel the harp or spinnet, O.

The lambs they prance, the deers they dance,
Sae spreelie 'bout the temple, O;
The swurds they glance like ony lance
At bonnie Castlesemple, O.

The hounds they cry, the hawks they fly,
Men upon horse are driving, O;

* This song was published in a wretched volume of poems and songs, by Alexander Tait, who was but a "sorry rhymster," at Paisley, in 1790, simultaneously with Wilson's first edition. It is doubted that Tait is the author of all the pieces in his collection. If he is not, tradition may be right in attributing this song to the boy-poet. It was first published as his in the *Paisley Magazine*. It has been denied that Wilson was ever a "herd callan" at all. We have made strict inquiry into the matter, and are satisfied of that particular in his life, although not at Threepwood, as erroneously stated in the *Paisley Magazine*, but with Mr. Stevenson, at the time he occupied the farm of Rakerfield.

The hares maun lie, the birds maun die;
You'd think the skies were riving, O.

The echo gaes round by the loch,
By the hills to Mr. Barclay, O;
Through ilka glen, and shaw, and park—
Sae sprushlie rides Tam Sparkley, O."

This boyish effusion, if his, proves that in early years Wilson had courted the Muse, and that then, as in after-life, he was too apt to neglect the more important duties of his station, in order to indulge his inclination. There are certain shrewd observations contained in the above lines, which show that their author was capable of making his own reflections on what came before his notice. After tending the cattle for about a year or eighteen months, he was, at the green age of thirteen, apprenticed for three years to William Duncan, his brother-in-law, to learn the weaving trade; and during that period, he boarded with his employer, at Seedhills, Paisley. If we are allowed to draw an inference from the verse written on his indenture at the expiry of his apprenticeship, we should conclude that strict discipline had been administered to the poet.

"Be't kent to a' the world, in rhyme,
That, wi' richt meikle wark and toil,
For three lang years I've ser't my time,
Whiles feasted wi' the hazel oil.

August, 1782."

Whatever, therefore, may have been the bent of his mind, and the previous ardour of his studies, very little opportunity would be afforded him, in such a position, for mental culture, or even to grant him the necessary pecuniary resources for that purpose. Nevertheless, the susceptible boy had received the early impressions of literary taste. From his previous studies, the twig had been bent towards literature; and the thoughts of the dreamy boy, "letting the kye transgress in the corn," were father to the perseverance, the tastes, and the pursuits of the man. However few the opportunities which the trade of the weaver may afford for the labour of literary composition, it is, nevertheless, an occupation which forbids not the musing mind to revel in its airy palaces. Could we unfold all the visionary schemes, the air-built castles, constructed upon the *seat-trees* of Paisley, it would form one of the most amusing, the most instructive, and the most astonishing exhibitions in the history of mind. The schemes of universal empire, of equal rights and privileges, of universal love and brotherhood, of enterprise and fame, of adventure and good fortune, that have been entertained and devised by those speculative and often well-informed men who occupied them, as the shuttle birred across the glistening warp, would be an interesting page in our literature. How many "village Hampdens," who sought to withstand oppression, some of them ultimately leading troops to victory! How many "mute, inglorious Miltons," some of them bursting the silence of their tuneful throats to song! How many "Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood," some of them, in the daring spirit of enterprise, rising to the seats of merchant-princes,

and swaying the destinies of distant lands! Yes! in that band you will find Alexander Wilson—Robert Tannahill—R. A. Smith—the indomitable Protestant, William McGavin, Alexander Wilson's friend and companion—some who, at the head of chosen troops, have fought and bled before the serried files of the enemies of their country—some who have acquired vast possessions, and whose voices have been listened to by respectful senates. It is a profession that has bred, and breeds still, we doubt not, aspiring thoughts; and it is adorned with not a few of the worthies of the land.

Notwithstanding the difficulties Wilson had to contend with, it is evident that, during the term of his apprenticeship, he found at least time to devote to reading, by which means the spark of intellect, kindled in his boyish breast, was kept alive, and fanned into a steady flame. We are not informed by any of his contemporaries as to his opportunities and mode of study at this period, but we can well conceive that the intervals of meal-hours would, saving the time necessary for taking his food, be eagerly improved, as also would be the time allotted him between the cessation of labour and sleep. "Where there is a will, there is a way;" and few situations are so peculiarly unpropitious, that mental improvement may not be promoted.

We find it hinted pretty broadly, that, notwithstanding his attention to work when under the surveillance of a master, he was no sooner a free man, than he gave evident symptoms of dislike to his loom, and devoted probably more time to reading and study than prudence, in his circumstances, dictated. The sons of song are more guided by the impulses of the "inner spirit" than the dictates of prudence. The true poet is not so by rule. His acquirements are not altogether those of study; they are the gifts bestowed on their susceptible natures. Wilson often declared his intention to abandon the *idle and profane art* of poetry, as it was denounced by the sage rulers of a neighbouring seaport, in enjoining one of their town teachers (a namesake of our poet) to give it up. But the spirit within him was stronger than the flesh: in a few minutes after his renunciation, he would be observed, manuscript in hand, at his loom, earnestly inditing some newly-conceived idea. He frequently amused himself with his flute, on which, as well as the violin, he played tolerably; and while his fellow-workmen were busy at their avocation, he was too often found with pen and book in hand. While at Lochwinnoch, whither he returned shortly after his probation, he was fond of walking by the beautiful scenery in its neighbourhood; by the Calder, the Kame, and Garpel burns—the Loch, the Peil, and Castle-semble policies. From such habits, the musing bard acquired the unenviable appellation of "a lazy wabster *who made poems*;" but he never was chargeable with tippling or improvident habits. We cannot blame his associates for their depreciation of his character: they saw not the hidden germ of excellence which required such careful nourishment in his soul, ere it should spring up like a great forest-tree of his adopted land. It is natural, therefore, that we find him anxious to procure other more congenial means of livelihood, by which he might have greater opportunities for study and contemplation: neither is it strange that we should find him pensive at his loom, uttering forth, in the bitterness of

his soul, his heart-felt "groans." We can well conceive that Wilson, by the winding brook, on the mountain, in the fields, or in the romantic Calder Glen, would be a very different being from Wilson in the dingy workshop; and therefore we are not surprised to find in his poetry so frequent allusion, and so many evidences of his residence in the rural district of Lochwinnoch. Here he seems to have been, at least for a time, happy and contented; for in his poetical description of that quiet village, written as a letter to a friend, he says—

"Here lives your friend, amid as cheerful swains
As e'er trod o'er the famed Arcadian plains:
Far from the world retired, our only care
In silken gauze to form the flow'rets fair—
To bid, beneath our hands, gay blossoms rise,
In all the colours of the changing skies."

We doubt not but that his residence at Lochlands and at the Tower of Auchenbathie,* amid the fairy scenes of the West Country, very much tended to improve Wilson's poetical talent; and very many of the productions in the first edition of his poems, were certainly composed there. He afterwards returned to his native place for a short time, and thence to his former employer, who had gone to reside at Queensferry, and with whom Wilson, at the age of twenty, soon after set out on a tour of Scotland, for the sale of merchandise; and thus was our bard initiated into the profession of a pedlar. It is stated that the reason of Wilson's leaving Lochwinnoch at this time, was in consequence of a misadventure in which the poet was, innocently we think, implicated. He has, in the "Morning Adventure," celebrated the event to which we refer. He, along with two associates, had gone out to take a walk, on a fine summer morning, accompanied by a dog, the property of a brother of one of his companions. From the poetical narrative of the event, it appears that the three young men were reclining at their ease, when the dog made an attack on a bull in their vicinity.

"As on the airy steep they silent lay,
The murmuring river foaming far below,
Young Damon's dog, as round he ranged for prey,
By some stern bull insulted, seized the foe.

As when in dead of night, on the dark main,
Two enemies meet, and awful silence keep,
Sparkles the match! then peals and cries of pain,
Arouse the night, and growl along the deep;

So burst loud roaring through the affrighted sky:
Firm Roger hung, fix'd by the nostrils deep;
Loud swelled the war, till, from the margin high,
Both whirl'd down headlong o'er the enormous steep."

The "enormous steep" is named Raven's Craig, on the farm of Little Cloak, about sixty feet high. The young men, at the catastrophe, fled,

* Wilson did not reside at Auchenbathie, save on occasional visits, during his apprenticeship. He afterwards, however, wrought as a weaver for a short time there, with his father.

seeing a number of rustics approaching, thinking more damage done than really was. The bull was severely injured, but not killed; and the proprietors threatened the parties with the rigours of a legal prosecution; and some of them, at least Wilson, left the place in consequence; and thus began his roving life. It was between the interval of his apprenticeship and his first expedition, that the dreamy youth composed the greater portion of his poems, during which interval a few of them had appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Advertiser*. The publication of these pieces gained him some degree of local notoriety in his native place. In his tour through Scotland, although the character of packman was not one likely to introduce him into the best society; nevertheless, to an active and discerning mind like his, it could not fail to be of vast advantage in many respects. The repeated rebuffs, disappointments, and haughty insolence which he would meet in his new capacity, no doubt tended to strengthen those principles of perseverance and endurance under hardship and privation, which the future explorer of the wild woods and secluded swamps of America so much required. During his excursions, neither did he fail to fan the flame of his genius on consecrated ground; for far off his way would Alexander Wilson walk, to gaze on the spots where the sons of genius had dwelt, or deeds of fame had been performed. We find him viewing with enthusiasm the secluded village of Athelstaneford, the residence of Gray and Home; and the manse of Midmar, the dwelling-place of Dr. Ogilvie, author of two volumes of poems, entitled "The Day of Judgment" and "Providence;" and at the latter place he felt himself well repaid, by silently observing the reverend bard working in his manse-garden. Or we find him climbing, "hands and feet," up the steep ocean-beach, surveying, with inspired delight, the wonders of the landscape, or ruminating over the time-worn ruins of ancient generations. Pedlars are generally believed to be a set of peripatetic rogues, who roam the rural districts with oily tongue and brazen face, cheating the country lasses, and relating the most improbable stories to the auld wives, for their bannocks and their broth—"loquacious liars," as Wilson himself calls them. He felt the stigma—probably he knew that such was the character of the generality of his profession; but rarely did ever such a pedlar as he, carrying his pack swung across his shoulders, cross the threshold of a farm-steading, or lift the latch of a cottage door. Wandering from house to house, and from place to place, his ideas of mankind and society must have been greatly modified from those he had acquired in the seclusion of his early years. For about three years the loom was abandoned for the pack, during which time he conceived the idea of appearing before the world as an author. Accordingly, he made arrangements with the late Mr. John Neilson, the father and predecessor in business of our respected printer, to print his poems; and getting up a prospectus of rather a humorous and nondescript nature, he set out, in September 1789, once more with his pack and his "advertisement extraordinary," to secure subscribers, and, at the same time, to sell his wares. After traversing the eastern districts of Scotland with but partial success, he returned

to Paisley, and, in the month of July 1790, published the first edition of his poems. He immediately set out again, laden with his muslins and his books, in order to traffic in the former as became a pedlar, and to deliver his poems to his subscribers with his own hand, as is too often the case with many a poor and unfortunate poet. His journal during these two excursions is entertaining and instructive, from his ludicrous scene with the poetical son of Crispin, to the haughty demeanour of her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh towards the poet-pedlar, his muslins, and his muse.

[To be continued.]

MARITIME DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERY OF THE INDIAN PASSAGE BY THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—VOYAGES OF VASCO DE GAMA, AND FOOTING OBTAINED IN INDIA—DISCOVERY OF CHINA AND JAPAN—FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AMERICA—EXPEDITIONS TO THE POLAR SEAS—EXPLORATORY GENIUS OF FROBUHER, DAVIES, HUDSON, AND BAFFIN—ENTERPRISE OF CAPTAIN PARRY.

THE amazement which filled mankind at the discovery of America had scarcely subsided, ere numbers flocked across the ocean, in the new career of fame which was thus extending its temptations to the ambitious spirits of the age. The adventurers were, in point of character, not unlike the friends that joined the standard of the good King David at the Cave Adullam. "Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented"—to which catalogue we may add, many who had made their own country too hot to hold them—sought to repair their shattered fortunes, and to find a refuge, on the shores of the New World.

The policy of the mother country, indeed, conduced greatly to throw open the newly-discovered lands to characters of the most reckless description. The Spanish Government feared the rivalry of other powers, especially of Portugal and England (for an English expedition, under Sebastian Cabot, was at this early date upon the Northern Seas); and the more effectually to engross the dominion to herself, she adopted the plan of giving the command of a province to whomsoever should, at his own risk, found a colony, and engage to remit to the royal treasury a portion of the gold it produced. Left thus in a great measure to the influence of circumstances, and at a distance from control, the early adventurers threw off all regard to authority, and sallied forth into the wildest schemes of independent conquest, perpetrating, in ruthless career, the most revolting cruelties on the feeble Indians. Of this description was the subjugation of Mexico by Cortez, and of Peru by Pizarro. By these indirect means, the Government obtained in one way what the exhausted state of its exchequer prevented its doing in another; and, ere long, Mexico and Peru poured their treasures into Spain.

The superstitions of the age, superadded to that chivalrous errantry which formed such a striking trait in Spanish character, found ample fields of display among the sunny shores and orange groves of the American tropics. Literally believing that it trod upon enchanted ground, the unquiet footstep of Discovery was perpetually engaged in the wildest and most romantic pursuits.

The superior mind of Columbus himself was not even proof against this weakness. Supposing that the great river Oronooko, which falls into the Gulf of Paria, descended from the terrestrial Paradise, he entertained the purpose of exploring its source, in the hope of reaching the bowers of primitive bliss. Nor were these fond but foolish fancies dispelled by the nearer contact of subsequent adventure; for, a number of years later, we find the governor of Porto Rico despatching a fleet of three ships in quest of an island in which was a fountain possessing the rare virtue of bestowing youth on all persons who bathed in its waters.

These, however, were but episodes in the main story—the occasional ripples on the great stream of events; for the principal, and perhaps we ought to say the sole, purpose of Spanish adventure at this date was, to obtain the precious metals. The "*auri sacra fames*," the unholy thirst for gold, was the motive, the principle, the passion which exterminated the miserable natives, and builded the dominations of the old world upon their sepulchres. To commerce they were all but indifferent, and science was to them a thing of nought.

Geographical science was indeed not likely to be cherished by the lawless rovers, who were thus, nevertheless, unconsciously adding to its stores. It had lain dormant—at least, had received few accessions—during the middle ages; but, like the gourd of the prophet, it now sprung up with the freshness of youth, as it were in a night, among the wild elements of Atlantic conquest. Such was the celerity of discovery, that within six-and-twenty years of the time when Columbus raised the first cross on the lonely shores of the Bahama Islands, the whole eastern coast of South America, from the River Plate to Florida, comprehending a line not less than six thousand miles, was explored by the adventurers of old Spain; and, indeed, long before the middle of the sixteenth century, the breadth and length of the southern continent, from Patagonia to Mexico, were overrun by its conquerors, and its fair lands depopulated by their multiplied atrocities.

It is foreign to the subject to notice the decline of the Spanish monarchy, to which a complication of causes led in the sixteenth century, farther than to observe that the ardour of enterprise was suddenly cooled by the same means, and that the zeal which had produced such a phenomenon as the conquest of South America, speedily relapsed into that state of lethargy from which, till this day, it has never been perfectly aroused.

While this astonishing drama was being acted by the Spaniards on the vast theatre of the Western Hemisphere, Portugal was pursuing a more dignified, more vigorous, though less startling career, in the Eastern.

Portugal is certainly entitled to claim the merit of having set the first example of vigorous discovery. During the fifty years that had elapsed before the first voyage of Columbus, her ships had threaded the African

continent, from its northernmost point to the Bight or Bay of Bami—that great estuary into which, as we learn from the journal of the Landers, the River Niger discharges itself. They had established commercial relationships with the natives on the Gold Coast—had advanced and colonized Madeira, the Cape de Verde Isles, and the Canaries.

The discovery of the Indian passage was therefore only an additional step of that gradual progress which was winding its path along the shores of Africa; and although, in a commercial point of view, its importance was invaluable, yet, as a brilliant adventure, the merit of its discoverer must ever give place to the everlasting laurels of Columbus.

The discovery of the southern extremity of Africa, whatever its merits, was accomplished by Bartholomew Diaz, a gentleman of the Portuguese household. He reached the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Stormy Cape, in 1493, but prosecuted his discovery little farther. Vasco de Gama, after the return of Diaz, sailed, in July 1497, with the first European vessels that ever reached India. He doubled the Cape, and, after touching at several points on the eastern coast of the African peninsula, steered across the Indian Ocean to Calicut, a city of Hindostan, on the Malabar shore, and at that time one of the richest and most important places of the East. At this city, he introduced himself to the prince of the province, with the view of establishing a commercial alliance; but having secretly been informed that, under the guise of friendship, the destruction of himself and his fleet was intended, he adroitly contrived to retire to his vessels, and place himself beyond the reach of the meditated treachery. Soon after, he sailed for Europe, to give an account of his discovery, and arrived at Lisbon in September 1499, when his master rewarded him with titles of nobility, and created him Admiral of the Indies.

Calral (who, in the course of his voyage, by keeping too far to the south-west, fell in with Brazil) was the next navigator sent out by Portugal. His fleet was visited with many disasters, four ships having foundered in a storm. One of these was commanded by Bartholomew Diaz, the mariner who first reached the Stormy Cape. The fame of that unfortunate seaman has been rendered imperishable by finding a place in the pages of Camoens. That great poet represents him as being engulfed in the abysses of the deep, to satisfy the vengeance of the spirits of the Cape, on whose realms he had first dared to intrude.—Calral's voyage added nothing to discovery.

Vasco de Gama, in 1502, made a second voyage. On his arrival at Calicut, his former friend, the prince of that territory, attacked him with a fleet prepared for the purpose. De Gama, however, gained an easy victory, capturing two ships and immense spoil, among which was an idol of pure gold, weighing sixty pounds. Its eyes were emeralds of great size, and on its breast was a ruby as large as a chesnut.

A footing being now obtained in the East Indies, the king of Portugal sent out a resident governor, under whose administration the Portuguese rapidly increased their possessions; for, in addition to many settlements on the mainland, they had made themselves masters of the islands of Madagascar, Sumatra, Maldires, the Molluccas or Spice Islands, and

the peninsula of Mallacca—all within ten or twelve years of De Gama's first voyage.

The shores of China, and the sequestered isles of Japan, were next visited, about the year 1540, by a Portuguese adventurer, Ferdinando Mendez Pinto by name, who has left a narrative of his travels. Pinto is supposed to have been the first European who ever visited these shores by sea. He was alternately a merchant, a seaman, an ambassador, a pirate, and at length a Jesuit. He appears to have led a most extraordinary life. Shipwrecked five times—three times sold as a slave—escaping once from bondage—and ransomed twice. On one occasion, a Japanese governor condemned him and his associates to be quartered, and their limbs hung upon the highways, for piracy; but their miserable plight excited the compassion of the ladies of the place, who besought the governor's clemency. Female intercession, as a matter of course, was all-powerful. The Portuguese were not only discharged, but provided with a ship, in which they sailed to China.

At a time when the ocean was fulfilling the prophecies of the old bards, and disclosing her unknown and unsuspected domains—when islands and shores situated in the sunniest climes, and blessed with woods and fields of surpassing freshness and beauty, were ever and anon springing up under the footstep of the enraptured mariner, when he found his sanguine expectations of wealth more than realized, by the gold, the silver, and the precious stones, with which the newly-discovered lands abounded—it was no wonder that a spirit of jealousy should have arisen between the two great powers whose emissaries were engaged in the work of conquest, or that, in the jostling of interests which simultaneous discovery created, one power should have usurped a dominion which of right belonged to the other. That disputes did arise, is matter of history; for the great mediator of the times between rival potentates, his Holiness the Pope, adjusted the difference by fixing on a line drawn from pole to pole, one hundred leagues west of the Azores, and giving to Portugal all discoveries within 180 degrees to the east, and to Spain those within the same extent to the west of that line—a method of settlement which gave rise to this remark of the king of France—"Since the kings of Spain and Portugal divide the world between them, I wish they would show me the will of our father Adam, that I might see in what terms he has constituted them sole heirs."

They were, indeed, the lords of the seas; but it is worthy of note, that, in the acquisition and development of their colonial empire, there was one striking point of dissimilarity between the Portuguese and Spanish naval expeditions. The former were invariably despatched at the sole expense, and under the direction of the Government, to whom its navigators were responsible for the proper discharge of the trust reposed in them. The policy of Spain was of a much narrower cast. Almost all the discoveries after Columbus, by which she acquired her great western empire, were the result of individual and irresponsible speculation. There was a dignity, therefore, in the equipments that carried the conquests of Portugal to the East, consonant with the enlarged commercial views which gave character to her policy—a dignity, indeed, which throws into deserved disgrace the griping system of spoliation and cruelty which

Spain adopted towards the native inhabitants of America. The consequence was, that the Portuguese colonies retained their consolidation and stability, while the Spanish power soon crumbled into dismemberment and insignificance.

There is a mingled sense of delight and sorrow impressed on the mind by the reflections which a retrospect of these events has the tendency to generate—delight that the fairest and choicest regions of creation should have been the reward of man's intrepidity, and sorrow that human wickedness should have stained the record with so many vestiges of reckless and gratuitous barbarity. The next department of discovery—that effected by our countrymen—is happily unattended with similar subjects of painful contemplation.

We formerly observed that the English entered as competitors into the field of adventure at an early date. John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian, under the employment of Henry VII., are supposed to have discovered Newfoundland, about the year 1496, and contemporaneous with the second voyage of Columbus. A long period of inaction followed, for it is not till nearly thirty years later that we find any traces of renewed enterprise. Before that period had elapsed, the conquests of the Spaniards had been nearly completed; and it is remarkable that, although they had rapidly subjugated the whole of South America, and were by no means insensible to the importance of adding still farther to their Atlantic dominions, the northern part of the continent does not appear to have been much the object of their regard. Polar discovery, and the colonization of North America, was hence the work of other powers, in which the initiative was taken by the English.

It was, however, a long time ere any permanent footing was obtained by these powers in North America. The civilization of the Old World had not reached that state of luxury, to the increasing appetite of which an enlarged commerce can alone minister; or rather, we ought to say, the refinements of civilized life crept but sluggishly onward, because no provocation to its speedier progress was provided by the commercial intercourse of the age. This may, in some sort, account for the absence of any deliberate attempt to take possession of North America during the long period that elapsed.

The first settlement was effected in the year 1584, under the auspices of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, who discovered Virginia—a colony which enjoyed no prosperity till more than twenty years later, when it sprung into importance by the cultivation of the tobacco plant.

In the beginning of the succeeding century, upwards of a hundred settlers reached the River St. James, on the banks of which they founded James-Town, which still exists, though in a decaying state, and is the oldest settlement in the United States.

The prosperity of the early settlers received a severe check in the enmity of the American tribes, who, regarding those intruders on their native deserts with the utmost jealousy, adopted every method of annoyance within the compass of their rude warfare. Numerous are the accidents, "by flood and field," by which the colonists were often overtaken, and always menaced; and various are the romantic adventures which resulted from their invasion of the Indian woodlands. Some of

the anecdotes are capable of exciting the most intense interest, one of which we shall here relate. Among the persons forming the colony on the St. James, was a Captain John Smith, who imprudently prosecuted a voyage in a canoe up the stream, attended only by two English companions, and two Indian guides. "Having ascended about twenty miles in this way, he went ashore, and began to amuse himself with shooting in the woods. The Indians, in the meantime, were on the watch; and when Smith returned to the river, he found that his companions had been killed, and saw himself surrounded by a host of savage warriors, with their bows bent, and ready to overwhelm him with a shower of arrows. But in this alarming situation, he did not lose his wonted intrepidity. He promptly seized on one of his Indian guides, bound him before him so as to serve as a shield against the Indian weapons, and thus prepared to make a vigorous defence. But the Indians were too numerous. Smith was soon surrounded, and made prisoner. He was tied to a tree, and about to be shot to death, when, showing to the Indians a small compass-dial, and explaining to them its uses, by describing the motions of the heavenly bodies, he so charmed and astonished his simple auditory, that they deferred his execution, and, unbinding him, instantly led him to Powhattan, the chief, who ruled with the authority of a king over all the country in the neighbourhood of the river. He found the Indian chief surrounded by his principal warriors, with the women of his family ranged at the back of the tent. The fate of Smith was already resolved on: he was the most formidable enemy of the Indian tribes; and the stern Powhattan condemned him at once to die. A large stone was placed in front of the assembly; and Smith was forcibly dragged along, and compelled to lay his head upon it; while a painted warrior stood near, brandishing a club, with which he was to dash out his brains at the word of command. The fatal word was uttered, which was to terminate Smith's life and adventures, when Pocohontas, the eldest daughter of Powhattan, rushed forward, and, placing her head on that of Smith, declared her determination to spare his life at the peril of her own. Savage ferocity was melted at this display of female tenderness. The heart of Powhattan relented; and Smith was allowed to depart, on condition of sending to the Indians those articles of European manufacture which they chiefly prized. The return of Smith saved the colony from the ruin with which it was threatened, by the idleness and unruly character of the settlers. Order, and even tranquillity, prevailed, while the authority remained in his hands; but, soon after, he suffered so much injury from an accidental explosion of gunpowder, that he was compelled to return to England for his health. The Princess Pocohontas, in the meantime, had shown many proofs of her friendship to him, and the English in general. She had stolen through the woods, and risked her life, to reveal to the colonists the danger with which they were threatened, by the secret machinations of the Indian tribes. Her kindness was at last repaid by ingratitude, which conduced, nevertheless, to an agreeable result. Pocohontas was taken prisoner, and kept as a hostage for the pacific conduct of her father. In her captivity, the Indian princess grew more attached to the English; and a respectable young man, John Rolfe, became the object

of her tenderest regards. She married him, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. When the intelligence of her marriage was conveyed to the ears of Powhattan, it gave him much delight; and he was, from that day forward, a steady friend of the settlers. The Princess Pocohontas (now Mrs. Rolfe) visited England, where she was the object of much attention, and even admiration. Her natural good sense and purity of mind supplied the defects of her education; and when suddenly transported from the woods of America to the giddy scenes of English society, she was found not deficient in just discrimination, or in dignity of demeanour. Her first interview with Smith affected her deeply. She seemed quite overcome by the pain his presence caused her, and for some hours she could not be brought to fix her eyes upon him. He had never returned, perhaps not even suspected, the warm passion with which he had inspired her. King James felt alarmed lest Rolfe might aspire to the sovereignty of Virginia, in right of his wife; but his Majesty's weak fears were at length subdued, and the princess and her husband were permitted to depart. She died, however, at Gravesend, when on the point of returning to her native country."

But to resume. This first Virginian colony may be said to date its stability from the era of founding James-Town, which took place in 1607. In 1608, Quebec was built by the French; and in the following year, the Dutch planted their first colony on the Hudson.

If, however, as we have seen, North American colonization proceeded at first thus tardily, a greater degree of promptitude was manifested in attempting to explore the Polar Seas. Not to speak of the expedition of the Cabots, during the lifetime of Columbus, a voyage was made, with this object, more than fifty years before the Virginian settlement. This was in the reign of Henry VIII., who, in the quaint language of the old historian, sent "two fair ships, well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions; and so they set forth out of the Thames, the 20th of May, in the nineteenth year of his reign, which was the year of our Lord 1527." The result of this voyage is not known, further than that one of the "fair ships," with the "cunning men," was wrecked on the north coast of Newfoundland.

The disastrous issue of this first enterprise was but a prologue to the miseries which succeeding voyagers were fated to undergo; for, in fact, the history of nearly all the early expeditions is no more than a melancholy catalogue of calamities. The crew of one vessel, overtaken by the Polar winter, and unable to return, were reduced, by famine, to the terrible expedient of cannibalism. Another, to the number of seventy, perished of cold and hunger, on the coast of Lapland; and their bodies were found, the succeeding season, by the Russian fishermen. One commander and his men were swallowed up by the waves. Another (we mean Henry Hudson, the greatest of all the Polar seamen) became the victim of a mutiny. He was sent adrift in an open boat, among the Arctic tempests, and never more heard of.

It will readily strike the mind, that, for such dangerous enterprises, the bleak and dreary regions of the North could afford no adequate motive, and could nourish few hopes of recompense. Such, indeed, was

the fact. Discoveries resulted from the numerous northern voyages which proved invaluable both to science and commerce; but the voyages themselves were undertaken with the view of obtaining a shorter course to China and the shores of Eastern Asia—an object, the accomplishment of which, to the English and the Dutch, was of infinite importance, inasmuch as, besides the greater shortness of the passage, it would render them independent of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were masters of the Pacific and the Indian Sea, and who were enabled, in these quarters, to cripple the efforts of all intruders on their commerce.

In the earlier stages of discovery, the practicability of such a passage derived some countenance from the geological analogy that, like the African peninsula and South America, the northern continent would terminate in a cape, which, whenever doubled, the European mariner would at once find himself in the Pacific Ocean. The exploratory genius of Frobisher, of Davies, of Hudson, of Baffin, and a legion of humbler names, soon served to explode this theory, and to settle the question against the existence of any such passage to the East in that direction. Hudson, indeed, in the belief that a barrier of coast presented an insuperable obstacle to any such attempt, formed the singular and daring purpose of stretching directly northward, across the Pole itself. In this project of taking the Pole by storm, he proceeded on a meridian to the eastward of Greenland; but after making the remote latitude of 80 degrees, the ice obliged him to return, having attained the highest latitude (with the exception of Captains Parry and Ross) ever reached by human being.

The coasts of Baffin's and Hudson's Bays were explored by these voyages; and although the primary purpose of the attempt was frustrated, their labours were far from being useless. Commerce profited by the trade in furs, which, in consequence of the discoveries the Hudson Bay Company had established with these regions, and the geography of the eastern shores of North America, began gradually to rise into clearer light.

Until the Polar expeditions of the present century, the last voyage of northern discovery, deserving of notice, was performed by Mr. Knight; and its interest depends almost entirely on the sad fate of its commander and his companions. Its object was to discover a passage by the Straits of Anian, which were supposed to lead from Hudson's Bay into the Pacific. Knight sailed with two vessels in 1719; but they never returned; nor was anything known of them till fifty years afterwards, when Mr. Hearne, in 1769, collected an account of their fate from the Esquimaux in the neighbourhood of Marble Island. From that narrative, it appeared that the ships arrived there in a disabled state, and were taken on shore by the crews to refit. A sickness of famine attacked the men; and by the time they had languished three winters, their numbers, from fifty, were reduced to five. Three of these five died in a few days, and were buried by the remaining two, who survived many days after the rest, frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessel coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down together, and wept bitterly. At length,

one of the two died; and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down, and died also, in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls and other large bones of these two men were seen by Mr. Hearne, lying above ground.

With the exception of a minuter knowledge of the shores already known, very little may be said to have been added to the geography of the Arctic Seas from the reign of James I. to the accession of George III. The speculations of scientific men, during the interval, had settled down to the opinion that North America, which was found to be a great breadth, extended in one unbroken mass of land northwards to the pole. But Mr. Hearne, the gentleman already noticed, in pursuing the course of a river (now bearing his name), found the open sea in 70 degrees North latitude, a point hitherto supposed to exist in the most inland depths of the continent. A similar discovery was made, about the same time, by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, about twenty degrees to the west. A new theory now started into being, or rather the old one was revived; and the belief of the existence of the long-sought-for passage was entertained with more ardour than ever. Instead of a continuous tract of land, extending towards the pole, it now became apparent that the continent was bounded by an open ocean, along the greater portion of its northern extent.

To find an entrance into this Polar Ocean from the Atlantic, became the next object of attention. For that purpose, Captain Ross was, in 1818, despatched to Baffin's Bay; but the failure of his voyage is matter of notoriety. The task was reserved for Captain Parry, who ascertained that the inlet hitherto known as Lancaster Sound, afforded the necessary access. Through this strait he penetrated, and discovered a number of considerable islands; and, in a subsequent voyage, he established the existence of another entrance by Hudson's Bay, although inaccessible by means of the ice. This last voyage was completed in 1825. To Captain Parry, Polar discovery is more indebted than to any other navigator since the days of Baffin. The ardour of this enterprising seaman was not exhausted by these expeditions. In 1827, he sailed again to the Arctic Seas, not in search of the north-west passage, but to pay a visit to that lonely pinnacle of Nature, the pole itself. After a voyage to Spitzbergen, and thence to the edge of the ice, he entered upon it with light boats and sledges, and, accompanied by a chosen party, commenced on foot his extraordinary undertaking. A journey of thirty days brought him to the latitude of 82 degrees 30 minutes North, more than 170 miles nearer the great boundary of Nature than it had ever been the lot of mortal to arrive; but the ice at this point beginning to drift southwards, he was obliged to return, after being two months absent from the ships. It may be gratifying to know that, besides a Parliamentary reward, and the honour of knighthood conferred on Captain Parry, he was also rewarded with a charge under the Australian Company, at a salary of £3,000 sterling a-year.

No public expedition has been sent out since for Polar discovery; but Captain Ross, a few years ago, at his own expense, attempted, with a steam-vessel, to sail from Baffin's Bay to the Pacific. This expedition we will not descant upon at present, but reserve it to a future opportunity.

CITY SKETCHES.

NO. IV.—THE OUTCAST.

LAY her down to her rest ; she hath wished it too long
 Not to welcome it peacefully now ;
 She lived upon Earth amid sorrow and wrong,
 With the shadow of sin on her brow ;
 But now she shall sleep,
 Untroubled and deep,
 In the bosom of Earth, her mother.

Life's garden, to her, but a desert had been,
 That ever grew dark as she trod ;
 And no sunlight of hope ever warmed into green
 The seeds that were planted by God ;
 But now she may rest,
 Calm, happy, and blest,
 In the bosom of Earth, her mother.

Grim poverty's heritage fell like a blight
 On a gentle and innocent head,
 And clouded a prospect that never was bright,
 Till the sad heart was pulseless and dead ;
 But now she shall find
 A refuge more kind
 In the bosom of Earth, her mother.

Alone in her misery, outcast, forlorn,
 The victim of sin and despair—
 Too fallen for hope, yet too gentle for scorn,
 Her burden was heavy to bear ;
 And she sought a repose
 From her wrongs and her woes
 In the bosom of Earth, her mother.

Look tenderly on her, nor heartlessly blame ;
 And while Charity mourneth her fall,
 Oh ! pray that life's harvest of sorrow and shame
 May more than atone for it all ;
 And the angels shall keep
 Holy watch o'er her sleep,
 In the bosom of Earth, her mother.

GLASGOW.

G. A.

WANDERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN RENFREWSHIRE.

BOTANY.—ARTICLE II.

NETHERCRAIGS—GLENIFFER GLEN—SERGEANTLAW—LOCHLIBO—
WAS-HILL AND LOCH—THE PRESWEEP INN.

AFTER a short halt, let us proceed.

All along the upper pasture-lands, violets (*Viola odorata*) bespangle the turf, varying in hue from a bright yellow to the deepest velvety shade which denominates this much-favoured flower. In the same pastures, the field gentian (*Gentiana campestris*) has its habitation. This plant is sought after by the herbalist, is an excellent bitter, and used in medicine as such. It is annual, growing to the height of four or five inches, with a rigid branchy stem, and fine purple flowers. The beauty of the plant, and its official qualities, recommend it to notice. In dry heathy spots, upon a thin peat soil, will be found at intervals, along the range of these ridges, the diœcious cudweed (*Gnaphalium dioicum*). It is a tiny plant, but very interesting from its nature and its beauty. There are several *Gnaphaliums* found in the district; but of them all, the present is chiefly deserving of notice. It is diœcious—that is, the female flowers are upon one plant, and the male flowers on another. These are white, often with a beautiful crimson spot in the centre, and frequently altogether of a fine pink shade. The petals contain no moisture, so that they do not wither, and may be classed among what are commonly called “everlastings.” The plant is worthy of introduction into the parterre. The Feverfew (*Pyrethrum*) is found apparently wild above the old lime quarries at Nethercraigs; as is also the sweet Cicely on the opposite side of the ridge, facing Neilston: but in both instances, these occur near what seem to be the remnants of ancient cottages, in the gardens of which they were probably cultivated for medicinal purposes, and are left to “waste their sweetness in the desert air.”

Gleniffer Glen (Tannahill’s “dewy dell”) is a narrow defile of a wild and romantic character, and in severe frost, such as that of 1838, presents a magnificent and fairy-like scene, from the gigantic icicles which depend from its precipitous and rocky sides—it being literally a chasm; but in the “leafy month of June,” the great variety of cryptogamous plants, in the shape of ferns and mosses, with which it is clothed, produce an effect not easily to be put in words. In several places of this ravine, it is profusely tapestried by the alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium alternifolium*), which adorns its sides with its succulent verdure, spangled with its golden-yellow flowers, continually dripping the limpid water in which it luxuriates. The congener of this plant—the opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage (*C. oppositifolium*)—is rare, more stately and beautiful; is found sparingly in shady places lower down, and was once to be found at Blackland mill; but from recent alterations of the dam there, this pretty plant is not now to be found.

The Saint John’s Worts are to be found of various species along and about the Braes. Indeed, the most of the Scottish species are to be

found about Paisley. These are all beautiful plants, and one of them—but *which* we cannot condescend upon—forms the subject of a superstition in Germany, decisive of the prospects of a maiden's chance of being wedded to the chosen of her affections, or to her bier, within a year from St. John's day. On the eve of that day, the girl culls a plant of St. John's Wort, and places it against the wall of her apartment. If it remains fresh and green in the morning, it is a happy omen of the future; but if it droops and fades, the girl is doomed to die within the year. We remember of an English versification of a German poetical effusion upon this subject, translated, if we do not mistake, from Schiller, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* many years ago, founded on this legend, where a young lady had hazarded the experiment; but the omen was inauspicious, for,

“When the year was pass'd away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone,
On the night of Saint John,
As they closed the grave o'er the maid's cold clay.”

There are the Perforated St. John's Wort (*Hypericum perforatum*)—the Square St. John's Wort (*H. tetragonum*), with its square stem—the Upright St. John's Wort (*H. pulchrum*), so named from its peculiar beauty—the lovely Least St. John's Wort (*H. pusillum*), peeping from crevices in the seal dykes—and that curious, yet equally beautiful little plant, the trailing St. John's Wort (*H. humifusum*) is rarely seen, on semi-cultivated spots among weeds, as at Sergeantlaw, spreading around its trailing branches upon the surface, adorned by its fine yellow flowers.—The St. John's Worts are the badge of the M'Kinnons.

Let us now proceed to the summit of the Braes, where the common ling or heather (*Calua vulgaris*) has its sway—

“————— a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain”—

and survey what there appears worthy of observation. There, at intervals, are found a few species of those little shrubby plants, the bilberries (*Vaccinium*). The blaeberry (*V. myrtilli*)—so familiar to the youthful recollection of, it may be asserted, every native of Scotland, as an object of research, in the season of its much-prized and palatable fruit, in the days of boyhood or girlhood—need not be looked at, but merely *en passant*, for the purpose of introducing two of its next in kin, which are not to be found in many places within the county.

One of these, the cranberry (*V. oxycoccus*), we have found in these elevated mosses. This is, strictly speaking, an elegant shrub, with long, extending, slender, wiry, yet woody ramifications, adorned laterally with minute green leaflets, which stretch along the surface, not of the peat, but of the spongy sphagnum—a moss which grows upon the peat—into which the cranberry fixes its roots, and from the sphagnum's moisture extracts its nourishment. The flower appears in June, and is of a very pretty pink colour; but so minute and concealed are the ramifications, dispersing themselves beneath the heather which shades

them, that it is only an inquiring and practised eye that can detect them. The fruit, which succeeds the flower, is a berry very unlike the other bilberries, in not having a dulcet flavour, but one extremely pleasant and acidulous, of an oval shape, reclining upon the soft surface of the sphagnum, attached to a long thread-like footstalk, and almost leading an unpractised eye to the supposition that it is the fruit of that moss—as it did us, long ago. This plant is abundant in Cumberland, where the fruit is gathered, and disposed of, for the confectioner; and it is imported from Northern Europe in large quantities, and made use of in the winter months for the preparation of tarts.

The other, the red whortle-berry, (*V. vitis idæa*) grows erect, is evergreen, and bears leaves closely resembling those of the boxwood. This species, even in the Highlands, is not common. It occurs here but rarely, and also in the woods at Southbar, and on the Kilpatrick hills. The flower is red, as is also the berry, which, so far as we know, has not been remarked for possessing any peculiar quality; yet, on the whole, it is a pretty plant, hardy, far handsomer than the boxwood, and might be used like it as an edging in gardens. The scientific name would lead to the indication that its fruit resembled a grape.—The badge of the M'Leods.

Another shrub, also of a very elegant appearance, but of a totally different class, occurs in the same places, the crane or crawberry (*Empetrum nigrum*). This is also a wiry shrub, thickly clothed with beautiful minute leaves. It is diœcious; and the female bears an insignificant flower, but nice little berries, which are much sought after by young people in the season of their ripeness. These form a favourite food of the grouse, as, indeed, do the berries of the vacciniums.—The badge of the M'Leans.

Some of these plants are not forgotten in Scottish song, as—

"I'll pu' thee the blaeberry ripe frae the rocky glen,
I'll pu' thee the crawberry ripe frae the foggy fen."

We have now reached a point, from which, at a short distance above Lochlibo, there is obtained a magnificent, yet charming view of Ayrshire, which appears before you like one vast garden, with the Clyde as its further limit, and Ailsa Craig in the distance. The vegetation here does not afford any particular variety more than in other such places. There is, however, one denizen of this elevated region which cannot be omitted. This is the seaside plantain (*Plantago maritima*). The very idea of a seaside plant being found here, may, at first sight, appear hyperbolic; "yet true it is, and of verity." Every one knows the common ribwort, and greater plantain, which are found everywhere; and, like them, their seaside relative has no pretensions to showiness. The plant has green succulent lanceolate leaves, with a spike of florets, not very discernible to the naked eye. It is very common on the sea-shore, so near the salt water as to be covered during spring tides, and has a saline taste; but it is a remarkable circumstance that a littoral plant should be found so far from its natural element, and at such an altitude. Authors, however, say that it is found even in more elevated situations.

Going through the mossy, marshy ground towards the Hartfield dam, on the way to Was-hill and its loch, it is likely the inquirer may stumble upon one of our most modest-looking and beautiful native flowers—the grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*). It grows in boggy ground; is upright; and bears at the summit of the stem a large white flower, which is veined with green. The name is peculiar, and seems to associate itself with the Muses. If Parnassus was verdured with this plant so profusely as to be called its grass, that mount must have had a lovely appearance. It is used in medicine.

In the same bogs, a chance plant, if diligently sought after, may be found, of the same wiry, shrubby description as the bilberries and crowberry—the marsh Andromeda (*Andromeda polifolia*). This shrub affects peat-mosses, and grows, not upon the sphagnum, but in the true peat. It is very rare. The leaves are strong, rigid, lanceolate, and revolute, or turned backwards at the edges, about an inch in length. The flowers are of a delicate pale pink colour, of one petal nearly globular, with a small opening, in which the pistil and anthers are placed—urceolate, in technical phraseology. It was Linnæus who gave the name of Andromeda to this shrub—mythology seeming, in all his nomenclature, to have occupied his attention. In that truly curious and quaint work, his "*Lacheois iter Lapponica*," or Lapland Journey, he describes his ecstasies on first finding the plant in the Lapland bogs, and the tortuous reasons which induced him to apply to it the simile of the story of Andromeda, the monster, and Perseus. Andromeda was chained to a rock, to become the prey of a monster of the deep; but Perseus, by Divine assistance, destroyed the monster, and relieved Andromeda. Linnæus fancied the beautiful plant to be Andromeda; while the frogs, lizards, and other reptiles inhabiting the bogs, he conjured up to represent the monster; and the simile is wound up by the summer representing Perseus ridding the plant of its noxious neighbours, and giving it uninterrupted scope to unfold its beauties. The learned Swede was at this time twenty-five years of age, and the whimsical derivation of the name of the plant may be considered as the vagary of a young mind. Still, the fact of such reptiles being found in the favourite soil of the Andromeda has been tested by ourselves; for in the only other locality where we ever found this plant—in the mosses at Garnkirk, near Glasgow—we also found very numerously the scaly lizard (*Lucerta agilis*) darting like thought among the heather, as well as the common adder (*Coluber vipera*), not to speak of frogs. The name, however, remains fixed, and has been applied to numerous since-discovered exotic species, some of which have been deservedly introduced into the shrubbery. Indeed, we planted specimens of our Andromeda in a relative's garden, where they thrived.

Here and there are found specimens of the round-leaved Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), a minute and curiously-formed plant, not often observed but by searchers. The leaves are radical, spread out horizontally, often upon the sphagnum, of a round shape, upon a stalk; are of a reddish colour, beset thickly with coarse hairs, on the points of which there are drops of a viscid pellucid matter, as crystalline as the

dew-drop, but clammy, adhering to the finger when touched, and drawing out into a thread when withdrawn. From the resemblance of this substance to dew, arises the name of the plant; because, even in the hottest sunshine, its dew is to be observed; while the *dew* properly belongs to those hours when Luna holds her sway, and when the orb of day has not acquired, or does not retain, sufficient power to dissipate it. The use of the clammy fluid is to entrap unwary small insects, the immolation of which, it is supposed, is essential to the vitality of the plant. The plant is the *rosa solis* of the old botanists. The long-leaved Sundew, which was exhibited in Paisley at the last Horticultural Show, shall be afterwards noticed, as occurring in another district.

In these places occur, few and far between, several species of Club Moss (*Lycopodium*). The least rare of these is that creeping species commonly called fox's tail. It is rarely seen in a state of inflorescence or fructification. We only once observed it in this state, with its upright flower or fruit stems, headed by a dense spike or club, dispersing its seeds, resembling the "farina of beans and pease." The fir Club Moss (*L. selago*) has a very different appearance. It may be said to be common in the Alps of the Highlands, but is of rare occurrence in these elevations; grows erect, with several stems from the same root; has rigid, sharp-pointed leaflets, closely set, and directed upwards; and at the top, the same kind of dust-like seeds are developed, dispersing themselves around in the same manner as the last-mentioned species.—This is the badge of the Campbells of Argyll. In the "Clans," this plant is mentioned as being claimed as the badge of the M'Raes, while the sweet Gale (*Myrica gale*) is attributed to the Campbells. However, the author of the "Clans" shows that the fir club-moss is the badge of the Campbells.

We can hardly omit one of the prettiest little plants we possess—the Milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*), of the papilionaceous or diadelphous order, which embraces the pea, bean, clovers, and a multitude of other plants and trees useful as food for man and beast, and ornamental to our gardens and shrubberies. In the *original*, this little flower is of a deep mazarine blue; but it is here remarked for its possessing two varieties—the one white, and the other red. These varieties are found here and there, but are not common. It is to be inferred from its name, that the old herbalists attributed to this plant some virtues sanatory to the lacteal organs.

In the marshy grounds and ditches, the marsh violet (*Viola palustris*) is found—a small retiring plant, with a sky-blue flower, resembling in hue the common dog's violet (*V. canina*). It is noticed for its rarity.

We have reached the Was-loch, which may rather be denominated a tarn. This sheet of water contains a profusion of the white lock-hily (*Nymphaea alba*), one of the most splendid of all flowers. It is very seldom that the roots of this elegant plant are seen, from their situation in deep water on a muddy bottom; but we once had an opportunity of seeing them, some years ago, on the draining of the Dugaldston Loch, near Milngavie. These were very large and thick, like branches of trees, tresselling and crossing each other upon the mud at the bottom,

so as to form a foundation upon which one might almost have ventured to entrust himself without sinking into the mud. These, or the roots of an allied plant, constitute a part of the food of the Hippopotamus, of which that unwieldy animal is so fond, that junks of the root are used as bait to hook him, in the African rivers. Linnæus considered this animal as the "behemoth" of Job; for, in one of his synonymes, in his "*Systema Naturæ*," he notes "*Behemot Jobi*."

It was intended to have persevered a little longer about this place, but we must reserve that to another occasion, and wend our way *retro*, after a rather fatiguing ramble, towards the Peesweep Inn, especially as we know that a luxuriant bed of water-cresses (*Nasturium aquaticum*) exists there, without which, as a recent writer has remarked, no man should take his dinner.

SONNET

TO WALLACE'S TREE, ELDEERSLIE.

HAIL, venerable oak! Thou stand'st a wreck
Of that which thou wert once. Thy stately stem
Has lost those shading boughs where Wallace came
To find a refuge, when around the neck
Of his loved Scotland, Edward threw the check
Of English thralldom. But there burn'd a flame
Within thy hero's soul—He by whose name
Thou stand'st a proud memorial—which did break
Forth in its fury 'gainst his country's wrongs,
And his loved Marion's; and each Scot, in might
Of a high cause, did rouse, with sternest front,
Fair Freedom's champions; and thus Fame prolongs
Thy story—He who battled for the right,
Amid Thy foliage-shade to hide was wont.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN HAY.

BY LEWIS TITIAN.

CHAPTER I. TREATS OF A CLASSICAL ACADEMY—THE APPLES OF DR. TRUSSWELL'S EYE—THE HERO INTRODUCED IN AN UNHEROIC MANNER—A PASSAGE IN EVERYBODY'S LIFE, WITH FEW VARIATIONS.

"Who stole the Doctor's apples?—aye! who stole them?" was muttered in *sotto voce*, with many inquisitive looks, portentous nods, and significant winks, among the rows of boys in Doctor Trusswell's school, or classical academy rather, for so the elaborate German-text sign-board suspended above the hall-door, and the neat Roman capitals on the bell-plate, set forth to the world. No matter for that, however. Just now, seventy boys sat within that academy, in a state of uncomfortable

suspense, yet looking all meekly-innocent of any concern with, or previous knowledge of, the awful fact conveyed in the words "Who stole the apples?" as pronounced by Doctor Trusswell, in the imperative mood, from his wooden desk, for the second or third time.

"Boys," said the Doctor, rising up in his seat, with his face red, and his eye flashing, as like one of those classic heroes he daily extolled as might be. "Boys," repeated the Doctor, and, drawing his brown wig farther over his brows, to give an air of stern authority—"unless the culprit, of whom I have my suspicions, is discovered, I shall allow none of you to go to dinner to-day. This is the second time my orchard has been broken into; and, not content with stealing common fruit, the thief, or thieves, have completely stripped my Hesperian pippins."

These pippins the Doctor loved, cherished, and doted on. He had reared the trees himself, watched their budding and blossoming promise, and hailed with joy the golden fulfilment. He had counted the little round excrescences long ere they attained the shape of apples, and had watched over each one of them unremittingly, as they developed themselves into proper pippins. He had viewed them from all possible points, and contemplated their ruddy cheeks with glowing satisfactory pride—through his spectacles, and without them—at short distances, and comparatively long ones; and had fully made up his mind to the fact that there never were pippins in the world like them—never; no, not more rare or luscious was the fabled dragon-guarded fruit of old, or were the golden apples, the gift of Venus, by which Hippomenes won his mistress. They might be truly reckoned among the Doctor's *lares*—household gods—so loved and cherished were they. Wonder not, then, though he was wroth, awfully wroth, at discovering the whole crop—with exception of one or two dwarf crabs, that remained staring out from the leaves, as if in derision—gone, irrevocably gone. First, stupified with astonishment at the sight, then boiling with rage on recovery from that sensation, the Doctor, who had been taking his morning walk in the garden, rushed precipitately into the house, arraigned the domestics, and commenced an investigation, the result of which involved in the deed a certain number of his school-boys or boarders who had been seen prowling late at night in the vicinity. The pedagogue made up his mind to the most likely class; but, before flogging indiscriminately, he put the question, "Tell me, now, who stole the apples? I shall be obliged to punish the whole school, and impose serious tasks, unless the real thief is pointed out. First class, come here." The boys stood up all in a row, beneath the shadow of the Doctor's cane, some of them shrinking with anticipatory punishment, others dogged and indifferent, and a few anxious and doubtful.

"Which of you, sirs, or how many of you, are thieves? I hope, to save his class, and the rest of the school, the rascal will confess his fault; and whoever of you knows aught about it, and informs me of the perpetrator, will be properly rewarded."

None of the boys answered. A generous dislike to betray each other kept them silent, or else they could not reveal anything concerning the robbery.

"Lionel Sophtore, I shall then begin with you, as at the head of the class. Come forward, sir."

Lionel, a sheepish, mawkish-looking youth, with large fishy eyes, and a head stuffed with scraps of classical information, the result of three years' cramming and flogging at the Doctor's, obeyed the call. His features pale and red alternately, and his hands dug deep into his pockets, and a slight nervous attraction of the knees to each other, indicated woefully little of the soul of Achilles or Æneas.

"Punishment," began the master, (and this, by the way, is no unfrequent preface, as we ourselves could often vouch,) "punishment is ever a painful duty to the rightly-constituted mind who inflicts it. Lionel, you may not think so, but I can assure you I feel to the full the exercise of authority, in such a case as this, as disagreeable as if I myself were the sufferer."

Lionel certainly looked as if he did not think it, and would, without hesitation, exchange relative positions, just for the sake of experiment.

"I am sorry," pursued the master; "but justice to myself"—here the cane, performing a swoop in the air, switched across Lionel's back, followed by a yell of agony—"justice to you"—another tremendous cut and scream—"justice to the school"—a third, over the shoulders.

"Mercy, mercy!" screamed Lionel. "It wasn't me. Mercy! It was—Martin—Martin Hay did it. He told me he did."

"Who? Martin Hay? Ha! my pretty fellow! So, you're the thief, are you?" said the Doctor, letting go Lionel (who slunk writhingly and blubbing to his seat, where the other boys, stung with abhorrence at his cowardice and treachery, shrunk from him), and pouncing upon another little lad in the centre of the class. "So, so, sir," he pursued sarcastically; "you are the robber—a credit to your friends and society. Now, tell me who were your accomplices in this transaction."

Martin was a bright fair-haired lad, of perhaps fifteen, of a bold determined look, shrinking not from the touch of the Doctor, or the cane that was flourished over his head. He answered not the demand to reveal his associates in the deed, but preserved, though the tear glistened in his eye, a true stoical bearing.

Dr. Trusswell, never neglecting to seize an opportunity of improvement, when any occurrence similar to the present placed it in his power, proceeded in pursuance of his usual plan, which by all boys was ever felt to be nearly allied to a cat toying with its victim, ere fastening its fangs in it, and which we recommend to the attention of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, there being many Dr. Trusswells in Great Britain. He began, then, with the usual prologue:—

"My young friends, I am grieved, grieved at the bottom of my heart, for this occurrence; and more especially that any of your number should have disgraced himself by being connected with it. I feel how painful the exercise of impartial justice is. It gives me no pleasure to chastise you, Martin; but a sense of what is due to the morality and discipline of the school, demands its infliction. I hope every boy is fully convinced of this. Lionel, come and horse him."

Martin was straddled across Lionel's back, flogged till the Doctor was pale and frothing at the mouth with exhaustion, and then flung into

his seat half-dead. The thought of the twenty pippins nerved the Doctor's arm that morning. The punishment spread dismay through the school. Many may think we are writing a tale just now, and embellishing the truth. We are not. Such practices existed ten years ago, common enough. Boys were barbarously, savagely treated, brutalised in feeling often for life; and still such customs are noway extinct. We have seen men with wounds of school-discipline on their bodies, to remain there till the grave effaced them.

The school dismissed. Martin no sooner was out, than a little cluster of lads grouped round him, eager to sympathise with him. Why? Because they were all guilty, but he had not betrayed them.

"Martin, you acted nobly," said Tom Johnston, taking him by the hand. "I'm your friend for life, Martin. I'll thrash Sophtore, or burn Trusswell's wig, tar him to his seat, or anything for you."

Martin declined any present service. Nevertheless, it was sincerely proffered, and afterwards accepted; for, when the holidays came round, he went off to spend a part of them at Tom's father's country residence. And right pleasantly he spent them, too; for what boy does not instinctively find pleasure in a country life, so long as there are nests to harry, or birds to trap—fish to guddle in the stream—dogs to gambol, and hunt rats with—water to sail boats in—turf or stones to build with? In fact, every element and object, material and immaterial, conduces to boyish delights. But Martin found pleasanter engagement than all these, and a companion to share it, too. When Tom first introduced him to his sister Kitty—little Kitty Johnston—Martin felt sheepish and awkward in her presence, hardly daring to look at those lively lustrous dark eyes direct, or to meet the vivacity of her wit; but she had a winning way, that wound itself about your heart, and made you love her. Pretty little Kitty and Martin were not half-a-day acquainted ere he felt as friendly, and as much at home, as if she had been his sister. Martin, poor fellow! never had a sister, nor known the love of a mother. He was an isolated child—a boy alone—knowing no gentle springing impulse of feeling towards any member of the sisterhood of woman, for he had none among all that loving band he could call a friend. Not strange at all was it, then, surely, that he

"Began to feel that man was formed to look,
And long for other objects than a book."

when the spell of little Kitty's necromancy was thrown around him. Older people may smile at all this, and at the ignorance of the writer, too; and perhaps some fashionable perfumed Goth may turn up his nose, and say, "Who evaw heard of childwen fawling in love?" But as we have to do with facts, we must disregard all that, and go on saying that Martin really loved Kitty, with all the fervour of an ingenuous, pure attachment. He loved her for herself alone. Nor was she so slow to learn this fact; for little maidens—and Kitty was just fourteen—have strong perceptions in such matters. Often, therefore, yet unsuspected by any one of such a feeling, did Martin make Kitty his companion. They rambled through the woods together, gathered wild berries and flowers, sat upon the green-sward, and listened to the melody of birds; or by

"Some winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow,"

they lingered, watching its dancing waters, or plucking the lily, that fairest of all flowers, from some of its dark pools. These same lovely water-lilies, too, greatly occasioned the cementing of that early friendship. Overreaching to pull one, Kitty found herself suddenly and unexpectedly forming the largest of the group of these "water queens." A sudden scream brought Martin to the spot. He dashed into the pool to her assistance, and with some difficulty rescued her from a fate which would have prematurely closed our tale. Dripping wet, they returned home; and when Kitty told the story of her adventure, Martin was lauded by her parents for his bravery; but more did he feel rewarded by the generous glances of the young lady, than by the praises of the old people, even conjoined with Tom's enthusiastic display of gratitude, who ceased not, at intervals, during all the night, to ask the particulars of it to be repeated, which Kitty or Martin obligingly did, that Tom might interrupt them at each sentence, by extolling his friend.

Martin maintained, of course, on return to school, a close acquaintanceship with Tom; and regularly, as the summer holidays returned, he went back with his companion to Edgemere. During the winter ones, Tom went to London, or its vicinity, where his father was a merchant. Martin's last holidays came round: he was now eighteen or more, and had received all that Dr. Trusswell could impart in the way of a polished education, befitting, to quote the Doctor's advertisements, "any sphere in life." He was to launch upon the world—the great business of life, its struggles and cares were to be entered on. As usual, he went with Tom to Edgemere, though from it he should not return again to the academy. Here Kitty was found more beautiful and engaging than ever. She was now seventeen, and that of all other ages is the most interesting period of a young lady's existence. All the old rambles were re-trod; new beauties discovered in the shady woods, by the burn-side, and romantic glades; and new feelings experienced, and old ones revived, in the heart of each. At length, Martin must depart. The few days he had passed had gone so quickly by, they seemed more like a recollection of something pleasant, than the reality. It was with a strong regret he made his preparations to quit Edgemere, or rather, to quit the society of its occupants.

Never had he returned, as a boy, to school with so heavy a heart. The evening before he left, as rambling alone sorrowfully, thinking of the future, and contrasting it with the past, along a sequestered foot-path near the house, he felt a light hand laid on his shoulder. On looking up, Kitty stood beside him.

"You're going away to-morrow, Martin?" said she.

"Yes; early to-morrow, before the sun is up," he replied, slowly, and with an expression of sadness.

"I shall not see you again. I thought *that*, Martin, to-night; and I came to bid you good-bye."

She took him by the hand, and they walked silently along a little way.

"I do regret," said Martin, "that I am about to leave you, Kitty. I never felt before what it was to have a friend, and how hard to lose one."

"You are not losing one, Martin. I—I will be as much your friend as ever. Oh, yes! you know how much, how deeply, I am indebted to you. You saved my life; and is not that enough to make me call you friend for ever after?"

"Thank you, Kitty. Did you know how much I valued such a friendship as thine—how miserable the thought of going away was, and never seeing you at all! But now my heart is light; and I could go through the world, through all opposition and difficulty, Kitty, so long as you called me friend."

Kitty looked down at the grass, while Martin in his fervour, gazed into her countenance, clasping the little hand she held out to him. She looked at the ground, while one little foot drummed against it. What could Kitty see in the grass, or in that little red-and-white daisy she now toyed with? what kept her glancing dark eyes, often so quick and sparkling, now so demurely and firmly rivetted upon it? Hastily she crushed the little daisy, and then looked Martin full in the face, but with a wistful sad expression.

"You will forget me when away," said she; "and I may never see you again."

"Forget you? oh, no! So long as the blood runs in my veins, will my heart beat with love for you, Kitty; and if I may not see you more, my fault it will not be; but you—you may soon, with so many happy friends around you—so loved by all, and so worthy of it, too—can hardly be expected to remember a poor friendless boy."

"Martin, you speak harshly to me—at least I feel it so. I shall often think of you, and always with pleasure, too. See here: keep this ring for my sake. You may not forget me when you see it."

"Kitty," said Martin, circling her neck with his arm, "I have read in books of knights and ladies of old, that loved each other, and vowed by the stars of heaven, to endure all crosses, sufferings, and cruelties, rather than be false; and how, many a time, they both were sorely tried before Heaven permitted them the full enjoyment of that love; yet, among all opposition and dangers, the same hope and devotion kindled life in both their hearts, and quickened them to noble deeds. Kitty! might I but be your knight, how bravely I'd strive to win a place in the world worthy of you!—how little I'd dread to meet its dangers! and how cheerfully to fight my way through them!"

"That you may be, then, Martin; and none other will," said Kitty, burying her face on his shoulder. Thus, locked in each other's arms, but with hearts far closer knit than hands, they slowly stole along that old forest-path, where the arms of giant trees, twining together high above their heads, looking fitting silent types of the clinging, eager love that, upwards springing in the heart of that boy and girl, had spread a new world of faith before their view, with its new hopes, feelings, and sympathies, but entered on with strong reliance on each other.

Day dawned. The mail drew up, with its panting steeds, and muffled coachman, before Mr. Johnston's door. Two lads sprung upon its top—the horn blew—the horses snorted and dashed along. Martin looked long and eagerly at one window. A young figure, wrapped in a

shawl, lingered there, waving a hand to him. He looked till the turn of the road shut it from view. He saw the ocean of life before him now. Its wild waters might lash, or the wind of adversity hurry scowling clouds across its horizon; yea, storms might break, spreading desolation and sorrow; or dense cheerless mists float heavily over it: he had a beacon to lighten him—a compass to steer by.

O love! that, shedding first its golden beams on Eden, hath kindled truth in man's spirit, sweetened sorrow in his path—remaining ever, through all time, the same unchanging, heaven-derived, world-blessing gift. Sooner let the blue vault of heaven shrink to own its sun, than that relic of a glorious past—boon to struggling present, and earnest of a brighter future—have its holy ray extinguished in man's heart!

CHAPTER II. IS VERY SHORT, BUT VERY ESSENTIAL—OUR HERO LAUNCHED ON THE WORLD.

BETWIXT you and I, reader—and we may be confidential for a little—brevity is the soul of more things than wit. In many, if not in most things, it is a very enviable and desirable quality. For instance, the Delphian oracle's words were prized just because it said so little. Had it been long-winded and prolix, like many modern oracles, its chances of popularity would have been considerably diminished; for it is a fact worth noting, that those who speak least, but are possessed of the greatest collection of significant nods, winks, and sympathetic grunts, get the most liberal credit for wisdom and sagacity. If our Parliamentary orators and legislators could but take a hint from the Delphic model, convinced as we, their speeches would have more chance of being read, and would often be fully as comprehensive. And, to bring the matter home to every-day life—why, when we look around us, every fashion of the age, and every habit, has more or less abridgement in it than in former times. Now, men hurry through the world—they do not loiter and dream by the road as they used to do: business is done in a twinkling, or perchance by electricity—news communicated in indefinite periods of time—roads are traversed in a flash—and fortunes made or lost in a few hours. Men hurry through the world as if pursued by a troop of demons, or as if the command, “Flee for thy life—look not behind thee,” were ringing portentously in their ears. The great maxim of the mammon-pursuing age is, “Money is time—time is everything—save it.” And into the very social relations of life has this principle diffused itself. Who of us, for instance, would sit with patience under one of those long discourses which divines of former days launched into, each of which, with its divisions, subdivisions, and circumflexions within circumflexions, would nigh fill an ordinary octavo volume? What lover would wish her or his courtship prolonged like those of the hero or heroine of our older nine-volume novelists? What ambitious courtier would now be content to creep at snails' pace into place, and find himself arrived at the goal just as the snows of winter had whitened his head? Oh, no! In this age, sermons, to be popular, must be short; lovers, to be preferred, must speedily “come to the scratch;” and intrigues, to be successful, must be rapidly carried through.

Only the other day, we heard Tom Brown, an intimate friend of ours, say to his wife, as he left the house—"Mary, my dear! I shall be home to dinner at exactly three minutes to five, and will remain till five minutes after it. Be punctual, now; for I must catch the train for Manchester to-night." And Mary was punctual; for we saw Tom emerging from the house exactly at the time specified—rushing along, with a travelling-bag in hand, to catch the omnibus. What would our ancestors have thought of such a proceeding? and it is by no means uncommon. There's Miss Cecilia Vavasour, over the way—soon to be made Mrs. O'Gorman, wife of that tall Irish gentleman of extensive bog interest, whom you see talking at the window to her. I'll tell you how it was. Miss Cecilia was, two months since, just nineteen—a lovely little brunette—when she was introduced to O'Gorman at a ball given by Mrs. Jermyn of St. James's Place—given as a sort of exhibition of her six marriageable daughters, and whither O'Gorman had come, along with other youths, that the six might have a chance of catching them. Cecilia was quite in raptures about the Irishman, and no wonder; for he stood six feet in his stockings, sported an immense pair of bushy black whiskers, and talked a strong patois. What female heart could resist such combined attractions? In short, Cecilia determined to have him; more particularly when she heard of the two thousand acres of land in Connaught that went along with him—turning a strong balance in his favour. So she gave him, by some of those little arts the sex can so well practise, to understand that night that he had made an impression. She danced with him, chatted with him, praised him and his country, said she wished she had been born in Ireland—"she so much adored it;" till his great heart warmed towards, and finally melted to, the gentle pressure she returned his grasp with. He accompanied her home that night, and called repeatedly afterwards; but as no declaration was forthcoming in the course of a month, she thought he was too long delaying, and played off a cousin—a young cornet—against him for a week, at the end of which he was at her feet; and next month they will be married. Her grandmother courted Barm, the baker, three years, and her mother indulged love at least for two; but, in the present day, such nonsense is obsolete.

Surely we have said enough now by way of apology for, and preface to, this short chapter; and having acquitted ourselves from all impeachment on the score of singularity, or non-conformity to the practice of the day, we will rest a moment, and, taking a glance at our characters, ascertain exactly how they stand.

Martin Hay was, as has been already hinted, an orphan, his parents having both died when he was in infancy. His father, a merchant in Edinburgh, left a few hundred pounds, which he directed should be expended in the education and maintenance of his son, till he was eighteen years of age. This request was faithfully complied with—Martin being placed early at Doctor Trusswell's academy, where all the rudiments of an English or classical education were instilled; but very little knowledge of the world, or mankind at large, accompanied the process. Now the period had arrived when his "battle of life" should begin in earnest: the little left by his father had been nigh expend-

ed, but hardly wisely, we think; for how little fitness does a boarding-school education give, for entering on a warfare with the world. Martin's guardian agreed he should go to London, and take his chance of success among the struggling million. Thither, accordingly, soon after his return from the Johnstone's, he set out, with heart full of hope and anticipation, building many gorgeous airy palaces, as we are all, even the oldest of us, apt to do at times; but which come always crumbling down anon. Here, in this great heart of the world, he found himself almost a stranger; there being, with the exception of an old relation, to whom he was directed, with a letter of introduction, no living being that he knew. It was thought that this kinsman—an old-world worm—who lived for self, and yet denied himself enjoyment of what he lived for, would exercise himself on Martin's behalf. Jarvis Richards, our hero's relative, was known as a stock-broker—one of a class of plodding, scheming spirits, whose dingy souls rejoice in no kindly, noble feelings; but, living in a little, sordid world of self, seek to accumulate the world's dross, without aim; and, having accumulated so much of it, die, that folly may scatter and squander what usury hath gathered. With some little difficulty, Martin discovered his residence, in a dreary court, off one of the great thoroughfares. "Jarvis Richards, Stockbroker," painted on the centre of a foggy-looking glass door, indicated the office; and Martin, with hesitating step, entered it. A solitary clerk, grim as the court in which he toiled, received his letter of introduction, and with spectral, silent tread, walked into an adjoining room with it, and as softly returned to his desk. In a few minutes a bell rang, and the *genius loci* (we mean the clerk) signified to Martin that his master wished to see him. Martin followed his conductor into another room, in which were strewed heaps of dusty papers, ledgers, and account-books: boxes in tiers rose up against the wall, and little fire-proof safes filled up the corners. At a desk, covered with papers and books likewise, close to a window, which commanded a view of an opposite dead wall or gable, sat Mr. Richards, an elderly, attenuated man, of pinched yellow features, relieved from total saffron by a purplish-red tinge of nose. He was dressed in short kersymere tights and long gaiters, an ample black coat and vest, and white neck-cloth, by way of contrast. Lifting up his spectacles, he looked at Martin, exclaiming, in a sharp tone,—

"You're come to London to push your fortune—eh? or have been sent to make it? which comes all to the same thing. There's plenty of room in it, I assure you. But, pray, what can you do?"

Martin related as much of his past life and experience as he could manage, in the compass of a few minutes.

"Humph! I thought so."

"Well, sir?" replied Martin, astonished by the abruptness of the exclamation, and supposing it a question addressed to him.

"You can cast accounts, write a good hand, and are willing to make yourself useful?"

"Oh, yes—ready and willing to do anything by which an honest livelihood may be gained. I hope, sir, I will never be found unwilling to labour, little as I have been used to it hitherto."

"See, young man, and remember it. There's been a deal of money,

that might else have been turned to good account, spent in giving you—what?—an education you would have been better without. Now you want to go into the world, with a confoundedly false notion of what it really is. You think it all fair and smooth; but let me tell you it's safest to look at every man as a rascal, and deal with him as such. Chesterfield might have given you a more polished, but not a better, advice."

"I shall try to remember it, sir," said Martin, though he loathed the precept.

"Read that, sir," said the other, handing him a copy of the *Times*, and pointing to an advertisement. "If you are willing to work, there's a good opening I could get you into, fortunately."

Martin read—"Wanted, for a newspaper office, a young man of superior education, and polished address. Apply, &c., St Mary's Court, Fleet Street." Laying down the paper, he said, "I would willingly try it, and shall ever feel grateful for your kindness."

"Well, you can stay with me till to-morrow, by which time I shall have ascertained all about it."

Again alone—Martin having left the room—Jarvis Richards' countenance wore a cynical cold sneer. In a low tone he muttered—"Another cousin's son! Why, they all seem to think they have a claim on me. The last is booked for Calcutta;—this one will, no doubt, find an opening for himself in London, if the newspaper does not suit. I wonder who helped me when I came here? no one; and not one of all these friends cared a straw for me. But now the reputed wealth of Jarvis Richards draws them all buzzing about—so many flies—so many flies around the honey."

Aye; and how many, in their love of the honey, are ensnared, and perish by it—as the same flies, once smeared, stick for ever to the alluring dainty!

[To be continued.]

THE FROZEN SHIP.

A SHIP, for England bound, her course once held,
 Career'g onward under rapid way;
 But by rough waves and adverse winds impell'd,
 Hard was our labour, both by night and day.

At last, among the icebergs we were caught;
 Kept her to windward—shorten'd all our sail—
 Our passage narrow, and with peril fraught;
 Ourselves half-frozen, and a fearful gale!

And now the cry is heard of "Ice ahead!"
 Reduced our canvass, all expecting death—
 Our limbs benumb'd, and cramp'd, and cold as lead,
 And turn'd to icicles our very breath.

Hark! "Ice-floats are upon our weather bow!"

All stood aghast—'twas like some fearful dream!

"Ice on our lee!" the boatswain shouted. Lo!

One sea of ice, ahead, astern, abeam!

Destruction stalked before us, and behind;

Her guns all under water now were laid;

The gallant ship lay lurching in the wind;

Nor drove we on, nor any headway made.

The lightning flash'd in forks, and zigzag gleam'd;

While Thunder lifted up his awful voice;

And every single spray that struck her seem'd,

As 'twere, to turn her into solid ice!

Now look'd she like some frozen water-sprite;

White as the driven snow each stiffen'd sail;

When, suddenly, the ship stood bolt upright,

And silent was the fury of the gale!—

Betwixt two bergs at last our passage clear—

On with redoubled speed she headlong rush'd;

The ice still grinding, groaning, in our rear—

The crew to atoms fearing to be crush'd!

What pen can paint the horrors of suspense,

While through this pass, all mute, we glided on;

By hope forsaken, and with fears intense,

Lest, in an instant, all hands might go down!

But now the ice was clearing at our bows,

And, as we viewed the open sea ahead,

Our sinking spirits suddenly arose,

And from our inmost hearts—we knelt and pray'd!

HERMIONE.

THE REV. MR. GUTHRIE'S PLEA FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.*

IF there be any feature in the social condition of the present age more peculiar and prominent than another, it is the immense disparity between riches and poverty—between comfort and loathsome misery. To a stranger visiting our populous towns and cities, the magnificent warehouses, whose floors groan beneath the load of all that heart can wish or appetite desire, and of all that luxury can crave or elegance demand, or that can satisfy intellect itself, appear as the evidences of nought but excessive wealth and refinement; and he returns to his rural nativity, with wondrous tales of the wealth and splendour in which the city

* A Plea for Ragged Schools; or, Prevention better than Cure. By the Rev. Thomas Guthrie. Third Edition. Edinburgh: John Elder; Glasgow: William Collins.

dwellers revel. Should he meet a ragged urchin, with piteous whine, selling his lucifer-matches, the vision crosses his path only as a little bye-play to the splendour of the whole. It does not appear to him that that little, sharp-visaged creature, created in the image of the same God as himself, fashioned with the same human feelings, having the same immortal destinies to fulfil, is but a type of thousands who are hid in the secret obscurities of dens of filth and wickedness, in out-of-the-way places, under ground, in tenements deserted by the very rats, and into which the air of heaven does not enter without being tainted with pestilential vapours, nor the sun shed a straggling beam without revealing the most revolting scenes. It requires but the charm of a few thousand miles' distance "to lend enchantment to the view," and the pen of affected piety, or the tongue of zealous agitation, to descant upon the subject, to rouse the sympathies of thousands of pious Christians, and to raise thousands of pounds, and to call forth the devoted energies of hundreds of zealous men to go forth to alleviate the sufferings and the distresses of the miserable beings; but there is too frequently nought but contempt, and scorn, and contumely for the shrivelled childish immortals who daily cross our path, endeavouring to pick up their living by the most precarious means, or filling our police-offices with culprits, and their courts with victims. Legal guilt it may be for the untaught child to beg and steal; moral guilt, we think, it cannot. The moral guilt lies more with society, that has permitted such a state of things to grow up and exist, than with the poor, forlorn, and starving children. Often has our heart bled when we reflected on the probable fate of hundreds and thousands of these poor, unfortunate human creatures. How few of them ever pass the age of childhood! How many of them reach the years of manhood! How very few, indeed—almost a miracle, if any—ever become respectable members of society! They might as well almost have been born Hottentots, or in the wild woods of the Red Indian, as in a Christian land, for any of the blessings of civilization or of enlightenment they have received. Nature teaches them that they must eat, and cover themselves from the shivering cold; but, pent up in cities, in obscure wynds, in loathsome hovels, Nature has not provided them with the fruits of the earth, or the means of procuring their necessities, but by begging and by thieving. They know not the moral law—they acknowledge no law but necessity, and evading the officers of police when guilty of contravening the rules of honesty: this is the only education they receive from their worthless parents (if parents they are fortunate enough to know), who, in their turn, may have been the victims of the same heartless and blighting training. Who are they who occupy our criminal cells, who fill our hulks, who infest our streets, exhibiting human depravity in its most revolting features?—those who have known and experienced the comforts of a parental roof, or the advantages of education in early youth, or those who have been educated to crime? How few are ever reclaimed from evil into which they have been trained! and how comparatively seldom do men who know better rush into the depths of degradation! All experience demonstrates that it is alone in the bud that vice can most easily be crushed, or virtue ingrafted

on the conduct. From whatever cause it may be that misery and crime should have crept into our populous towns, is it right that the victims should be treated as aliens and condemned criminals? Are they not fellow-countrymen? Are they not human beings, bound to us by strong ties of consanguinity and neighbourhood? Have they no title to the same immortal hopes of a better and a happier world? For them has no prophet appeared as the deliverer of the poor, and the friend of the cast-down and oppressed. How many of them have seen better days, but on whom the cold hand of poverty first fell, then the scowl of chilling neglect, ere they forsook the paths of honourable industry, or taught their miserable offspring the arts of crime! If society has neglected to provide for the needy, and instruct the ignorant, it has committed a gross transgression; and it suffers, and justly too, the penalty, in the injuries inflicted by the vice and ignorance it has engendered. We know no more promising field for the exercise of the god-like attribute of benevolence and duty, than is offered in the amelioration of the condition of those outcast inhabitants of our populous towns. And who are better fitted for such a task than the messengers of gospel peace? To them the task has been committed. Have they acted as faithful stewards, to permit such a state of things to spring up without loud and earnest remonstrances—without repeated and solemn appeals—without making it a matter between God and their consciences that such a state of things should exist without their solemn protest? It were useless to preach to these people the purer and more spiritual doctrines of the gospel, when they are gnawed by the spasms of hunger—when they are surrounded with filth and every uncleanness. We are proud to hail the Plea of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie as one of the most manly, straightforward, and Christian purpose-like productions we have met for a long period. We trust that this noble appeal in behalf of suffering humanity will rouse ministers of the gospel to their duty, as the dispensers of glad tidings to the poor, rather than harassing the world with sectarian and bitter ecclesiastical disputes—the disgrace, we think, of the present age. Mr. Guthrie holds a most influential position, and we trust that his example will stir up his brethren of all denominations to deeds of active benevolence, thereby making their profession honourable, and honoured by all. Of the literary merits of the pamphlet, it is not our purpose to speak. They are of no mean order; but the aim of the production is far higher and nobler than to please the taste, or gratify the intellect. It is a plain, an honest, and a manly exposition of the grossest and most debasing evils that can afflict any country. Although having more especial reference to the city of Edinburgh, still the remarks are applicable, we believe, to every large town and city in the empire. We lately gave some harrowing details of Glasgow misery and destitution. We could produce similar scenes of horror from the wynds of Paisley, and the dingy closes of Greenock. Mr. Guthrie commences with a few pungent remarks on the princely-endowed hospitals of Edinburgh, whose benefits never reach the abodes of poverty, nor shed one beam of intelligence on the dark haunts of vice and crime. While he acknowledges the benefits these hospitals confer, and the excellence of

their management, he seeks not to destroy or revolutionize them, but to have other means employed. In proving his case, he draws his pictures from the life. He visits the dwelling-places of crime and misery, and, like an angel of mercy in these forlorn abodes, inspires them with comfort and with hope. His sketches have therefore all the freshness and vigour of accurate portraits; and, from the homely, straightforward way in which they are narrated, leave the strongest impression on the mind. Here is a scene from the Grassmarket:—

"On one side of this square, in two-thirds of the shops (for we have counted them) spirits are sold. The sheep are near the slaughter-house,—the victims are in the neighbourhood of the altars. The mouth of almost every close is filled with loungers, worse than Neapolitan lazzaroni,—bloated and brutal figures, ragged and wretched old men, bold and fierce-looking women, and many a half-clad mother, shivering in cold winter, her naked feet on the frozen pavement, a skeleton infant in her arms. On a summer day, when in the blessed sunshine and warm air, misery itself will sing: dashing in and out of these closes, careering over the open ground, engaged in their rude games, arrayed in flying drapery, here a leg out and there an arm, are crowds of children: their thin faces tell how ill they are fed; their fearful oaths tell how ill they are reared; and yet the merry laugh, and hearty shout, and screams of delight, as some unfortunate urchin, at leap-frog, measures his length upon the ground, also tell that God made childhood to be happy, and that in the buoyancy of youth even misery will forget itself.

"We get hold of one of these boys. Poor fellow! it is a bitter day; he has neither shoes nor stockings; his naked feet are red, swollen, cracked, ulcerated with the cold; a thin, thread-worn jacket, with his gaping rents, is all that protects his breast; beneath his shaggy bush of hair he shows a face sharp with want, yet sharp also with intelligence beyond his years. That poor little fellow has learned to be already self-supporting. He has studied the arts,—he is master of imposture, lying, begging, stealing; and, small blame to him, but much to those who have neglected him, he had otherwise pined and perished. So soon as you have satisfied him that you are not connected with the police, you ask him, 'Where is your father?' Now hear his story,—and there are hundreds could tell a similar tale. 'Where is your father?' 'He is dead, Sir.' 'Where is your mother?' 'Dead too.' 'Where do you stay?' 'Sister and I, and my little brother, live with granny.' 'What is she?' 'She is a widow woman.' 'What does she do?' 'Sells sticks, Sir.' 'And can she keep you all?' 'No.' 'Then how do you live?' 'Go about and get bits of meat, sell matches, and sometimes get a trifle from the carriers for running an errand.' 'Do you go to school?' 'No, never was at school; attended sometimes a Sabbath-school, but have not been there for a long time.' 'Do you go to church?' 'Never was in a church.' 'Do you know who made you?' 'Yes, God made me.' 'Do you say your prayers?' 'Yes, mother taught me a prayer before she died; and I say it to granny afore I lie down.' 'Have you a bed?' 'Some straw, Sir.'"

There is a heartrending tale; but it is not by any means a rare one. If poverty be a crime, then these children are criminals: and really it does seem that to be poor and destitute is a crime punishable with severer than legal penalties. Ask any of the numerous little children that haunt our streets at noon or night, shivering often in the rain and cold, and you will not unfrequently receive similar answers. If you are suspicious of their truth, call, make inquiries, and satisfy yourselves. Here is another picture, different, but still as melancholy:—

"I was returning from a meeting one night, about twelve o'clock: it was a fierce blast of wind and rain. In Prince's Street, a piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep in a stall all night. I thought, as we passed a lamp, that I had seen him before. I asked him if he went to church. 'Sometimes to Mr Guthrie's,' was his reply. On looking again, I now recognised him as one I had occasionally seen in the Cowgate Chapel. Muffled up to meet the weather, he did not recognise me. I asked him what his father was. 'I have no father, Sir; he is dead.' His mother? 'She is very poor.' But why keep you out here? and then reluctantly the truth came out. I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gipsy-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, and a gown that it had once been black, had still some traces of one who had seen better days; but now she was a drunkard, sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death, if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him, and fed her own accursed vices."

Such we believe to be generally the case with those miserable infants that infest our thoroughfares, and whom the unkindly voice or ruder touch of testy passengers too frequently spurn from their path. It is

folly, gross folly, to tender advice to these starving creatures. Nevertheless, they are not therefore hopeless or uninteresting human beings. The world has no doubt dealt hardly with them, and sharpened their wits to struggle villanously with its villainies; but, poor things! are they to blame? He that stole to satisfy his hunger was accounted no criminal by the maxims of the wise son of David. Shall we, living in a clearer dispensation, without an effort to reclaim or prevent, punish the child whose mind has not yet been formed, because it has begged or stolen to satisfy the only authority it knows, or ever has acknowledged—the calls of hunger, or the voice and commands of unworthy parents. Children do not begin the career of vice from the love of it. If innocence and disinterestedness exist on earth, it is in the ingenuous bosom of infancy. What will the craving appetite of childhood not do to satisfy the calls of hunger? Rather, we will be bound, satisfy them honestly than otherwise. Here is another illustration:—

"Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the Crags and green valleys round Arthur Seat, we came at length to St. Anthony's Well, and sat down on the great black stone, to have a talk with the ragged boys that were pursuing their vocation there. Their *tinies* were ready with a draught of the clear cold water, in hope of a halfpenny. We thought it would be a kindness to them, and certainly not out of place in us, to tell them of the living water that springeth up to life eternal, and of Him who sat on the stone of Jacob's Well, and who stood in the Temple and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' By way of introduction, we began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless,—the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. These two little fellows were self-supporting; living by such shifts as they were then engaged in. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead this enterprise, the idea of a Destitute School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said, 'Would you go to school, if, besides your learning, you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of the boys,—the flush of pleasure on his cheek,—as, hearing of three sure meals a-day, he leapt to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Aye will I, Sir, and bring the hall *kand* too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and magnificent an offer, he again exclaimed, 'I'll come for but my dinner, Sir.'"

A little active and practical benevolence, and there is hope of soon effecting a most important change among the abodes of the indigent and miserable poor. The adult generation may not be altogether reclaimed, but the infant pests may be converted into the rising hopes of society. Leave them to become men and women, and where is the preventive check to their increase? They will soon multiply their offspring, till society is inundated with crime and vagrancy. With no desire but animal gratification, no aspirations after higher enjoyments than their filthy abodes and the pleasures of the foulest dram-shop can impart, what can we expect? Shall they be blamed for their position, if no effort is made to humanise them? They are at present as far removed from the pale of civilized existence, as if they had been reared at Timbuctoo. These are no pictures of fancied misery. Here is a scene. Go to any of our police-offices, and it will be found that such is not a rare one. Mr. Guthrie has visited after midnight the police-office:—

"Our purpose is not to describe the strangest, saddest collections of human misery I ever saw, but to observe that there were not a few children, who, having no home on earth, had sought and found a shelter there for the night. 'They had not where to lay their head.' Turned adrift in the morning, and subsisting as they best could during the day, this wreck of society, like the wreck on the sea-shore, came drifting in again at evening tide. I remember looking down, after visiting a number of wards and cells, from the gallery on an open space, where five or six human beings lay on the pavement buried in slumber; and right opposite the stove, with its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child, who attracted my special attention. He was miserably clad,—he seemed about eight years old,—he had the sweetest face I ever saw; his bed was the stone pavement,—his pillow a brick; and, as

he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrows, he looked a picture of injured innocence. His story, which I learned from the officer, was a sad one, but such a one as too many could tell. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor friend, in the wide world,—his only friends were the Police,—his only home their office. How he lived they did not know; but, sent away in the morning, he often returned. The floor of a ward, the stone by the stove, was a better bed than a stair-foot."

Read that, those who recline on couches, and repose on beds of down, and whose plentiful tables are surrounded by their light-hearted, gleeful children. These seem like tales of horror from a distant land; but they exist in reality beneath our own windows, within the reach of our own voices; and yet the victims are as estranged from the blessings of civilization as if no Christianity had ever been promulgated, no charity ever enjoined, as that which blessed and increased the giver's store. On his errand of mercy and of love, Mr. Guthrie establishes a truth which is most important for many well-meaning and sincere men to know; and that is, the utter folly of giving either spiritual or moral advice to a starving human creature. Man is first an animal before he is a spiritual being. The Apostle Paul knew the fact, for he said that the flesh warred against the spirit. In a knowledge of the disease is known the cure; and we are of opinion that the varied features of the disease has never before been so fully investigated in so brief a space. Here is another heartrending scene:—

"It was in the depth of a hard winter day, when, visiting in the Cowgate, I entered a room, where, save a broken table, there was nought of furniture, to my recollection, but a crazy bedstead, on which, beneath a thin ragged coverlet, lay a very old gray-headed woman. I began to speak to her about her soul, as to one near eternity; on which, raising herself up, and stretching out her bare withered arm, she cried most piteously, 'I am cauld and hungry.' 'My poor old friend,' I said, 'we will do what we can to relieve these wants; but let me in kindness remind you that there is something worse than either cold or hunger.' 'Aye, but, Sir,' was the reply, 'if ye were as cauld and as hungry as I am, ye could think o' naething else.' She read me a lesson that day which I have never forgotten, and which, as the earnest advocate of these poor forlorn children, I ask a humane and Christian public to apply to their case. The public may plant schools thick as trees of the forest; but be assured, unless, besides being trees of knowledge,—to borrow a figure from the Isles of the Pacific,—they are also bread-fruit trees, few of these children will seek their shadow, far less sit under it with great delight."

Are these our fellow-creatures, aye, our fellow-citizens, not destined to the same immortal being? On whose head, then, is the blood of the ignorant and the guilty?—on their own, or their happier neighbours? Let the enlightened conscience of every man answer the question for himself. There is awful responsibility somewhere, and it is high time it were got rid of. It is evident that no effort to educate or elevate these classes can be made effective without actually feeding and clothing them. The task to reclaim altogether the adult population, we fear to be almost hopeless; but their condition can be much improved. The young generation are hopeful still. The extracts we have given show that they are not wholly bad. We will not quarrel with names given to any such institutions, *ragged schools* or aught else that may perform the work; but why should they be *ragged schools*? Their aim is to obliterate for ever the use of rags, to root out wretchedness, to clear away filth, to dissipate idleness and dissipation. *Schools of Industry* indeed they are, and God speed the labourers in the cause, and the labours they pursue!

Mr. Guthrie proposes a system. It is laudable, and will redound to the praise and honour of those who voluntarily will undertake the Christian duty; but we are mistaken much if it will ever suffice to

clear away the grievance. We would have the Government to undertake the duty. Private individuals, we fear, are few and far between who will take upon themselves the responsibility and the trouble of removing the moral plague-spots from our cities. It is not necessary, however, to wait till the generally slow movements of legislation on such matter have been gone through; and we join Mr. Guthrie in his recommendation.

"To work up this scheme to its greatest advantage and capability of good, we would strongly recommend the adoption of some such plan as this. In place of benevolent individuals contenting themselves with subscribing to its funds, and taking no further interest in the welfare of its objects, let each individual select one child or more, as his means may warrant,—say one child. The expenses of its education and maintenance at school are met by him: this is known to the child; and thus, taught to regard him as its benefactor, the better and kinder feelings of its nature are brought into activity, and nurtured into strength. Within the arms of his gratitude, man can embrace a benevolent individual, but not a benevolent community. What pauper ever left a charity workhouse with a blessing on its Directors? But individual charity has been remembered in the widow's prayer; and some have walked our streets who could say with the patriarch, 'When the eye saw me, then it blessed me.' We attach the utmost importance to the plan we propose. By means of it, the person through whose kindness the child is placed and paid for at school,—who comes there occasionally to watch the progress of a plant which he had found flung out on the highway, to be trodden under foot, but which he has transplanted into this nursery of good,—becomes an object of kindly regard to the child: the boy fears his displeasure, and aims at his approbation; kindness softens his heart; his love and gratitude are kindled; and so we call in the most effectual allies in our effort to save him from ruin. In this way, moreover, the child has secured a patron and protector,—one to take him by the hand when the term of school is closed, and to stand by him in the battle of life. Selecting a boy in whom we have learned to take a kindly interest, we will feel it to be our business to guide him, through our counsel and influence, into some way of well-doing. We will be led to charge ourselves with his welfare. He will not have to complain,—'No man careth for my soul.' And so, through the influence of kindly feelings on his part, and Christian care on ours, in many a now unhappy child society might gain a useful member, instead of receiving an Ishmaelite, 'whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.'"

We spend annually, in Scotland, for prosecution and maintenance of criminals, leaving out judges' salaries, travelling charges, &c., not to speak of jurymen's expenses and lost time, no less than £150,045. This sum does not include police establishments. How shall we save this immense drain from punishing what might much more easily be prevented? And supposing the sum requisite to support institutions for the prevention of crime, equal to the amount expended in punishing it, how much more consolatory to know, that, in place of inflicting pain, we were bestowing blessing—that, in place of thousands of human beings living in vice and degrading idleness, they were, through the means of such institutions, adding to the wealth and respectability of their country, by industrious and honest lives!

"The peculiar feature of the Industrial Schools is the combination of instruction in useful employment with education and food. The children have three substantial meals a-day: three hours of lessons, and five hours of work suited to their ages. All the boys (and girls) return to their homes every evening. On Sundays they receive their food as on other days, and attend public worship, and they have also religious instruction in school."

The results of such schools, in Aberdeen, and Dundee, and other places where they have been established, have been most satisfactory. We recommend the subject to the study of the benevolent and the philanthropic, and would have our readers to make themselves acquainted with Mr. Guthrie's admirable pamphlet. He deserves the thanks of the humane; and to every clergyman, and to every Christian who has the opportunity and the means, we would say—Go and do likewise.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1847.

OUR SACRED POETS.

BLAIR'S GRAVE, AND POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

FIRST ARTICLE.

CRITICS have been accustomed, for the purpose of classification and distinctness, to include our several poets under different titles, and, consequently, we have them all arranged in their own peculiar order.

The genius of Shakspeare and Milton may be considered, perhaps, as exceptions to this rule, as they can be properly called neither religious, philosophical, nor rhyming poets, but rather voices of Nature invested with sacred duties which affect the interests of our common humanity. Accordingly, Britain can scarcely claim as her own even Shakspeare and Milton, who present no real indications of *nationality*, but stand forth in bold relief, as Alpine mountains seen from an immense distance, rearing their giant summits far above the level of mediocrity, breathing an atmosphere peculiarly their own, and surrounded with associations too sacred to be violated, and too elevated for imitation. The spirit of the ancient Grecian drama has been shadowed forth by Shakspeare, with many of his own additional creations; and before we can depreciate Milton, another Homer must sing his hitherto unknown wonders. Regarding, then, these two poets as *apart*, and therefore beyond our bounds of assignation, our task of arrangement becomes comparatively easy and decided.

Milton, unquestionably, in his *Paradise Lost*, show the possibility of uniting religious themes with the sublimest strains ever uttered by mortals. Foster said of it, "It might harmoniously have mingled with the angels that announced the Messiah; it might have shamed to silence the muses of paganism, or softened the pains of a Christian martyr." It may be said of his great work, that it was "allied to heavenly harmony." His most sinful and inferior characters utter their maledictions with all the pomp, sublimity, and majesty of inspiration. His Satan, though fallen, we regard not with pity, but with admiration, for his display of colossal strength, with unconquerable pride.

Milton has been succeeded by many who have attempted, but altogether failed, to catch his epic grandeur and sublimity; and there have

not been wanting some rash minds to threaten him with a rival for the laureateship. The total want, however, of sustained effort and magnificence served only to betray their insignificance, and impotent mimicry after England's unique and unapproachable poet. And here would we, without any misgivings, establish as a *sine qua non*, that true genius is developed indifferent alike to preconceived ideas of theological and political bias. How can those, who have been entrusted with a divine communication, be guilty of such *partizanship*? Is not theirs a high vocation and a noble destiny, incompatible with the animosities and revengeful conduct of men? Can they drink in their inspiration from the "silent stars"—heaven's hierarchy,—and then burst forth into such earth-born impetuosity. In short, we hesitate not to assert, that—in proportion as genius descends to interweave the opinions common to man's religious belief, with a grand and heavenly philosophy,—from that moment is it shorn of its strength, and becomes mean and contemptible; or, in the words of Pollok—

"Unearthly fluttering makes,
And gives abundant sport to after-days."

We proceed now to glance at the two poems—"The Grave," and the "Course of Time,"—and what worthy subjects for poetry! The grave, with all its images of terror, darkness, grandeur, and despair—and time, with its manifold revolutions, vicissitudes, and impressions! What *creamy* subjects for song, the very names involving in them the idea of terrible awe, profound earnestness, and immense importance! Yet we question whether Homer, when speaking of the advent of one of the gods among the Greeks, did not concentrate all the scattered images of awe, darkness, and fear, into one grand, overpowering conception, when he says—"he came *like night*,"—or when relating the movements of the Grecian phalanx—"they came through the *swift black night*."

One especial reason for speaking of Blair's Grave first, is the fact that it was published before the "Night Thoughts," (which truth Southey, by some inadvertency, did not perceive,) and was a model for Pollok. Scarcely had there arisen a poet since the days of Milton, who deemed such subjects adapted for versification, until we come to Blair, whose poem was published in the year 1743. No wonder then, considering such a dearth and scarcity of sacred poetry, that the "Grave" instantly became popular throughout Scotland, and was hailed and welcomed by thousands. The amiable author of the "Seasons" also had published the offspring of his muse; and Watts had died, after exhibiting to his successors the perfect consistency of two extreme characteristics—pathetic tenderness, allied with logical acumen.

Even Dr. Johnson was led to venerate the man who could at one time combat Locke, and at another make a catechism for children in their fourth year. With the exception of these two religious poets, the sacred lyre lay unstrung, until Blair re-echoed back his impressive and solemn tunes. Burns frequently quoted select passages in his letters, and derived, from repeated perusal of the Grave, abiding proofs of the awful reality of religion.

The beginning, we think, contains by far the purest poetry. The

poet commences by referring to the various topics of public and private life, solitude and society, town and country, which engage the attention of poetic writers.

How similar the coincidence of sentiment which exists between the lines

"While some affect the sun, and some the shade;
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life,"

and the opening of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal!—

"Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroramet Gaugen, paucidignoscere possunt
Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula."

Then he proceeds to define its confines in beautiful and classic poetry, worthy even of Milton, and to which there is nothing equal in the "Course of Time." He has evidently borrowed the allusion to Night from the Iliad:

"Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but Silence reigns, and Night, dark Night,—
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound."

Then from its gloomy caverns, and "low-brow'd misty vaults" he emerges—from the funereal cypress, and "light-bee'd ghosts and visionary shades," who, in dense body, perform their mystic rounds. The reference to "night's foul bird" forcibly reminds us of that passage in Virgil, who, describing the prodigies which preceded and followed the death of Cesar, says—

"Obscenique canes, importunæ que volucres
Signa dabunt."

The school-boy in the church-yard must have suggested the image to Michael Bruce in his "Cuckoo;" and what man is there but must have experienced the school-boy's breathlessness and romantic disposition, as he retreated from the tombstones, seeing or hearing, perchance, something behind him, though he durst not look back, until he arrived among his companions, and to the interested youngsters related, in tones of startling eloquence, the account of his curious adventure? Is this to be regarded as puerile, because our youthful feelings are reproduced? What is it but enlisting in behalf of human credulity one of the tenderest associations of youth?

After this, the poem widens in illustration, but is deficient in true poetry—those delicate touches and paintings which appear at the beginning. It is evident the author is sarcastic, though serious; and how does he explode the empty baubles which disport among men with transitory splendour! His invectives are hurled against the prevalent tomfooleries of the times, but are discharged in a vein of light though indignant satire. All enjoyments are vain and unsatisfying, for everything is under the dominion of the grave, and on every object of mortal

ambition is inscribed, in dark and solemn significance—"Sic transit gloria mundi." Throughout, there can be traced more of the frigid and easy morality of the author of the "Sermons"—more of his cold and showy drapery, and less genuine and sincere piety, than either Graham or Pollok ever displayed. Pollok is enveloped within the cloud of an intense earnestness and piety. Graham's voice is that of the simple, and guileless, and upright peasant. Blair lingers over the world's depravity with the air and dignity of a presiding moralist; he stands in dread and frowning majesty: while continually on the lips of the authors of the "Sabbath" and "Course of Time,"

"Pale Melancholy sits retired."

Thus does he *appear* far less in sincere expostulation; and not the grave, with its deeds of proscription, indiscriminate ravages, and final extinctions, is able to fetch a single tear or sigh from his heaving bosom. You are overwhelmed in awful silence while you gaze within the jaws of the omnivorous monster: you turn pale and speechless, but you return with "dry eyes" from the melancholy spectacle. Every object of human pride and ambition is pursued and overwhelmed in the darkness and gloom of eternal night. The grave! who would not turn with horror from a contemplation of its dread and terrible immensity, and prefer to return to more bewitching and cheerful scenes?

Speaking of Beauty, he says—

"Surfeited on thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared."

Then, after reviewing "proud royalty," and the "mighty troublers of the earth, who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood"—the petty tyrant—the great Goliath—and the student, "with midnight vigils spent;" the warrior, now disabled—his memory insulted "with some flat narrative or dull rhymes," which were enough "to rouse the dead man into rage, and warm with red resentment the pale cheek;" he sneers at the boasting sons of Esculapius, with their vain cures, and recipes, and cordials; then the miser is subjected to a severe scrutiny and dissection, for his discreditable shifts. The first part closes with the sudden appearance of Death, and the soul is subdued by the dread of its own extermination. We envy not the feelings of the man who would not grow wan at the remembrance of the following solemn reality:—

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!"

This were enough to paralyse the vaunting energies of mankind, and hold them with unyielding tenacity in a state of torpid inaction. We conclude with a word of observation. Despite, however, of this startling fact, some may differ from both Blair, Young, and Pollok, as to the propriety of their overstrained images of death;—like Foster, ever prone to linger near the borders of the remotest regions of religious contemplation, and thus to disregard the usual aspect and serenity of

nature—turning the earth into a very Bocchim—sons of Rachel, weeping over the world's desolation—spreading sackcloth over the heavens, and causing the earth to resound to their lamentations;—have the glories of the universe—the decorations of nature, with her meridian and nocturnal lamps refulgent in her unbuilt temple—the depths of ocean penetrated with sunlit radiance—the beautiful adaptation of every subservient arrangement to one grand economical whole—in short, the whole map of creation—to be bedimmed and marred with the tears and sighs of these illustrious spirits. Such persons must allow limitations to certain temperaments; for how, when they had perceived the operations of evil and wickedness bursting and blooming forth in all their withering malignity—spreading out into every ramification and intricate labyrinthal waywardness—how were it possible to suppress their deep misgivings and doleful strains? The subject of their song was forbidding and reserved, and invested them with uncommon assurance, both intellectual and spiritual. Still, Milton, though “with darkness and with dangers compassed round,” was invariably happy and cheerful. So was Jeremy Taylor, with the joyful confidence of a seraph. So was Hall, who though afflicted with a severe and protracted bodily distemper, was uniformly accessible. So is Wordsworth; but his is the joy arising from a contemplative and contented idiosyncrasy, neither dependent upon popular favour, nor trusting to worldly applause.

But we have exhausted our present limits, and must reserve our remarks on Pollok for a future occasion.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN HAY.

BY LEWIS TITIAN.

CHAPTER III.—THE “EVENING REGENERATOR”—WHAT IT DID FOR THE PEOPLE, AND WHAT THE PEOPLE DID FOR IT.

THE “*Evening Regenerator, and People's Advocate*,” was a newspaper of uncommon attractions, to say nothing at all of its uncommon pretensions and peculiarities. All these might be briefly summed up in a very short space. It professed itself a weekly herald of matter of enlightening and moralising tendency—the unflinching, uncompromising assailant of error, under whatever garb—and fearless promoter of truth. What its politics particularly were, we can hardly determine: generally, it advocated Progress—a word, by the way, which may mean anything or nothing, as the reader takes it. There was a sort of hazy indistinctness about the particular kind of progress the *Regenerator* meant. At times, you thought in its leaders you detected far-off glimpses of the subject; but on a nearer approach, the thing vanished; and farther than it was an indefinite condition, which the world in general, and the working classes in particular, were gradually being, and to be forced into, you could not satisfy yourself. Increase of light, too, was a favourite and

unfailing topic in its columns, the demands for which were almost alarming at times. Numberless of its contributors got quite fanatic in their appeals for it, on behalf of their fellow-men; yet, with all the combined philanthropy of editor and correspondents, working together in the production of this light, they seemed to make but a sorry hand of it, for no dawn of promise ever appeared to kindle. A standard principle, too, with the *Regenerator*, was that of universal love and freedom. The first was very good in the abstract, no doubt; but how this advocate meant to accomplish it, amidst the weekly snarling and abuse it poured forth on all who differed from it, was rather a doubtful question; and as to the latter, the freedom seemed to consist of deliverance of the working classes from a species of tyranny and oppression worse than feudal bondage, in which the upper ranks had long kept them in thrall, and their establishment in those rights and privileges which, as men, they were entitled to—though what these rights were, the *Regenerator* had but vaguely condescended on. Particularly strong on this point were the unknown poets who occupied

“That fatal nursery of an infant muse,”

the allotted corner. There was no end with them of sonnets, lines, and songs, on the birthright of freedom, patriotism, the downfall of traitors, bigotry, and tyranny, and prophetic intimations of a good time coming. As to minuter matters, such as extracts and paragraphs, these were always highly seasoned. An atrocious murder was quite a godsend, and received ample room: a bit of scandal was still superior: even a rumour of human frailty was swelled into an enormous plague-spot in society, more especially if relating to that portion of mankind which the *Regenerator* had made up its mind to annihilate. Its columns were also fertile in police cases, and luxuriated greatly in riots and disturbances, all of which were traced to the common source—that inequality of condition which set one man above another, and gave him power to trample on him. Its advertising columns—often the true index of a newspaper's character—presented matter in unison with the rest. As the reading was for the million, so were the balms of health, infallible pills, and speedy remedies for every disorder, and at every stage of it, that graced this department. Really it was surprising that men and women were so foolish as to die when such specifics were at hand; but when we think of the inherent obstinacy of humanity, the wonder, to be sure, is considerably lessened. And in addition to all this, there was introduced the novel feature of weekly portraits of eminent regenerators, got up at alarming expense, and given away gratis with the copies every Saturday evening. Of itself, this alone was sufficient to stamp the sincerity and devotedness of the projectors to the cause of the people.

It was this hopeful and unparalleled pattern of newspapers that was in want of a young man of good address; and under its auspices Martin Hay was to start in the world. His relative, true to his word, had procured the situation for him; and he was forthwith introduced to Geoffrey Crowl, Esq., the editor. Mr. Crowl occupied a dingy back-room off a front one, in which were located reporters and clerks. He was a tall thin individual, rather beyond the prime of life, if he had ever had any

prime, which is never the case with some men, who seem to grow from boyhood, upwards and downwards to old age, barren of any particular epoch which can answer the term. In countenance, he was rather unprepossessing, swarthy—in feature prominent, his cheekbones high and protruding slightly—and his eyes, hid often behind a pair of blue preserves, grey and searching. In general, there was an uneasy expression in his face, like that of a man labouring under a perpetual toothache. A mass of iron-grey hair which grew stubblewise on his head, and a pair of whiskers to match, completed the portrait. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, which did not appear as if made to measure, from its hanging loosely and awkwardly upon him; in some parts, too tight; in others, much too wide, to fit. On Martin's introduction, he laid down a pair of massive shears, with which he was taking a crop from a lot of papers that lay scattered about him, and, shaking hands with him, smiled urbanely. After holding a short consultation with Mr. Richards, he struck a bargain with Martin, and proceeded to initiate him into his future duties, which were to consist of writing small paragraphs, collecting news, accounts, subscribers, and keeping a set of books. Martin expressed his willingness to fulfil all his duties with zeal and assiduity, and trusting that Mr. Crowl would feel satisfied with his efforts. That gentleman replied that he hoped he would; and after another short colloquy with Mr. Richards upon the political aspect of the times, the matter was held concluded.

"Now," said Jarvis to his *protégé*, bidding him good-bye at the door, "you're in the way of success. Mind you, never lose an opportunity of advancing yourself. I think no means beneath you to gain this end. Keep this object ever in view, and let everything work towards its accomplishment. 'Tis wealth and station brings true honour to a man: with them, you may win all things; without them, nothing. I shall have an eye over you. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" replied Martin; "and I shall ever bear a grateful remembrance of your kindness on my behalf."

The old man was soon out of sight, and Martin returned to the office, dreading and fearing, yet strong in determination to do his best to win an honourable post in life.

On re-entering the office, he was duly introduced, by one of themselves, to two other youths, and an elderly bald-headed man. The two first, Messrs. Charles Whittet and Victor Jopp, were his fellow-labourers; and the bald-headed man was designated as Mr. Twigg, the senior reporter. They all shook hands with him, and asked him how he did; and having done so, came to a dead pause, and looked at him. Mr. Twigg then ventured to say that the weather was very cold, to which the others lent an affirmative, and relapsed again into silence; which Mr. Jopp, this time, infringed upon, by observing he was sorry Mr. Grant was then out, or he would have been happy to have introduced him.

Martin replied he hoped to be introduced on his return, having no idea, though, who Mr. Grant was; and conjecture on the subject proving rather unsatisfactory, re-made-up his mind to wait the opportunity of his return.

"Have you been in the literary line long?" inquired Mr. Whittet,

the youngest of the three, who was slightly addicted to dandyism, long hair, and sentiment, turning round on his stool, and placing his back to the desk at which he and Mr. Jopp were seated, that he might obtain a better view of Martin.

"I am just about to enter it," replied the latter.

"Oh! indeed," said Mr. Jopp, turning also to have a stare; "but you must have done a little in that way, I'm sure—written small para., perhaps, or any poetry?"

Martin assured him he never had.

Now, as Mr. Jopp was the author of frequent poetic lucubrations in the *Regenerator*, under the euphonious signature of 'Statius Papinius,' he thought rather contemptuously of Martin, or of this confession of never having climbed Parnassus. He gave his head a slight toss, as much as to say, "Ah! then, you're a long way deficient, young man;" but curbing his feeling, he contented himself with observing, "There's no matter; we were all once innocent of any flirtation with the Muse. Some day, perhaps, you may shine in an Epic."

"You see Mr. Jopp is —"

"Hush! Whittet," said Jopp, blushing violently, and menacing his friend.

"No, I won't. Mr. Hay, Mr. Jopp is one of the favoured few upon whom the mantle of poetry has descended; but, like all the tuneful tribe, he is sensitive, and dislikes to own it. I know, I think, his heart, and how keen his feelings are—quite a Chatterton or a Shelley, I assure you, Mr. Hay, in sensitive retiring disposition, shrinking from vulgar contact. I know he will pardon me when I say this much," said Whittet, turning to his friend.

Mr. Jopp had buried his face in a cash-book, unwilling to listen to his own praise; and, on the question being thus indirectly put, merely answered with a half-audible murmur. Coming bashfully out in a little, however, from his concealment, and slightly recovering himself, he said—

"Well, since Whittet has said so much, there's no further need for concealment. In truth, Mr. Hay, I do own the fact to you: however, remember it must not go beyond ourselves, you know—oh! not for the world. In fact, I—I am about to publish a small vol. of stray pieces."

Martin developed as much of the organ of wonder as he could accomplish, and exclaimed, "Indeed!"

"Yes! entitled, 'Wails of the Workers, and other pieces.' They will tell, sir—yes! like a firebrand thrown into society's rotten heart. They will kindle a spirit of inquiry, I trust, and bring fellow-men face to face with their fellows; and thus will the noble cause of progress be advanced."

"You have been very fortunate in your title. I hope you will meet with success," said Martin, who felt that something must be said in answer.

"See, I have got them all collected here: those already published are cut out, and neatly arranged with the manuscript. Come, and I will read you a stanza."

"From the 'Song of the Old Brass Moulder,' then," chimed in Charley Whittet.

"Your favourite, Charles, I know," said Mr. Jopp, shuffling the manuscript, and giving a preparatory hem.

"Charles!" suddenly muttered Twigg the reporter, who had hitherto sat in silence, looking on. In an instant, the manuscript 'Wails' were smothered in the desk from which they had been extracted, and both the poet and his friend were busy with the prose of day-book and ledger. Surprised at this tableau, Martin looked round, and saw Mr. Crowl enter the office. No other opportunity deemed favourable for perusal of the manuscript occurred that forenoon.

In the afternoon, Martin, as he returned, found another party alone in the office, whom he had not previously seen. The individual in question was a young man of open, ingenuous countenance, in which shrewdness and simplicity contrasted—perhaps rather older than Martin. He was seated at a desk, with a sheet of paper and a note-book beside him. Without observing our hero's entrance, he continued writing for some time with great rapidity. At length, a knotty point seemed to stumble him. He thrust his hand through his hair, catching his pen between his teeth, and, leaning upon his elbow, gazed intently at the manuscript. He tried again to work out a sentence, but it would not come. Drawing his pen through it, he gave several violent tugs at his hair, and resumed his abstracted stare. Nothing came of it, however, for upwards of ten minutes. Raising his eyes at last, they lighted on Martin, whom he surveyed from head to foot: then stroking his chin, as men do in scrutinising the extent of their beard, he exclaimed—

"Whaur cam ye frae, freend, gin that's an honest question?"

"From Scotland, like yourself," replied Martin, detecting the mother-tongue.

"Eh, man! that's gran'; gie's your haun," said the other jumping off his seat, and rushing over to our hero, seizing his fist, and shaking it violently. "Frae Scotland, did ye say? I'm glad t' see ye. Div ye come frae Kilmaurnock?"

"No, not from that quarter; but I suppose you do. You're Mr. Grant, I presume; I am Martin Hay, the new clerk."

"Aye, I'm Archie Grant, frae the Burn-raw, Kilmarnock; ye'll hae heard o' the place, belike. Another grip o' your fist, man. It's a lang while synd I saw a Scotch face in this Babylon o' iniquity. My heart warms t'ye as if ye were my ain brither."

"And pray what are you doing here, Archie, so far from home?"

"Came to London to push my fortune," replied Archie, "an' have begun here. I'm oor foreign correspondent, Indian commissioner, an' second reporter."

"You travel a good deal then, and must see plenty of life!" replied Martin, looking rather dubiously at the commissioner.

"Aye, when there's a train smashed, a horrid murder, a coroner's inquest, or a monster meeting, within the circuit o' ten miles, I gang till't; but nane farther. I see ye're gaun tae speer about the foreign news. As ye're fresh, I'll explain. Look, there's a pair o' shears, this mornin's *Times*, an' a map o' India. A' my travels are along the map, wi' the guide o' imagination. Losh, man! I could write a book o' travels in India far better than mony wha hae spent hauf a life there. I'm reporting

progress in the Punjaub just now. Last week, I was at a tiger-hunt on elephants, and captured by the Sikhs; this one, I'm ransomed by Major Macpherson."

Martin's provincial notion of commissioners and foreign correspondents received a considerable knock on the head by this communication. He took a second look at his new acquaintance, as if to satisfy himself about his sanity, or whether he was not quizzing him; but the gravity of Archie's countenance forbade any such suspicion.

"Ye look a wee surpris't at my information, but I wish this were the warst o't. It gangs sair against the grain, this malignin' and misca'in' o' ither folk; the vile glaur and venom that we hae to rake up, I divna like it ava, man. There's unco little civeelity or christianity in't, I'm thinkin'. There ne'er was ocht o' that kin' in the *Kilmarnock Mail*. If we had a bit ruff whyles wi' the *Chronicle*, it was a' fair an' abune board: we ne'er meddl't wi' private character, or set ae class at logger-heads wi' anither, to gar the paper sell."

"But you need not do that unless you choose," replied Martin.

"I needna bide here unless I do't. Just now, for instance, I'm engaged in a case o' suicide o' a young woman. I'm sairly at a loss how to bring in the following." Archie read from his manuscript, "'A villain, calling himself a gentleman, who had won the poor girl's affections, had basely deserted her; and this is said to have wrought upon her feelings, till, goaded to despair, she committed the fatal act.' That's a' purely imaginative, ye ken," said Archie; "but here comes the scratch. Aye! let me see; I have it." He wrote a few lines, and then continued—"Society, as at present constituted, can give no safety against the horrible machinations of the upper ranks, till they are levelled to the earth, and an equalising principle governs all. Will our hearts be saddened, and our feelings harrowed, with such tales of misery as the foregoing? I think that should dae."

"I think it should. But you don't mean to say you will publish that, while you know it to be false."

"Oh bless ye, man, how green you are! wha wad read the paragraph gin it wasna seasoned wi' something o' that kind? The facts are, that a woman, kent to be lang silly-minded, was fand drown't in the Serpentine this morning; but was a body to content himself wi' this, nae reader wad gie a button for't. Truth, Mr. Hay, is a' very gude in its place; but when lees can be gotten, men aye prefer them. E'en they wha mak' maist din an' clatter about truth unadorned, are fondest o't, for a' that, garnished. They prefer it, as we do a sheep's head, wi' the appurtenances."

Archie rang the bell, and an attendant sprite, who answered to the summons, received the copy from him, that it might forthwith be set up. "One drop of poison more drapped into society."

"Aih, man!" continued Archie, moralising, "it's no like Kilmaur-nock, this wicked place. There's little love, truth, or friendship here. The biggest knave's oft the best and maist honoured man. Honesty needna strive to raise its head, an' court favour here. Like a gowan on the street, it wad sure be tramp't on, an' trodden doon. In men there's naething but deceit an' craft; an' the femayles, bonnie though they be,

sweet and bewitchin' as mother Eve, hae a world o' hypocrisy at heart. There's nane amang them like Maggie Blythe o' Kilmaurrock, sae gentle an' leal."

Martin felt, on this declaration being vouchsafed, a sort of sympathy for his honest countryman, who, far from home, had, like himself, one sweet object of affection his mind could revert to.

"Cheer up, Mr. Grant!" said he, "the world's before us both: let us try and fight our way through it. You seem to have a good motive; so have I: we may yet be of service to each other. Who knows what is in reserve for us, though our present situation is not the most hopeful?"

"Agreed," said Archie; "I'll stick by ye, man, through thick an' thin. Dae the same by me, an' see gif we dinna come to something worth yet. I'll mak' Maggie Blythe a leddy ere I dee, or my name's no Archie Grant."

From that day forth, a warm sincere friendship existed between the two. Each was possessor of his neighbour's history; and the past events, and future plans of each, were freely communicated, and hope and encouragement taken from the very knowledge of having a friend in the same situation. Often, at night, they met in each other's humble lodgings, and there unbosomed, freely, mutual hopes and desires,—built airy castles of imagination, to be pulled down again with return to labour, but yet no less the pleasanter were they for all that. Martin, in return for Archie's information about a certain Miss Blythe of Kilmaurrock, told him of Kitty Johnston. He knew that Kitty's residence was in London. It might, however, as well have been in St. Petersburg or Kamskatcha, so far as any chance of discovering her was concerned. But still he had a hope of meeting her or Tom some day, and finding it out; and, to make more certain, had instructed Archie to note well all the Johnstons he came in contact with, and report upon them—a request which the latter joyfully complied with.

Martin had been three months advocating the popular cause through the medium of the *Regenerator*; and dreadful work at times it was, but bye-and-bye became still worse. There seemed to be a screw loose somewhere, for the Mondays began to exhibit great numbers of copies unsold, and these gradually increased to an alarming extent. In vain were large red and yellow bills of contents, with marvellous news printed in tall capitals, increased, and posted everywhere: a prejudice had got hold of the popular mind, and the *Regenerator* would not sell. This state of matters could not last long. Meetings of managers were weekly held, and long debates ensued thereat, much angry vituperation, and profuse use of illiberal phrases expended, but no good came out of them. New series of portraits were tried, and new shapes given the paper; advertisements put in for next to nothing, to entice unwary readers into a false belief of prosperity. But all these failed: prejudice ran in too strong a tide for progress to make headway against it. In another month, the *Regenerator*, one evening, politely intimated its own demise, in an article which laid the crime upon the public's shoulders.

Martin was again cast out upon the world, to elbow his way, as he best could, through its struggling throng.

CHAPTER IV.—MINOR THEATRICALS—SOMETHING OF LACEY GREGG—WHO HE WAS, AND WHAT KIND OF COMPANY HE KEPT.

PERHAPS, reader, you were never behind the scenes of a minor theatre. In your school-boy days, you may have hoarded your pocket-money to obtain stolen peeps at the drama, as misrepresented at some popular booth or hall. Doubtless, too, you often speculated, in the intervals between each visit, on what piece would be performed on your return, and hoped for plenty of black assassins, disguised noblemen, ladies in distress, broadsword combats, and pistol-firing, and intrepid rescues of said distressed females, in the play, with lots of fun in the after-piece. And mayhap you have, for days after each visit, been stage-struck yourself, as many other silly boys have been, and never rested from spouting fragments of heroic addresses to invisible soldiers, when you went to bed at night, or before your glass in the morning; or gone farther still, and got Jem Brown and Bill Smith to do with you the dialogue and fight in *Richard the Third*, between the King and Richmond, or the well-known scene from *Douglas*, in some garret or lumber-room. You may even have gone the length, in your temporary infatuation, of getting enrolled into a histrionic society, with the view of becoming a future *Roscus*; and then, on the strength of your acquaintance with the drama, attended the aforesaid booth, with a play-book in your pocket, and an opera-glass, purchased second-hand at Lowther Arcade or elsewhere, which you sported to the envy of Smith and Brown, and to your own unqualified admiration. You may have done all this, and never been behind the scenes. You may have knowingly pointed out the actors, when inquired at by a neighbour in the pit, who had confused ideas of the matter, and even ventured on pronouncing a faint criticism on their respective merits to him, though all the while you had never been conscious of the slightest intimacy with any one of the fraternity. Yet, though you have done all this, besides advocating the morality of the drama, and its beneficent influence—which, with much similar nonsense, you have wisely abandoned—you never spoke to an actor in your life, and never were behind the scenes. We certainly hope you have now no wish to be in such a situation; but trust that, mentally, you will accompany us to the green-room of the Thespian Temple off Holywell Street, where we must discover one of our characters, who may yet fill not an unimportant niche in our tale. The Thespian Temple, well-known to the dwellers in Holywell Street and its vicinity, was situated in a back court. Its existence might have been deemed apochryphal altogether, had not numberless long narrow slips of hand-bills been each day exhibited in the neighbourhood, setting forth the nature of the exhibitions, inviting the nobility, gentry, and public of the district to patronise.

It wanted yet full twenty minutes of the curtain rising: the company were beginning to assemble. There were five in the boxes, a dozen or so in the pit, and a respectable amount of boys in the gallery. The orchestra, consisting of two fiddles and a flute, had performed one or two overtures, and were beginning a third, when the gallery rose in uproar, and simultaneously shouted for 'Old Dan Tucker,' which the band

of necessity complied with, to the gratifying heel-and-toe accompaniments of the audience.

A young man of about five-and-twenty entered the pit by a private door, and proceeded to the green-room, which, in the present instance, was beneath the stage. He seemed well acquainted with the locality, and nodded familiarly to one or two officials whom he encountered on his route. He was of middle size, rather stoutly built, his complexion pale, and rendered more so to appearance by a mass of long black hair. He was quaintly dressed, carrying a cane in his hand, and the last two inches of a cigar betwixt his lips. On entering the sanctum, to which he descended by a short flight of steps, it was a few minutes before he could distinctly recognise any object. The atmosphere of the place was almost suffocating with tobacco-smoke, and the smoke of a stove which stood in one corner. A few candles dimly lighted up the scene, themselves visible, but rendering little aid in the investigation of the contents of the room. The opening of the door for a little, however, allowed the smoke an exit; and it soon became apparent that the place was pretty well filled with occupants of either sex. Here, sitting on a bench, were Antonio and Shylock, in close confabulation over a pot of Guinness; and the Duke of Venice a little way removed, exhaling tobacco-smoke, which he drew from a pipe of about an inch in length; and the Princess of Morocco and Arragon, enjoying a private and friendly chat with Portia. Farther off were four Ethiopian serenaders, the principal attraction of the place, busy blacking their faces and hands, and speaking in a strong unmistakeable Hibernian accent. Others of the characters, male and female, were scattered about—some completing their toilet, others studying their part; and amongst these last were two fresh amateurs, stage-stricken clerks or shop-boys, who, for a consideration, had been allowed to “do” Salerio and Leonardo. Ah! poor witless dupes! whose flattered pride leads them on to an easy prey, thinking they are gaining laurels on the stage, while but the “pigeons” of some needy unscrupulous actor: how many of your class have in such a way been led to ruin and to crime! Of any fool’s paradise, this is the worst. Those empty honours of the stage that brainless youths so covet, in mad desire to befool themselves, are the poorest and most unrewarding of all evanescent vanities. How admirably has George Crabbe, in these two lines, which we repeat for the admonition and warning of stage-struck boys, described the ultimate success of your attempts, ye aspirants for scenic honours!—

“And, after years consumed, infirm and poor,
He sits, and takes the tickets at the door.”

As soon as the smoke had subsided sufficiently to permit use of the visual organs, the new arrival was observed, and greeted by the Thespians as Mr. Gregg. He chatted familiarly enough for a little with them, as they crowded round him, seemingly well known to all present save the amateurs, who eyed him at a respectful distance, wondering, no doubt, whether he was “the press” or a star, and feeling a certain indefinable awe in his presence. The bell soon rung; the curtain ascended; and the actors, with one exception, hurried off to their posts. The exception remained alone in the room with the youth: he did not “come

on," evidently, for some time, as appeared by his sitting down beside the stove. The other advanced towards him, and leaning carelessly against the wall, inquired, in a low tone—

"You've been—aw—down to—aw—Morris Emerson? Does he agree to the offer?"

"All right: there's no mistake; vonce you get her down, she von't easily cut her lucky, I bet. Old Joe's vide awake to the job; he ain't the cove to sleep on dooty—oh, no!"

"Did you tell them—aw—though, that I wished—aw—aw—every care taken; no unnecessary restraint?"

"To be sure of that: so long's you come down handsum, as you've always done, Joe an' his missus vill manage tenderly. I didn't say who you vos, or not, but told 'em that I would be 'sponsible: they don't ax no more. He's a regular trump, is Joe."

"Quite right, Emerson. Why,—aw—it might be a cause of—aw—troublesome questions, you know; and—aw—it's a duced bother to be confoundedly annoyed with—aw—these sort o' things."

"Don't you think the gal may smell a rat, and come it obstropolis, though?"

"Her! oh, no! she's blest easy to manage. I'll see her to-night; and, and——"

"Pervail on her to go down with me to-morrow mornin'. Ha! there's a signal for me. I must cut."

"Stop! did you find out anything about—aw—the little milliner?"

"Yes; no fear of you, master, in that quarter. Vy, among the gurls, you're the wery——" The last word was lost in Lacey's ear, who, smiling, replied—

"Tell me all about it to-night. I'll see you at the 'Boar's Head.'"

So saying, Lacey Gregg ascended the steps leading from the room, and made his exit by a private door.

Lacey—for of necessity, to prevent any misunderstanding, present or future, with our readers, we may as well introduce him—was a youth of considerable promise in his own walk, and a tolerable pattern and example to a circle of admiring acquaintances. He was left an orphan at an early age, entrusted to the guardianship of an old aunt, over whom he had now complete control. The poor woman petted and spoiled him as a child, and submitted to him as a youth—made him her idol, and then became the idol's slave. He had been left with a considerable patrimony at his disposal—at least, he made it so; for although not yet of age, he had managed to raise loans from several obliging brokers, to such an extent, that it was now questionable if he ever should derive much benefit from his inheritance. However, with considerable expectations from his aunt, whom he always contrived to humour, and with his hopes in other quarters (of which more hereafter), he looked comfortably forward to better times. Left without control on his actions, and the spirit of self nurtured and fed within him by his preceptress's sincere, yet mistaken guidance, he early learned to live to pamper and nourish the passion, without regard to constraint, save so far as mere outward conformity to society's conventionalities demanded a bare morality of him. His society was of his own choosing; his pleasures,

such as best suited tastes depraved by corrupt example; and his accomplishments, those acquired by, and consequent on, his pursuits, the chief of which was what is vulgarly known as "seeing life." Of his virtues his aunt was ever discriminating, but to his vices blind. Not so, however, were others; and among these was Mr. Johnston, father of our heroine. Being related to Lacey, and feeling an interest in his welfare, he endeavoured to exercise some little control over him, through the medium of his appointed guardian; but though his suggestions and counsels were ever respectfully listened to, and fulfilment promised, this was all. Lacey was allowed what the Scotch term "the length of his tether," and he did go to the extremity of it. Although Mr. Johnston suspected often that his young relative was leading an idle life, he had but faint conceptions of the reality, and hoped for his ultimate reformation. With this view, he prevailed in obtaining him into his country house, thinking that there, although the place was sinecure enough, he might still learn something useful to himself in after-life, and get his wildness a little sobered down. Nor was it altogether without an innate satisfaction he perceived, for some time past, considerable progress towards this reformation in the person of Master Gregg, who, by degrees, won more and more upon his patron's favour, by at least a semblance of propriety and steadiness. How far he had really sown his wild oats, or if altogether done with scattering them, the sequel will show.

On leaving the theatre, he turned down several back streets, till he arrived in a long, narrow, ill-lighted lane—one of those dismal back streets that no sunshine ever cheers, or throng of people enlivens. Passing through a close, he ascended a long winding stair, upwards to the garrets. Here, feeling his way in the dark for a little, he stumbled at length against a door. Giving three low taps, it was opened by a young female, who, observing him, started back at first, exclaiming "Lacey!" then recovering her surprise, she said, "Oh! how glad I am you've come!" catching his half-indifferently-proffered hand, and pressing it fervently, looking expressively, yet anxiously, the while in his countenance, as if to read some momentous lesson there.

The room into which Lacey was ushered was small, poorly furnished, yet wearing an aspect of order and neatness not often to be met with in such localities. A small fire burned in the chimney, creating, with its dancing light, a continual glitter on the highly-polished hob, and reflecting strongly off the tin ware hanging on the wall. Near the fire stood a table, on which lay scattered sewing materials and a quantity of lace, which the girl had hurriedly thrown down on opening the door. At the foot of this table stood a cradle, with a child fast asleep in it.

The girl—only other occupant of the room—who welcomed Lacey, betrayed herself the mother, in that fond lingering look she cast at the child, expressive of feelings no other human heart could participate in. She was young, very young, not passing twenty; beautiful though pale; and seeming care-worn beyond what one would wish to see at her age. Her dress was plain, yet scrupulously neat and orderly; and there was in her movements a certain grace and dignity of nature, that added much to her appearance.

Lacey, on entering, flung himself down on a seat, and took a careless

look around him. For an instant, his eye rested on the sleeping child; but he immediately averted it, feeling the blood mounting to his face. Directly he broke silence, finding it rather oppressive to him, by saying—

"Mary, it's now some time since I saw you, I think—aw."

"It is, Lacey. I feared you were ill. You could not come. I am glad to see you here, for I began to dread——"

"What, girl?"

"If you turned ill, who is there to care for me, Lacey, or to take an interest in our child? I might die here alone, and no one know. I would not so much dread that, though, if he"—and she looked with a mother's tenderness towards the cradle—"if he were cared for. You know I cannot return home—dare not: the ban of friends is upon me; they would spurn me from the door, or taunt me with my folly, which would be far worse to bear."

"Yes—aw—I know all that," said Lacey abruptly and pettishly.

"What, then, could I do?" continued she, not noticing the interruption. "On you alone can I hope; and—and were it not that you are my husband, Lacey, I would almost begin to fear you were going to forget me altogether."

"Why so?"

"You need hardly ask. It's so seldom, so very seldom, you come here at all. Sometimes, I almost think your love has turned cold, and you would rather forget Mary Manners than bear her in memory. But that's not true, I hope, Lacey; is it?" said she, approaching and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"True! no. Why should you believe it, Mary? You—aw—cannot look for me to act as I would do were no constraint upon me. You know how I am situated—closely watched in every movement, and dreading always least the secret of our union be discovered."

"All *that* I know, dear Lacey—how your marriage, now made known, would debar you from succeeding to your property; and cannot but feel the difficult position in which you stand: yet often I wish it were otherwise. Willingly would I surrender all the hope of worldly wealth you may entertain, rather than lose your love. I wish the time were come when I might give the lie to the shame that blackens my name—once your declared wife, all would be well. But ah! Lacey, I fear at times—I cannot help it—that these anticipations will never be realised."

"Oh! nonsense, now: why give way to such—aw—childish stuff? Dear me, are you crying? Come, wipe your tears off! There—ah! that's right."

He took her on his knee, and began to fondle her, though to any spectator (had there been such) it was plain enough he did so more from dislike of a scene, than from any genuine love.

Endeavouring to smile, she said, "You think me foolish, no doubt. Forgive me, Lacey, and look not so angrily at me. I could not help it. You do not know how miserable I sometimes am, here, when alone. Were it not that sight," said she, looking at the slumbering child, "that animates and cheers me during many a dull hour, I think I would go mad."

"I, I feel very—aw—much for you, Mary, and wish it were otherwise, but you must bear up against it."

"I shall try; but it's hard to bear, with painful thoughts and doubts pressing themselves upon the heart, and nought to sustain the mind against their power."

"Mary," said Lacey, after a pause, looking round like a man who has made a new discovery, "it strikes me, hang me if it don't, this is not a proper place for you."

"How not? I am quite content with it."

"I think you'd be much better removed from the town. Would you not rather yourself, and for the sake of your—aw—our child, I mean—live in some pleasant country spot, than here. I have a friend in Yorkshire to whom I could get you sent."

"Do you wish me out of the way?" said she quickly, while a shade of suspicion lighted on her face.

"Oh! no, no, dear Mary!—but—um—your health, you know—and the child—some quiet, peaceful, retired district—fresh air—plenty of exercise—and all that sort of thing, would do you a great deal of good. Just see how pale the poor child looks;—don't he, now—aw?"

"Yes," said Mary, bending over it, "I believe, dear Lacey, you are right; but it's so far from you. I myself am quite contented here—contented anywhere, so long as I know you love and care for me; but it, I fear, is suffering for want of fresh air and sunshine."

"Then, you'll go? There's a nice quiet family—poor, but honest and kind—who, I know, would take charge of you—yes—aw—in fact, I have spoken to them, and they consented."

"But will you ever be there? or will you forget me, and leave me to pine away in sorrow? I fear, Lacey, you do not love me as you used to do." The tears silently trickled down the girl's cheek as she spoke. In the face of her husband, she looked through the gushing fountains of her heart; then, throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Tell me, now, are my suspicions true, or are they false? Do say, and relieve this heart of its burden, or crush it at once."

Lacey hesitated a moment—there was no avoiding an answer.

"I do love you, Mary," he said, "as I ever did."

True, Lacey Gregg, true—as you "ever did." How often will a lie shroud its form in the garb of truth, and man's equivocating tongue find a glib, chuckling conscience, to triumph in the abominable perjury it utters!

Mary was satisfied with the answer—her trustful heart suspected not the guile that lurked in the reply. Taking comfort by the words, she clung more firmly to him, murmuring, "Oh! thank you, Lacey! how happy, now, I feel!"

"You'll go, then, Mary—you'll go to-morrow," said he, gently disengaging her arms.

"Yes, dear Lacey! and I'll see you often there—won't I?"

"Oh! yes—aw—as often as I can come. I cannot forget you, and shall rejoice in every opportunity of seeing you. Take care of yourself, and of it. Now—good-bye!"

"Good night, Lacey!" said the girl, taking his hand in hers, and holding it, as loath to part with even that.

He was gone. She sat down, and wept; but her tears were those of joy; she dropped these as harbingers of sunshine. "Oh! how wrong I was," she thought, "to doubt his love! 'twas unjust and cruel of me. Now assured of it, how happy I feel!—how much bitterness of my own creating has been taken from my cup! The past were but a shadow, if in the future I could feel as I now do."

He was gone. His shadow hovered silently behind him—was it not a meet type of the dark fiend that glided ever among his thoughts, even now revelling triumphant in its gloomy sanctuary? Love was in the serpent-coil of villany, enfolded and enthralled beyond all hope of escape; yet, like a fluttering bird brooking not its danger, looked towards a radiant sun of hope, and warbled its own dirge.

[To be continued.]

GRIZZEL JAMPHRAY:

ANE ANTIENT BALLADE.

BY SHOLTO MACDUFF.

"It's sair, sair may ye writhe, Grizzel—
It's mickle may ye twine;
But ye're bun' wi' the with' o' the win'lestrae,
An' what altho' ye whine?
Yer glamour elie an' greymarie
Hae cantrips for their kind;
But never the wisp o' the win'lestrae
May the spae o' witch unbind!

"Aye, ye hae wrought yer duds, Grizzel,
Wi' waft o' the ettercap's lume,
An' roond the sickly moon hae rode
On the bucht o' the ladye brume;
I' the shell o' the laverock's egg, Grizzel,
Hae ye sailed on the saut-sea brine;
But noo ye are bun' wi' the win'le with',
What boots yer eldricht whine?

"Ye killed the kye wi' the murrain, Grizzel,
By the blicht o' yer rheum-bleart e'e;
An' ye gar'd the ewes i' the mountain side
O' the sweatin' sickness dee:
But noo ye hae killed the lauchin' babe,
Wi' its mither in ae bed—
It's oh! but ye've slain the bonnie youngie May
Yer son comes hame to wed.

"There's a rock o' tow on the Magdalen's pow,
Wi' faggots o' peat-moss gude,

Will scorch ye weel i' their bickerin' low,
 An' hiss i' yer very heart's blude:
 Will drink up yer heart's black blude, Grizzel,
 An' scaun a' yer coal-black hair;
 An' ne'er o' yer witch-wark noo, Grizzel,
 Sal ye cast as cantrip mair."

The crowd gaed thrangin' thro' the streets,
 Gaed flockin' frae the toon,
 For guild and craftsman, dame and mayde,
 To the Magdalen's yard war boune.
 The stake was there, an' the faggots fayre,
 An' brands o' the burnin' pine;
 An' there was Grizzel Jamphray—
 Fu' loodlie did she whine!

Bright through the sheen o' the glancin' sun,
 Shed ower the flowin' Taye,
 A gallant schip cam' on wi' speed,
 I' the pride o' her fayre arraye;
 A gallant youth graec'd weel her prow,
 Fire kindled in his e'e,
 As aye his glance i' the sunlight flash'd
 On the prood spyres o' Dundee.

"Noo, Marion, kaim yer silken hair,
 Noo laze yer wee-span waist,
 Noo don yer hude and kirtle gude,
 An' on to the sea-beach haste.

"My bark has danced 'mang the heavin' seas
 O' mony a foreign strand,
 An' a rich man has yer true luv come
 Frae the sights o' anither land.

"Oh! I hae pue'd the gowden fruits,
 An' blude-red grape o' the vine;
 But, Marion, I hae pree'd yer mou',
 An' I hae ca'd ye mine;

"An' a' the gowd, an' a' the gear
 That distant lands may hae,
 I'd freely gie to ken that ye
 Still live and luv me sae!"

The stake they drave—the faggots piled—
 On the pow o' the Magdalen's green,
 Whare, sailing bye, that noble schip
 Gaed floatin' through the sheen.

"Oh, God!" cried Grizzel Jamphray,
 (An' she cried out amain,)
 "Oh, God! an' is he come—my son?
 Is Ramsay come again?"

"Sae weel's I ken his gallant schip!—
 I see him on the prow:
 Oh! gie me to drink o' the cauld wall-spring;
 My was heart's swarfin' now!"

"Aye! ye may drink o' the spring, Grizel;
It's the last drouth e'er ye'll slake;
For neist ye munn kiss the fire-snake's tongue,
Whan he stings ye at the stake."

An' noo they've brocht a vessel fu'
O' water to the brim;
An' Grizel has that vessel seized,
Wi' the clutch o' a fiend sae grim;
An' she has shaken it ance fu' weel—
She's shaken it yet again;
An' at the third shake, oot she spread
The water-drops like rain!

The first shake Grizel Jamphray gave,
The faem-bells o' the Tay
Gaed ridin' round that gallant schip,
An' drench'd her ower wi' spray!
The niest shake Grizel Jamphray gave,
The wild waves burst on hie;
An' the third shake Grizel Jamphray gave,
The fludes gusht frae the skie.

"O, mercy! for that gallant schip
Amid the tempest's wrath!
O, mercy! for that bonnie schip
I' the storm-fiend's deadlie path!

"An' mercy! for that gallant youth
Wha's grasp is on her helm!
Ah, mercy! for his soul whane'er
The rude seas overwhelm!"

Ha! Ramsay's shout is ringin' loud
Abune the water's roar;
An' Ramsay's voice is risin' clear
Along the craig-bun' shore.

"A pilot, ho! a pilot gude!
A pilot at our need;
A guide to save our gallant bark,
He sal wi' gowd be fee'd."

"A pilot gude, O! here am I!"
Sounds through the stormy main—
"To save that schip, Dundee wad risk
The wale o' her sailor men!"

Syne, breastin' hie the curlin' waves,
A wee boat comes wi' speed;
Her steersman is a pilot gude,
For Ramsay at his need.

He reaches now that gallant schip—
He springs upon the deck!
An' he has saved that noble schip
Frae landin' a broken wreck!

Fu' red and hie the fire-flauchs flee
Abune the Magdalen's pow,

Whare Grizzel Jamphray, at the stake,
Is wildy bleexin' now.

"O tell to me, thou pilot gude!
O tell to me, I pray!
What low is yon that crackles loud
On Magdalen's pow by day?"

"O! ken ye no?—ye canna ken!
A witch is bleexin' there—
Ye kenna, an' ye maunna ken,
For it wad grieve ye sair!"

"Noo, by this licht!" young Ramsay cries,
"An' why should'st cozen me?
Weel wot ye that my minnie was
The spawife o' Dundee!"

"Aye, aft the carlin dreamt her dreams,
An' aft she boded ill;
But weel I reck, while Ramsay lives,
Her blude they daurna spill!"

"But tell to me, thou pilot gude—
Noo tell the truth to me—
An' twenty piece o' the braid red gowd
Sal be yer skaith-rid fee!"

The pilot paced him up the deck—
Thrice up, sae did he doon;
An' sadly then, whare Ramsay stude,
He slowly turned him roun'.

"O, noble captain! see'st thou hoo
Yon sun sheens i' the lift?
I wadna for his gowden bulk
Thus earn thy proffered gift!"

"Noo, by Saint Clement! for our port—
Saint Francis! for our toon—
Be an' thou may'st a pilot gude,
I call thee traitor loon!"

"It's laithlie I wad spill the life
That perill'd was for me;
It's mair than laithlie wad my strife
Be striven o'er wi' thee.

"An this gude arm, an' this auld sword,
I gat them frae my kin;
They mak' nae sic a sakeless boon,
But to shame't were deadlie sin.

"Fa' doon! fa' doon! thou traitor loon,
For an ill death thou maun dee;
I made him aye my gude sword's sheath
Wha fausely played by me!"

The pilot turned him round again—
His proud look shone wi' scorn—

An' the fire o' wrath frae his visage wan
Chased the footmarks time had worn.

"O! He that gave this body life,
Alane that life can take;
Ye may but work His haly will,
If vengeance ye suld wreak!

"Yet hae I twenty stalwart sons,
An' routh o' kith and kin;
An' better had ye mend a feid
Than basely ane begin.

"Young man! your father had ae friend,
An' ye daurna be his fae,
Lest the wraith o' the dead suld track yer steps
Wherever ye wad gae!"

"My father's friend I daurna slay,
Alas! if thou art he;
An' alas! I e'er suld tak an aith
That an ill death ye suld dee!

"But gin ye've been my father's friend,
Be yet a friend to me,
An' tell me, for our Ladye's sake!
What low is yon I see!

"Thou art a son o' the deep green sea,
An' ken the soul's hie pride
O' the sailor men wha dauringle
Dwell on the ocean tide.

"We neither stoop to stock nor stone,
To priesthood nor to power,
Though we patter a prayer in Halyrood,
I' the wane o' a haly hour!

"Nor stoop we to beg whare might may claim
Obedience to our will;
Yet rather I'd sullie my sailor name
Than I thy blood wad spill."

In wae he grasped yon pilot's hand,
In horror heard his tale.

"Arouse ye, my merrie men!" Ramsay cried,
"Up! spread ye everie sail!

"I wadna be whare savage deeds
Are dune in a Christian land;
I'd rather lay me down to dee
On the soil o' a foreign strand."

Away, away, with the gale behind,
A noble bark is sailin'
Adoun the Tay; an' the blusterin' wind
Alone that bark is hailin'.
She sailed away till the licht o' day
Was stealin' frae the west:
An' did she sink, that bonnie schip
Wi' the nightfa', into rest?

What climes she socht, what scenes she saw,
 Nae Scottish bard may ken;
 The banks o' Tay, frae that dread day,
 Ne'er saw that schip again;
 Yet aft, 'tis thoct, amid the storm,
 Whan faem-fraught waves rin hie,
 A gallant schip will shoot athwart
 The bricht spots o' the skie.

An' the eldricht cry o' the wild sea-mew
 To the quick ear aft has seemed,
 As ower the blast's rough track it flew,
 For "Pilot gude" it screamed.
 An' aft frae the point o' the Magdalen's pow,
 When blackness mirk is there,
 On hie, wi' the brunt o' a beacon low,
 A blaze will wildly flare!

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. MURPHY O'LEERY.

A TALE OF ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.

"'If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,'
 He said: then full before their sight
 Produced the beast; and lo!—'twas white!"

—*The Cameleon.*

MURPHY O'LEERY, as frolicksome a young rogue as ever frisked over the bogs of Tipperary, was, from his infancy, a great favourite with the light-hearted "pisantry." He had a queer triangular laughing eye in his head, that gained every heart; and a pair of whiskers quite irresistible. And although Murphy never reached five feet four inches in height, yet, as a bog-trotter, a heart-stealer, and a gallon-emptier, he was well known, by young and old, from Ballingary to Balliporeen.

Murphy had quickly imbibed all the learning usually vouchsafed to countrymen of his station, an outline of which, in a jovial moment, he boisterously sung—

"I was sent to larn astronomy,
 An' I got it soon wi' ease;
 For I was deep enough to know
 The moon was not a cheese."

With this stock of "larning," and in possession of the three before-mentioned graces, who can doubt for a moment that Murphy would be successful in the world, for into the world he had determined to go? His soaring ambition winged over the beautiful potato-mountains of Tipperary; and he determined that his corporeal frame should soon follow; for, as he quaintly remarked—

"Och, 'tis a pity to see
 Sich a ganius as I digging turf on a lea."

Well, one fine morning, he huddled on his clothes, tumbled his bagful of earthly possessions over his shoulder, left his father and mother, and sallied along the highway which was to lead him into the world. He was as sprightly as a lark, singing, as he toddled along, "The Maids of Killarney." Little did he think, in the overflowing of his soul, that he left so many neat-footed dames drying up their sorrowful tears at his departure. Murphy soon entered a market-town. Hence, diverging paths lead in so many directions, that it fairly puzzled him how to proceed. On he went, leaving his course to fate. But after a toilsome trudge, he found himself in the identical spot whence he had started. "By my honey!" said he, looking puzzled, "sure I ain't to do this all my born days."

"To be sure ye arn't, Pat."

Murphy turned round, and saw a decent sort of personage, dressed in all the gaudy colours of the rainbow. Thinking him a "riglar grate gentleman," and proud of being recognised by so portly a personage, he drew up his whole length, and, with a low bow, thus spoke to the stranger, in a mighty polite way—

"May it please yer honour and glory to tell me the way."

"To be sure I will, Pat. What way d'ye want?"

"Why, yer honour and glory, av coorse, the way that leads to fortin."

"Sure I will, Pat," smilingly said the recruiting-sergeant (for such, indeed, was the rank of the personage who had condescended to speak to Mr. Murphy O'Leery)—"to be sure I will. Come along with me; and here's a shilling for ye to drink my health."

"Thanks to yer honour. I never finger'd sich a sum in all my life afore."

Murphy went along with the *civil* gentleman, whom he soon discovered to be a *military* one; for next day he found himself amongst a number of other raw-boned recruits, who had voluntarily or unwittingly enrolled themselves under the banner of their country, engaged, as the facetious Harrison saith, in the cause "of glory and a shilling."

After a short drill, Murphy found himself on board a transport; and, after a pleasant voyage, marching sturdily along the beach of Jamaica with his regiment. Two years' attention to duty, and capricious Fortune had made Pat a corporal; and he passed few nights without scheming some plan to better his lot. On his couch one night, he began to reflect on his fate. The green hills of Tipperary, and his former happiness, passed quickly over his mind. He thought on how he had been trapped into "the path of fortune," as the sergeant misnamed it. "Ugh," said Murphy, "never mind;" and, light at heart, he lay down on his pillow. Murphy awoke without any fixed resolution; and since Fortune would not come at his bidding, he coolly resolved to await the bidding of Fortune.

Who ever heard of an unfortunate Irishman? Such a creature would be as rare as a four-leaved clover. For a season, Fortune may be shy, and jump from his embraces, but—*transmutat incertos honores*—she soon changes.

"Come here, Mike, you durthy devil," said the corporal, one evening

after parade, to an ancient-looking mannikin—a drummer. "Here wid ye. What for are ye staring at there, wid yer eyes wide awake, ye spalpeen ye?"

"At yer honour's sarvice," said Mike, advancing, and uncovering his head.

"On wid yer cap, Mike, and come along."

"Now, Mike," began the corporal, after they were seated under a retired beech, safe from eaves-droppers, "they tell me ye're a mighty quare boy."

"Troth, an' they may say that same," replied the drummer.

"Faith, an' ye can get in and out o' a row wi' any man braithin, always barrin' Paddy Mahony; and he can trick the very ——."

"Devil a doubt of it."

"Whisht now, Mike! I've a bit of a schame for ye. Aye, ye may well prick your ears. It must be done natelly—natelly, mind, Mike."

"I'm your man," said the drummer, a gleam of satisfaction laughing in his countenance.

"Now, Mike, listen; and for yer life ——;" and Murphy whispered in a low tone to the drummer.

"Av coorse. There's no misdoubting you at all, at all," said Mike, his face glistening with delight, and now and then looking up with his droll eyes into the face of the corporal, who was eagerly narrating his scheme.

"Be my sowl, I'm yer man," warmly ejaculated Mike.

"I believe you, Mike; but wait a bit. I'll lighten yer duty, it's myself will do,"—and his voice sunk to its former whisper—"I don't mistrust you, Mike; but I'd better do this same."

The drummer appeared crest-fallen, as if an important part of his duty had been taken away from him.

"Be ma gorra, Mike! if you ever blab a word o' this same, now, mind me, Mike, it isn't with a devil of a batin' ye'll get aff at all, at all."

"Kip yer mind aisy on that score;" and Mike gave a knowing wink.

Next morning, Murphy and Mike were early astir;—the former dressed in full regimentals, clean and tidy, with his red whiskers carefully combed and curled; the other, wrapped up in the cast-off suit of a slave, with his feet, hands, and physiognomy, blackened by an application of soot.

"Mike, ye ould schamin' rascal," said the corporal, "ye've hit yer dress to a tae. Let's be aff afore sorra a wun o' the offishers claps his eye on us; and min' ye, Mike, don't be after rubbing the black av yer feet wid the dew."

After a stroll for an hour or two, the counterfeit negro keeping at a respectful distance behind the corporal, who did Murphy see but a coloured lady walking alone beneath some wide-spreading plantains? Murphy, in his meditations on the way to arrive at fortune, had determined to make a bold attempt; and her dark ladyship had frequently appeared to his vision as the impersonation of the fickle goddess; and if he could get but a word in her ear, he trusted to his dear blarney for making himself not only master of her charming person, but also of her plantations. He had determined to make a bold effort, with the assist-

ance of the blackened drummer; and, with the ready wit of an Irishman, he had now taken his measures. Murphy believed, that could he now make a successful attack, it would be the most fortunate he might ever make. He immediately gave the drummer a signal, who approached, grinning like the real Simon Pure. Murphy whispered a word in his ear.

"An' wont I do the job nately? Oh! millia murther!"

"Now mind, Mike; be aff wid ye; an', ye ould miscreant, mind ye don't miscarry."

The corporal, having given Mike his instructions, placed himself in ambush near to the spot where the heires must pass in her walk; while Mike, stealing on her path, came up behind the lady, and with the utmost adroitness, giving a horrid yell, tripped up her ladyship's heels, leaving her sprawling on the lawn.

"Arrah, by my sowl," said Mike, after he had retreated a few yards, "now Murphy, my boy, let me see how ye'll finish your gallant scheme."

The terrified dame screamed, in frightful accents, "Murder, murder! help, help!"

Murphy, in his ambush, laughed outright at the drummer, and the grotesque manner he performed his duty; but recollecting himself, he adjusted his visage, after having made several unsuccessful attempts. His plot was only half-finished; so, springing from his retreat, he rushed forward, exclaiming,—

"What manes that cry there? who shouts murther? thunder and turf, isn't any body kilt there?"

"Oh! help me," was the reply.

"Indeed, an' I will. Tell me are yez assassinated intirely? Arrah, won't ye give me yer fist?"

"Ah, you black murtherin' scoundrel!" cried Murphy, as he pretended to discover Mike, "I'll lead you to the halter, ye infernal rebel ye! Just wait a bit, Ma'am; don't be after thankin' me, till I catch the ould vagabond, who could murther entirely so gentale and so purty a creature as yer ladyship." Murphy rushed forward, whispering, "Now, Mike, ye devil, to yer heels wid ye."

Mike instantly took flight, at the same time giving a loud whew of defiance.

"Hallo! ye infernal murtherer," loudly roared the corporal; "take that wid yez, ye black rascal;" and he fired a pistol.

The drummer fell, but ere Murphy had got up to him, he was again on his feet, and, scudding like the wind, was soon out of sight.

The corporal gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and found the lady about to depart.

She again thanked her deliverer and was going away; but Murphy, after so much trouble and success, could not agree to have his scheme so easily tripped as her ladyship.

"Maybe ye may be thrown down again afore ye kin. So, axing yer ladyship's pardon, I'll go wid ye, if ye plase, till ye're safely home."

The lady could not but gratify the wish of her deliverer, seeing it was so trifling. So Murphy accompanied her home, prating all the way on the insolence of slaves—the beautiful weather—the fine condition of

the plantations—and delicately hinting the still greater beauty of their owner. He did not forget, at the same time, to intersperse a few judicious observations on the importance and honourable station of a British soldier. Out of common courtesy, the lady could not allow her deliverer to leave her domain without handing him a drink of Madeira. Murphy emptied his glass, pledging her ladyship's health, which compliment she was in duty bound to repay. Murphy, to act conformably to the barracks discipline, unwillingly had to leave the house where he was so kindly welcomed. He, however, had extorted from her the liberty of again paying a visit.

The whole of that night, Murphy slept not a wink. He thought on the success of his scheme—on the kind manner in which the lady had received him; and he endeavoured to plan future operations.

Murphy went through his duties next day with a lightsome heart, and a still more lightsome purse—a purse empty, but, like the Epimothean's rifled box, in reality full of hope. And his hope was not altogether a shadow; for, although calling at the hall several times, and finding, in a few months afterwards, the owner "not at home," nevertheless he received the unexpected, but highly welcome intelligence, that, in future, he would require no longer to serve his Majesty as a corporal, but that he would be recognised as Ensign O'Leery of the —th. Murphy, almost drunk with joy, filled his fellow-soldiers drunk with wine; bade them all good-bye; told them to be good boys, and take care of themselves. After taking farewell, and tendering advice about loving their officers, honouring their king, and fighting for their country, he went to his new regiment, doffed his old garments, donned the habiliments of a commissioned officer, and strutted about with all the deportment of a general;—he swore—flourished his cane—smoked his cigar—emptied his tumbler—and, in fact, did everything suitable to his new dignity. Thus pleasantly engaged, Murphy did not forget the instrument which had ennobled him. He shrewdly suspected it was the before-mentioned lady who had taken such an interest in his affairs: nor was the conjecture erroneous; for thus had she shown her deliverer a mark of gratitude.

A week after promotion, Ensign O'Leery left his new station, to visit his patroness, dressed in the tip of fashion, with his several graces set off to the best advantage. He looked a perfect gentleman, and, although short in stature, yet he was a stout-built little warrior, with a lively good-humoured ruddy physiognomy. Many a soft heart had the ensign stolen whilst within the compass of his own mountains: now he had only another heart to steal, to plant himself on the pinnacle of fortune; and that one he believed already within his reach—no doubt clothed in the sable skin of an Ethiopian, yet she was otherwise a model of beauty and grace. She had fine Grecian features, a soft rolling black eye, and a handsome person. She was in possession of youth; and, what was better in the ensign's eye, of an Indian plantation.

When the soldier was ushered into the presence of his sable inamorata, she was resting on a sofa. Before she could rise to receive him, Murphy ran forward to where she was reclining, fell at her feet, and tendered ten thousand thanks. The lady was evidently taken by

surprise at the wondrous metamorphosis in Murphy's exterior; and her heart melted as he knelt before her, warmly pressing her hand, pouring whole rays of love into her eye, and eloquently, though not skilfully, wagging his tongue in her praise. At last a proper opportunity presented itself to deliver himself of a crack speech, the work of no little preparation. He concluded his appeal as follows:—

"By St. Patrick, I swear, on the faith of a gentleman, as I am—thanks to yer ladyship—that, so long as a dhrop of blood's in my heart, I'll niver forgit yer kindness. No, mum; yer nate parson, and yer beautiful face, my darlint, will I for ever remimber. An' if I should ever wander over the bogs o' my nativ' isle, sure, dear, it's niver Murphy O'Leery who'll forgit the purtiest, natest, loveliest lady, I ever see'd; but on the conthrar, the whole world will know about yez, wid the tongue o' a trumpet."

What lady could withstand such a moving appeal? And the Indian, whose soul overflowed with benevolence and other kindly feelings, was no stoic. But it were tedious to relate the ensign's schemes on the heiress. It is sufficient to say, that latterly he pledged himself at the altar to cherish her for better or worse.

With his bride, Mr. O'Leery got her possessions, and with them both he lived pretty comfortably; for although he reckoned the one a bane to his happiness, he had the discernment to look on the other as the antidote. Not that he hated his wife; for her disposition was so sweet, no one could hate her, much less her husband; but he could not brook the jibes of his brothers of the mess, who ridiculed his "nigger wife." The ensign was promoted, by purchase, to a lieutenancy; and everything increased his happiness, barring his black wife.

The regiment receiving orders to depart on an early day for England, the lieutenant proposed to his lady to dispose of the greater portion of their estate. At first refusing, kind soul! she at last yielded to her importunate husband. A few nights before departure, the lieutenant attended a carousal of his brother-officers; and, when inebriated, one and all jibed the lieutenant on his nigger bedfellow. He tried to jibe in return, but unsuccessfully; for what tongue could prate against a dozen?

"Mike, my boy," exclaimed the lieutenant, on return home, to the drummer, whom he had now, as a token of gratitude on one hand, and, to keep a stricter watch over his tongue, on the other, transferred to his own corps; and who, faithful creature! performed the duties of valet—"Mike, my boy, it's sore at heart I am; an' is it thus you stand there, you ould sinner! wi' divil a dhrop o' comfort at all, at all."

"Aisy now! By what manes is it I should kin what troubles ye?"

Mike had caught every word that had passed in the mess-room, by the simple process of applying an ear to the door; but he thought it quite improper to narrate this.

"I tell ye, Mike, I've been insulted by the spalpeens, ye see, about my nigger"

"Whisht! will ye?" said Mike, placing his fore-finger on his lip.

"Divil o' that I'll do, ye ould sinner!"

Mike drew closer to the lieutenant; and, by whispering, "Mrs. O'Leery will hear ye," and by dint of flattery, got him to speak low.

Carrying on their conversation for a little in an under-tone, Murphy began rubbing his hands.

"It's right ye are, ye long-headed rascal! I'll jist do what ye've tould me. Ye've indeed administhered comfort to my throubled soul. 'What can be fairer?' say ye. Bless ye for that same, Mike! Shouldn't every one keep his own country?—so I'll go to mine, and leave her in hers. Arrah! bless ye, Mike!"

And did Lieutenant O'Leery really resolve to abandon her whom, at the altar, he promised to keep for better or worse? Yes; but in lieu thereof, he agreed to take with him her fortune, as a memorial of herself.

Well! The lieutenant wrote an affectionate letter to the partner of his bosom; enclosed therein a draft for a few hundred pounds; bade her good-bye; and, in the coolest possible manner, conveyed himself, Mike, and property, to the ship. He safely arrived in England, retired from the army, and was enabled, with his wife's fortune, to live in a style befitting a squire. Sometimes, melancholy seized possession of his thoughts; but he was too wise to permit it to be altogether a conqueror, for he flew for relief to his bottle, and, during the process of its exhilarating influence, very characteristically sung—

"Begone, dull care; I prithee, begone from me."

One evening, whilst the Irish lieutenant, in a flood of claret, had got half-seas-over, in an attempt to drive "dull care away," his servant announced a coloured lady.

"Where is she?" gasped the lieutenant.

"In the parlour, sir. She is importunate to see you."

"Well, I'll be down in a minit," and the servant left the room. "Holy Mary!" uttered Murphy, "what am I to do? and Mike out, too!"

Unknowingly, he swallowed a few more glasses, and went down stairs, without having fixed on any plan, but muttering—"What will I do?"

No sooner did he enter the parlour, than the lady, with tears in her brilliant eyes, threw her arms around his neck, and, with an earnest and heart-touching softness, said—

"Dear, dear husband!"

It was indeed his affectionate wife.

"Troth, an' ye're right," replied the Irishman, in a provokingly cool tone, playing on a word that has been a standard joke with his countrymen. I believe I've been *dear* enough to you anyhow."

The lady evidently did not expect so icy-cold an answer: her arms fell powerless by her side; her tongue faltered; and she wept bitterly.

"Why did you leave me so cruelly? Did I wrong you? Was I not affectionate toward you? and did I not tend you when sick? What would you have been without me? Did I not raise you from the ranks, and gain you a commission, and an entrance into society? And did you not, when before the altar, vow and swear you would abide by me for better or worse? What have you done? you have left me cruelly and without cause. You have sold my paternal possessions. You have thus treated one who has always loved you, and cannot help *doing* so even *now*. You have degraded yourself as a husband, as a soldier, and a gentleman."

Murphy hung down his head, whilst she, changing her tone into a softer key, thus proceeded:—

"Yet, dear husband, in despite of all these, I will forgive, and forget all, if you will still take me to your bosom, and love me as you once did. Nevertheless," continued she, changing her tone, "hear me: rather than live with one from whose affections I am estranged, I would bury my regrets even in the grave."

Whilst the lady was uttering these noble sentiments, Murphy looked perfectly abashed. He opened his mouth, and assayed to speak; but, between inebriety and remorse, not a word of sense did he utter. After five minutes' mumbling, the lady could make out only, "Every one should stay in his own country."

"And do you wish me to go to mine?" asked the wife.

"Yes," mumbled the affectionate husband.

"Then, that convinces me you wish our separation. I will not crouch before you now, since you have thus opened your mind. Good-bye! we separate. Ere we part, hear me. I will hand the case into the civil tribunal of your country."

The last words fell from her lips, as she was crossing the threshold, and had gained the hall-door.

He appeared stupified. The last sentence aroused him, and fell with more effect than all her previous eloquence. He sprang forward to stay her, but was too late, for the door shut in his face.

"My darlint, my jewel, come back! Sure yer my wife," roared Murphy. No answer reached his ears.

Murphy was in a fine dilemma now, and he puzzled his brains in thinking on some scheme, whereby he might be extricated out of it; but finding he required first to be extricated from inebriety, he threw himself down, cursing Bacchus, and hailing Morpheus. After a continuous struggle, he gained his object, and snored aloud. But never did he spend such a night. Legal imps, dressed in "a little brief authority," hovered around his pillow, armed with ejecting warrants, jail commitments, and an armoury of like weapons. In fact, so troublesome, as well as impudent, grew these officious personages, that, ten to one, as he afterwards said, had he not been asleep, he would have cut his throat.

But he slept; so his throat was not in jeopardy. And sleep, as if in partnership with conscience, and determined to aid that reproving monitor in inflicting merited punishment on the tortured sleeper, pressed more heavily than usual on him; for when he opened his eyes, the meridian sun darted its piercing rays against his chamber window.

"Oh—oh!" yawned Murphy. But reflection soon reminded him it was no time for yawning. So, up he started, and rung up to his bedside his counsellor and vallet. Mike soon saw through the state of affairs, and counselled accordingly. Murphy instantly huddled on his clothes—ran down stairs—kicked up a hubbub—ordered every living soul instantly to pack up—secured a passage for his goods and domestics settled the rendered accounts—swore—urged on to speed—and employed all the "lazy vermin of his hall" to assist him in removing to a sloop. In three days, the lieutenant and his possessions were all safely on board.

On the fourth day, the vessel weighed anchor. Murphy chuckled over his good fortune, and laughed at the way he could cheat his wife and the lawyers. He was now changed—for the last three days he looked with a scrutinising glance in every face, expecting, or rather suspecting, its wearer to be some functionary prowling about solely on his account. But the moment he left the harbour, he left his fears behind, and sailed for the place of his destination.

Think you the unfathomed main will engulf Murphy for his many iniquitous acts? or that some attendant on the civil tribunal is stowed in the vessel, to seize him unawares? Dismiss such a thought. Neither was the way justice had chosen to be revenged!

Whilst the lieutenant was seated at the parlour-window of the finest mansion of an Irish watering-place, the second day after arrival, he observed a young lady looking from the window of a house opposite his own. He thought he had surely seen her before. Nor was he mistaken; for, after puzzling his memory, he recollected he had seen her once,—obscured by a veil, however,—on the recent passage.

Murphy's curiosity was fired. He gazed on the lovely image before him, with looks not quite allowable to husbands. But, really, the lady was so exceedingly handsome, that Mr. O'Leery could not, for the soul of him, refuse to enjoy so great a luxury as gazing on her. And, since the lady was entirely to his mind, he determined, husband as he was, to cultivate her acquaintance. Erelong, he succeeded; for intimacy is easily made by an Irishman, and the more readily at a watering-place.

The lady was one day the ornament of a dinner party round Murphy's board, fairer than was ever hourie in the seraglio of the Bashaw of Tripoli, or even ever quaked under Asem Hacchem. Her skin was of the most delicate white; her neck was like alabaster; her features were formed in the finest mould. She had a soft loving eye of rolling black, a nose *a-la-Grecian*, ruby lips, and rosy cheeks. In person she was exceedingly handsome, with a Cinderella-shaped foot. Her hair was black as a raven, and her eyebrows highly arched.

The lieutenant was enslaved with the beauty. He ate little, drank less, and scarcely spoke. His soul was captivated with the nymph before him. He gazed; and, in the madness of the moment, forgot he was a husband.

The lady, though haughty, beheld him with no common fondness. Murphy had formerly poured out a thousand little oddities, but with no real feeling. Now, a devoted slave, he felt what he said; and feeling heightened his eloquence.

"My honey," began Murphy, seated in the bower of his garden, recovering his long-lost speech in addressing the lady, with his arms around her waist, "I am over head and ears in love. Begorra, an' if ye look upon me, I'd love ye as long as water runs or grass grows. Will ye be my wife, my darlint?"

"Your wife, Mr. O'Leery! were you never married?" was the evasive reply.

"Troth, aye—no—yes. Let me see. Yes, ma'am; 'deed was I."

"And is your wife now living, or is she dead?" inquired the lady.

"Och, and, to spake the truth, I can't till ye," said Murphy, waiting anxiously for a change of the theme.

"So, so; you ask me to be your wife, when you are already married. You, no doubt, made your wife protestations of eternal love, as you have made me. You gained her hand; and now, careless, perfidious man! you have discarded her, and know not whether she be alive or dead. You offer me marriage. Were I to break the laws of my country, and the dictates of virtue and justice, and be united to you, for your pleasure, it is likely you would act similarly, and despise me. No, no! I will put no faith in your promises. So, good-bye!"

On saying this, the lady rose, and flew from out the garden to her domicile.

Murphy was struck with astonishment at a scene which passed as a vision. In an instant, his fondest hopes had been crushed—his love had received a final blow. But, in common with many of his countrymen, he possessed a face of brass. Next morning he despatched a letter, breathing more fervently than ever his devotion to the lady. But, "heigho! the wind and rain;" the messenger with his burden was sent back. A second, third—tenth, met the same disaster. Murphy at last, broken-hearted at so many failures, threw himself on the floor, and rolled over and over, with the view of rolling grief out of his spirit. "Och," said he, "this is praciouly unnicissary." So, up he started, ordered a bottle, and sat down, rhyming at his favourite tune of "Drive dull care away." In the midst thereof, his servant entered with a small note. Murphy opened it, and read the following brief epistle:—

"DEAR SIR,—You recollect you married, some years ago, Miss Wylme, the proprietor of Wylme plantation, in the West Indies. I have to inform you, at her own request, that her blackamoorship is now no more!—Yours,

"ABRAHAM SURE."

"Hurrah! hurrah, my boys!" lustily bawled out Murphy, "hurrah!"

'Begone, dull care; I prithee, (hiccup) begone from me;
Begone, dull care; you and I can never agree;
For my (hiccup) wife shall dance'—
(Hiccup) (hiccup.)

Stop, stop! Now, that won't do. Let me see, now. Och, aye; this'll do.

'The ould woman's (hiccup) dead, and I shall sing,
And I'll (hiccup) merrily'—

At this critical part of the song, Murphy fell from his chair, dead drunk.

Next morning he re-perused the note, and was sorry at his behaviour. At heart, he was really grieved on receipt of the intelligence, and would have been much more so if he had not been in love. As it was, he could not help being reconciled to the circumstance, as it would remove the barrier which had intercepted the consummation of his happiness. He ordered mournings for his household; and, to all appearance, indulged a full week in sorrow.

On its expiration, he called at the lady's residence.

"What, sir, can have brought you here now?"

"I've come," answered Murphy, "with all diffidence, to tell you that

I can't live wanting you. I'm sore oppressed and grieved, I am. Och, won't ye have pity on me?"

"Go to your own wife, Mr. O'Leery, and show pity to her, ere you expect pity from others."

"That I can't," said Murphy, affecting to weep, "bekase ye see she's dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead, for sartin."

The lady read the document Murphy handed her.

"Now that she's dead, what thought you of her?"

"I liked her features, her purson, and her swate temper; but I hated her blackamoor face; for every one laughed at me, and I couldn't stand it, I couldn't. Had she been like a Christian at all at all in the face, I would have lived happy with her all the days of my life."

The lady smiled, which encouraged Murphy. He fell on his knees, and said—

"By St. Patrick, I swear that as long as a dhrop o' blood's in my heart, I'll nivr forget your kindness. No, ma'am, yer nate person and yer"—

"Stop, Mr. O'Leery. Something new, if you please. That is the speech you addressed to your former wife."

"By what manes div ye ken?"

"I was present."

"Present, ye were?"

"Yes."

"Sure, ma'am, it's misthaken ye are. Norter a living soul was present but Miss Wylme an' myself."

"Are you certain?"

"The devil a doubt."

"Then, to keep myself no longer in privacy, I was Miss Wylme, and am now Mrs. Murphy O'Leery."

"The devil ye are! By St. Patrick, I wish ye were!" exclaimed the astonished and unbelieving Murphy.

"But I am. 'Twas I who wrote the note you received."

"Axing your pardon, doesn't the line say she's now no more."

"Not herself, but her blackamoorship. But, what will convince you still mofe, here is the ring you presented to me at the altar; and here is a scar on the left ear."

Murphy stood transfixed to the spot. The lady threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"Surely," he found breath to say, at last,—*"surely a mystery it is."*

"Yes, it is a mystery. But be seated."

"I married you," began the lady, in explanation, "because I loved you, and because you professed regard for me. I had no cause to doubt the truth of your protestations till you cruelly left me. I followed you, and waited on you in England. You may recollect the cold answer you gave me. I left you, threatening to call you before your country's tribunal. Accordingly, I waited on a solicitor. He was engaged when I called; but I was entreated to wait. I began to read a newspaper, when a strange advertisement met my eye, as follows:—

“**R**OWLAND'S KALYDOR, prepared from beautiful Exoties; a thorough cleanser of the Skin: by mild yet powerful and imperceptible influence, it completely eradicates Tan, Pimples, Spots, Redness, and all Cutaneous Eruptions, removing dark and sallow complexion, rendering the skin delicately clear and soft, irradiating with transparent whiteness the neck, hands, and arms, and producing a healthy and juvenile bloom to the complexion.”

“What of that?” said Murphy.

“I read it over and over again, doubting that it was the advertisement of a quack; but that illiberal idea fled, when I saw the Kalydor was patronised by some of the mightiest potentates of the earth. The idea struck me at once, that I might regain your affection by using the Kalydor; seeing, if the proprietors advertised truly, it would ‘remove’ my ‘dark complexion,’ and produce ‘a healthy and juvenile bloom.’ Instead of stating my case to the solicitor, I merely asked a trivial question. I went straightway to a respectable medicine-vender, purchased a quantity of the Kalydor, bathed regularly in it, and in a short time, and altogether ‘imperceptibly,’ my skin changed from its original colour, and ‘was rendered delicately clear and soft;’ and my ‘neck, hands, and arms, were irradiated with transparent whiteness.’ In short, it made me what I am. My servant learned from one of yours whither you were going. I sailed in the same vessel. Since then, you have told me you love me. Your behaviour convinces me you do. I have always loved you truly, in despite of the ill treatment you gave me. So, now, let us live as we ought, like husband and wife; and I am willing to consign to oblivion all past occurrences.”

Murphy's bosom heaved with gratitude; and in the fulness of his heart, he pledged, along with his lady, a full bumper—as did Mike, who had been behind the door listening, in an empty one—to the health, prosperity, and worldly success, of A. Rowland & Son, the benefactors of the world, and the occupiers of that shop, 20 Hatton Garden, London.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS DUNE, ESQ.

O! who would not roam
 With the fairy free,
 Who finds a green home
 In each summer tree?
 He sleeps on the billow
 Of Beauty's breast;
 Its teat is the pillow
 Where his light locks rest.
 His path is a moonbeam;
 His car is a ray
 Of the sun, that does gleam
 Abroad on the day.
 His bark is a leaf
 That in autumn fell;
 He sails in this skiff
 In a bosky dell.

His steed is a wild bee
 That roams among flowers,
 And cheers with its minstrelsy
 His jewell'd hours.
 Through greenwood, o'er mountain,
 He merrily trips;
 A flower-bell o' the fountain
 The cup whence he sips.
 His food is the dew
 Of a maid's untouch'd lips,
 That outvie in hue
 The bright scarlet hips.
 When he slumbers at night,
 The blackbird's shrill horn
 Laps his dreams in delight,
 And cheers him at morn.
 Then, who would not roam
 With the fairy free,
 Who finds a green home
 In each summer tree?

CONNECTION OF GREEK TRAGEDY WITH RELIGIOUS AND CIVIL EVENTS.

THE sources that supplied materials for Greek tragedy were either those legends which one century handed down to its successor, or the older Epic poets—Homer, Hesiod, and the Cyclic bards. Thus, for example, Homer's *Odyssey* furnished a subject for the satyr drama, "*Proteus*," of Æschylus, the "*Nausicaa*" of Sophocles, and the "*Cyclops*" of Euripides: in like manner, the *Iliad* was the very fountain-head of tragedy.

Æschylus, who himself termed his dramas, *τιμὰν τῶν Ὁμήρου μεγάλων τείνων*, adhered closely in his plots to Homer; whilst Sophocles and Euripides, are, by the common consent of scholars, allowed to have copied only his diction and general manner. The bards of old contended with each other in transforming some old mythic saying into a regular play; hence many pieces have come down to us, which, though composed of precisely the same materials, as it were, and differing in nothing but the style of treating these materials, are nevertheless incontestably by various and rival hands. In such similitude stand the "*Choëphoræ*" of Æschylus, and the "*Electra*" of Sophocles and of Euripides; nay, what is still more remarkable, is the fact, that one and the same poet could contrive to represent a mythic legend in two distinct ways, and in separate pieces: an illustration of this may be met with in the "*Orestes*" and "*Electra*" of Euripides. The old mythic legends were esteemed sacred by the Greeks, and made up a part of their national religion; they were, thus, peculiarly appropriate subjects for representation at the sacred festivals instituted by the Greeks to their deities. The ideal and god-like, which predominate so strongly in them, served to elevate the minds of the spectators above human and every-day associations, and stamped the whole with the impress of true poetry.

The examples of valour, patriotism, and high feeling, diffused over the whole hero-world of old, enabled the poet to inspire his hearers not only with a lively sense of unfeigned admiration and esteem, as well as pious resolve, but also with an enthusiastic desire of imitating the lofty qualities exhibited before them. This religious and moral feature of Greek tragedy must be regarded as its chief and distinguished excellence. More especially was the tragic chorus subservient to noble ends, viz., to act as an ideal teacher of religion, an inspirer of morality. Æschylus frequently testifies an earnest desire to raise the standard of popular opinion and action in his age. No less obvious are the moral tendencies of the tragedies of Sophocles. Yet there existed a wide difference in the *religion* (so to speak) of the two bards. Æschylus appears to have dealt more largely in mysticism and fanaticism: Sophocles, on the other hand, is more temperate and liberal in his views, and bears stronger internal evidence of believing the doctrines he inculcated.

But with the religious and moral purposes of Greek tragedy, the traces of political influence, of which it was intended to be the vehicle, are not wholly unconnected. The cultivated Greek may be said to have lived only for the state; his activity, both moral and physical, were absolutely concentrated in it: it cannot, therefore, be very singular that the purely intellectual efficacy of the poet was devoted to a real, a practical purpose—the benefit of the state; particularly when it is borne in mind that circumstances occasionally not only suggested a fitting opportunity for developing his purpose, but actually claimed his exertions—as, for instance, when the Persian wars had almost paralysed, and produced an utter prostration of the power of state. Æschylus, who with his sword had so valiantly defended the liberty of Greece, combated with no less noble an enthusiasm, at the termination of hostilities, the views of the reformed Chartists of the day: in his “Eumenides,” how beautiful is his defence of the Areopagus! in the “Prometheus,” how eloquent his appeal in behalf of the ancient deities! Allusions to political events abound also in the plays of Sophocles and Euripides. Care must be taken, however, not to cherish the erroneous supposition that some of these plays were written solely for a political end. This opinion can be sustained only of those through which a purely political vein runs, and which, being without the pale of the laws regulating the structure of tragedies, can scarcely be comprehended within that term. To this class of compositions belongs the *Πέρσες* of Æschylus, and, at an earlier period, the “Conquest of Miletus,” by Phrynichus. This latter drama, however, history informs us, pleased the people at large so little, that Phrynichus was compelled to pay a considerable fine. The subject of the piece must have been as disagreeable to the feelings of the Athenians (since they could have averted the disgrace which the poet depicts), as the representation of Æschylus’s piece was agreeable, inasmuch as it originated in purely patriotic feeling. Sophocles is, on the whole, exceedingly cautious in his political allusions, and perhaps more sparing of them than the other two great masters. His poetical powers, again, are transcendent. The praises of his native place (in *Edipus Col.*) are quite in the back-ground of the picture, and could not fail to elicit applause; as also the illustration of Attic magnanimity in the person of Pallas, and of Hellenic heroism in that of Theseus. In

Euripides, on the contrary, political allusions are much more broadly stated—as, for instance, in the “*Heraclidæ*” and the “*Suppliants*,” whilst the methodical pains he uniformly takes to exalt his modern Philosophy and Theology, at the expense of the old schools, cannot but be considered as foreign to the province of tragic art, and consequently faulty intrusions.

Thus has the connection existing between Greek Tragedy and the religion and politics of that country, been briefly traced. If leisure be granted me, I shall animadvert, in a future paper, on the rise and progress of Athenian Comedy; limiting my remarks, of course, as on the present occasion, to the great striking features—the “*basso-reliefs*,” as it were—rather than detailing the minutiae of the Comic Drama.

ADOLPH.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THE most marked feature in the philosophy of the present age is an idea that has been peculiarly its own, born within the present century, and, indeed, for the most part, nursed and cherished in the hearts of only the living generation.

Having for its object the advancement of the people in all that relates to their welfare, physical, intellectual, and moral, it may well be called the world's new good cause; and it is one, we hope, that is destined ere long, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all minor interests, all petty wars of faction and party, all strifes and wranglings, all reproaches, and all wrongs, that have so long embittered our social condition.

Yet even now, when progress has become the watchword of a numerous and increasing circle, it is not very clearly understood, or agreed among them, by what path we are to reach the desired goal; and as it does not follow that every movement is an advance, it may be well, while fully acknowledging the grandeur of the theory, to give some thought to the signs and probabilities of its realization.

The great principle on which the cause is founded is an earnest faith in the perfectibility of the human race; but the extent of this perfectibility is very differently laid down.

Knowing that our nature, in its present state, is a compound of evil and good, we deem that a holy and beneficent Creator never created our hearts so, but that every evil quality is but the abuse or misdirection of a good one—the result of bad education, early example, unfortunate circumstance, or frequently the degrading effect of unequal and oppressive laws, and unwise institutions; and that, therefore, the true means of amelioration is not so much to punish and preach against sin, as to remove the causes that produce it.

Every statistical table that is published bears out this view. We find that as a nation becomes enlightened and free, violence and crime diminish—we find that the bulk of criminals spring from the lowest class of every community—that they are mostly utterly uneducated—and that their number diminishes and increases in exact accordance with the improvement or relapse in the nation's prosperity: and therefore as a man's chance of virtue or vice, or perhaps the destiny of his immortal spirit,

depends so much on the accident of his mortal birth, the first means of amelioration is to spread wholesome knowledge through the lowest depths of society, and as far as possible to alleviate the misery of their circumstances.

There are others who take a widely different view: they think that as the world grows older, it is departing farther from what they call its primeval purity; that the knowledge we are so eagerly striving after, is still the fruit of the old tree; that we are indeed attaining to the wisdom of the serpent, but are losing the innocence of the dove. These are the men who sing the glories of the past times, who love to speak of "merry England," and "the brave days of old." They make a stir about progress, it is true; but their progress is but a retrogression; their panacea for social evils is a return to the ignorance, superstition, and servitude (which they term simplicity, piety, and loyalty) of our forefathers.

We are told that, in these "good old times," men were better fed, better clothed, better housed, and happier than now. We are sceptical of this; but even were it the case, it could only be said of man the animal;—man the intellectual being, slumbered in darkness; the sunshine of mental light that beamed from heaven to man was appropriated by the few; it had, indeed, kindled on the mountain-tops, but the valley and the plain were deep in shade; and age after age was doomed to pass, before a few faint rays penetrated the mists of ignorance that brooded over them. Now, happily, in these our modern times, the darkness is vanishing, the sunlight of knowledge hath dispelled the clouds, the pale mists are rolling back to the mountain-tops; and though darkness still slumbers in the deep valleys, the plains are bright and glad.

And shall we, the children of hope, lay aside our vivid thoughts, our earnest longings, our high aspirations after the great and true? and for what? to be again but as clods of the valley, or at best but as beasts of the field.

These upholders of the "good old times" may declaim against the education of the people, and the extension of their social privileges, as only tending to make the masses discontented and unhappy. Such language would be worthy of Egyptian taskmasters towards their Jewish bondsmen—worthy of modern slaveholders towards their sable victims, but utterly unworthy of a Christian towards his humble fellow-men—perchance the very class from which he himself is sprung.

The first step towards the amelioration of the people is to teach them the full degradation and bitterness of their lot. Let them see it, and feel it, in all its deformity; but at the same time accord to them the means and the hope, that they may be nerved to strong exertion. Let laws and governments do all they can to provide the means and remove the restrictions, and then the people will rise by their own energies.

It is true that much misery, much ignorance, and much dark crime, still exist, notwithstanding any efforts that have yet been made for their removal—nay, in some measure, may be the fruits of these efforts; but fermentation and disorder is the character of every transition state, either in mind or matter, and should not therefore limit our exertions, or damp our hopes.

The manifest tendency of the cause of progress is towards equalization. In saying this, we are no mere Utopian dreamers; we do not seek

an agrarian law, nor do we expect any perfect equality of power or property; this, even if established by arbitrary authority, could not exist for a day—nor should it, for it would deaden all exertion, be a complete check on all progression in science and arts, and turn the active energetic mind of man back to the listless apathy of ignorance and despair.

The equality sought is only that of privilege—just and equal laws for all men, and the abolition of all laws that, by favouring class interests, foment the jarrings of faction and party. To arrive at this, it is almost useless to alter and cobble the existing code; it has become so confused and unintelligible, that a sweeping change is necessary.

The fewer laws a nation has, the better for its people; and when mankind become more wise, and just, and charitable, how few will be really required!

If a new code of laws were formed periodically, to supersede the former, it would much simplify the administration of law, by clearing up the confusion that the intermediate years' changes had produced. At all events, such a clearing up is much wanted now. Some laws that have never been repealed would disgrace a barbarous state, and, although, fallen into disuse, it is absurd that they should remain on the statute-book.

Let a new and simple code be formed, not crude or hasty, to meet the exigency of the time, but after the cool and calm deliberation and study of the wise of all parties; and if any class at all is to be protected, let it be the poor, who cannot well protect themselves.

The middle classes, who have sprung from the people, should never tire of labouring for the people; and though they themselves have encountered all difficulties, and have overcome, they should not the less strive to remove obstructions from the path of others. Alas! that we so often see it otherwise! Nature has not endowed all men alike; and to those who are strong, and high-minded, and energetic, what pride and pleasure it ought to be to smooth the way of the more feeble, and to aid the progress of the low in heart!

Equal in importance to just laws, are wise institutions; and in those now established, the cause of progress does not, in the meantime, require any sweeping change, though some modifications, to meet the spirit of the times, are requisite. But there is one institution wanting, which seems to us so urgently called for, that we rejoice in thinking it will ere long be established—we mean a complete system of universal national education—education free from the trammels of sect or of party, but that, by cultivating the heart and the intellect, will enlist the sympathies of all, leaving religious creed and political opinion to the conscience of each.

If kept within these bounds, it could be no interference with individual freedom to make it compulsory, and the general interests of society require that it should be so; for surely it is as necessary to make a law against ignorance, as against crime, which is its offspring. No child should be permitted to injure the community by growing up in mental and moral darkness.

There is one feature in society, which, though originally laudable in itself, has been a considerable bar to our social progress, and it is one that can only be removed by a fuller recognition of the laws of charity

and kindness. We have striven, perhaps too earnestly, after independence of character, the extreme of which is isolation and individualism; and, forgetting that union is strength, we have neglected that holy principle of brotherhood which ought to be an element in all society. Zealous and sympathetic co-operation is the most powerful means of working out great results; but we have yet to see this principle carried out to its full extent, and in the right direction.

The more enlightened a people becomes, the farther do their sympathies extend. In days of yore, it was clan against clan; but as these small communities became a little enlightened, they learned that those whom they used to deem enemies, were not so utterly hateful and contemptible as their fathers had taught them to believe; and this produced union into petty states. Still there was no great improvement; they had extended the boundary-line that hemmed in their sympathies, but the new line was maintained as strictly as the old, and all beyond it were enemies, whom their religious and social duties alike commanded them to exterminate. By degrees, these petty states became cemented into kingdoms, these again into empires; and so mankind have gone on from the earliest time to the present, gradually extending the line, but while it existed, never crossing its limit. In the "good old times,"—nay, even in our own remembrance,—Englishmen and Frenchmen were bitter foes—"by nature," it was said,—everything that was mean and contemptible in each other's eyes; and it is only now that men are beginning to learn that there may be some good in one another, even although they be separated by a river or a mountain-ridge.

Hitherto, men have always had a line to enclose their sympathies, whether it has been that of clan, country, or empire; it is only in the present aspect, that we trace the dawning of a more universal benevolence, and it is in this dawning that we recognise the strongest evidence of social progress: we draw from it conclusions that lead to unbounded hopes, pointing to the possibility of a universal peace. Men will learn that their best interests require it—their commercial relations will secure it—and in time to come, they will wonder at the mad folly of former ages, that could plunge into scenes of blood and slaughter without a cause, and, shunning such infatuation, will cultivate a fellowship that spurns the fictitious boundary of a river or a sea, and embraces the world in its scope.

Then, indeed, we may learn that the progress of the human race in civilization, and in all the noblest attributes of mind, is limited by no narrow barrier; and although, for the present generation, it be allowed only to dream and to hope, let it ever be with a striving, and a yearning towards a better destiny, assured, that though doubt may darken the path, and ignorance fetter our progress, the coming time dawns with a higher augury than any that has preceded it.

Let all earnest and thinking men aid in developing the good that is to come; and though, in the meantime, many of us die while watching and waiting for the morning, each still keeping in heart his deep faith in the destinies of the world, and cherishing the trust that his own efforts may not have been wholly unmarked in the working out of so glorious an idea.

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SHAKSPEARE'S "HAMLET."

THIS is, in our opinion, the bard's *chef-d'œuvre*—the monument alike of his genius and his fame. The two are indeed inseparable; and so long as the one survives the influence of time, the other will also live in the memory of admiring man. Shakspeare has here united all the magic powers of his pencil; light and shade, so to speak, are mingled in happy unity; hues, the most diverse and brilliant, are blended together in sweetest harmony; and the scholar rises from a study of its beauties with similar feelings as does the artist from a "Titian," a "Michael Angelo," or a "Rubens." It has been well observed, that there is but *one* avenue to the human heart, and that genius (whether in painting, sculpture, music, or poetry) possesses the master-key which unlocks that mystic gate. We envy not, indeed, the feelings of the man who can deny that "Hamlet" has made a powerful, an irresistible impression on his feelings. Horace's words are applicable to such a dull, insensate piece of humanity: *Illi robur et æs triplex*—"In triple brass his heart's encased." What a world of philosophy may be found throughout the piece! The famous soliloquy is itself one of the most powerful arguments against suicidal guilt: it is *sound* philosophy, for it is based on Religion; and Religion is Truth! Again, how witty are the remarks made by Hamlet whilst he feigns madness! what pungent satire—what excellent precepts! Well might it be said of him, that "there is a method in his madness." Ophelia, too, is a beau-ideal of female loveliness, and maiden innocence. The strength of her attachment to the object of her love ever and anon impels her to break through her maiden reserve, and seek her "love's company." She lingers oft to listen to the music of his words; they are melodious to her ear. Her melancholy fate is replete with the highest tragic pathos: it would melt stones, and draw sympathy from very rocks. We should like to see a census of the tears that have been shed by feeling woman, and the sighs that have agitated the maiden bosom, on the first reading of Ophelia's watery death. We ourselves have wept tears of compassion—such tears as no other heroine, but one, ever drew from our eyes: that heroine was "Pauline Deschappelles" (Lady of Lyons), when personified by Helen Faucit. An able commentator on Shakspeare has remarked, that no character in our author's

plays has occasioned so much discussion, so much contradictory opinion, and, consequently, so much perplexity, as that of Hamlet, the inconsistencies of whose conduct have perhaps received the most satisfactory solution from the immortal *Goethe*. No other man was so well qualified (say we) to elicit the hidden meaning of some parts of this tragedy. Himself a deep thinker, and profound reasoner, he could fathom beyond the reach of ordinary minds. Who could be better able to solve the enigmas, and unravel the mysteries of philosophic thought, than the author of "*Faust*," a work that has hitherto defied the attempts of all who have sought to explain the genius of its plot; or understand the Machiavellian "*Mephistopheles*," and which will scarcely be rightly comprehended till another master-mind, a Shakspeare or a Goethe, revisits earth.—But to continue at the point whence we digressed. "It is clear to me," observes this great writer (Goethe), "that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty on a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense, I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak tree planted in a china vase, fitted only to receive the most delicate flowers; the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition—but destitute of that energy of soul which constitutes the hero—sinks under a load which it can neither support, nor resolve altogether to abandon. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands—not an impossibility *in itself*, but that which proves so to him. Observe how he turns, shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes—how he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, of which he, nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight; and this, too, without ever recovering his former tranquillity." Many more testimonies to the sublimity of conception exhibited in Hamlet might be cited, but we forbear, under the impression that the words just quoted from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (the pride of his country and of his age) will suffice to convince the detractors from Shakspeare's merits, that a bard of kindred feeling, similar powers, and equally mystic turns, has thought it not unbecoming to stand up in his defence, and pay a high tribute to his name.

Like most other dramas, "*Hamlet*" has its villain. The old king, stung by late remorse for the cruel murder of his brother, thus expresses himself:—

"O, my offence is rank; it smells to Heaven:
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't;—
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect," &c.

These lines are forcible—they are natural. We have selected them for two reasons: first, because we think them a fair specimen of the play; and next, because we have some remarks to make upon them. It may be stated of Shakspeare's villains generally, that they have all a distinguishing characteristic which marks them out from among the whole

range of dramatic villains. It is this: they are more desperate; but when remorse does come to sting their breasts, it stings powerfully. Thus, for instance, not altogether hopeless may be called the condition of that man's soul who feels instinctively, or can be brought by sober reason to reflect, that his "offence is rank, and smells to Heaven." Then, in reference to the second line quoted, it might be objected that Shakspeare has made a slight slip, or else, by poetic license, suffered himself to place the curse of Cain prior to that of Adam and Eve. Whichever be the real case, there is no principle of moment involved; and therefore the *slip*, or whatever else it may be called, is immaterial. The signification of the fourth line might, in our humble opinion, be made considerably clearer by a slight, a very slight, emendation. We think the line may have originally been thus:—

"Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill."

The letter "t" may have easily escaped the notice of transcribers, in the course of their duties; and we would suggest its introduction into the next edition. Having never seen it in any copy of Shakspeare, we would recommend it to the consideration of the "literati," and now take leave of the reader.

ADOLPH.

A CRUISE IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.

"The shore look'd wild, * * * * *
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land; and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray;
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her."

—Don Juan.

THE "Curlew" was a small jigger-rigged half-yacht, half-fishing-boat, the much-prized property of my valued friend M., who used her for pleasure-excursions in the Firth of Clyde and its numerous estuaries—abounding, as they do, in a variety of projecting promontory, and retiring bay. She was as tight a little craft as ever clove the blue wave. Many a joyous cruise, redolent of health and pleasure, had M. and his friends in the trim bark—many a sunny hour have I careered in her over the glad waters—and many a murky night have I shivered at her helm, as she ploughed her way over the waves, when "darkness brooded over the face of the deep," leaving innumerable gleams of scintillating phosphoric lights in her hissing wake.

It was "when summer days were fine," in 1845, that, at a conclave of particular "freres" of my *fidus Achates* M., (*quorum pars magna fui*,) it was proposed and carried *nem. con.*, that the "Curlew" should, with all appliances and means to boot, be put in commission for a transitory pleasurable cruise upon the Firth, "bound for no port." The resolution

unanimously assented to, the yacht abundantly and comfortably furnished with the necessary viands and potables by the gentleman who undertook the duty of purser—not forgetting the extremely excellent and *recherché* wines and malt-liquors obtained from Hope's catacombs—fowling-pieces and appurtenances—and the whole complement of crew, prog, arms, and other *ceteræ*, provided—the vessel in glorious trim—off we started upon the inauspicious morning of a Saturday, “all in the month of June,” from the bay of the suburban, but no longer, as wont, the retired, village of Gourrock. We shaped our course under an eastern wind, which blew fresh towards the Cloch Light-house; after rounding which, the breeze came to bear upon the vessel's quarter. The day was one of those cerulean summer ones, warm in the sunshine, but cooled and tempered by the breeze upon the waters, full of “vivancy and thrilling sensations of pleasure.” The vessel ran pleasantly down the Firth; and after having passed between the greater and lesser Cumbræ, on the approach of evening, was safely laid alongside the quay at Lamlash. During this extremity of days, the *tirailleurs* of the party had excellent practice against the razor-bills, the puffins, the gulls, *et multis aliis* of these marine birds, many of which were dexterously put *hors de combat*, despite of the undulations of the vessel, and the submerging activity of the birds. There were mirth and laughter—songs, serious and comic; while, with replenishing the natural appetite, and occasional splicings of the main-brace, the day passed hilariously; and all was joy, mirth, and happy anticipation.

So the craft and its crew were safely in port at Lamlash on the evening of this hitherto auspicious day, where it was resolved upon, that a sojourn should be made till Monday, passing the intervening Sunday as they might wist. The party went on shore, and made their quarters good on *terra firma*.

It has been already mentioned that this cruise was adventured on a Saturday, and a beautiful day it was; and as the evening was treacherously fine, M. and I, before mooring for the night, were tempted to have an hour or two's sailing. We started alone, with a favourable breeze, and stretched for the south of the Holy Isle; after fetching which, we sped our way for several miles to the “southard.” Suddenly, the hitherto favourable breeze abated, and we were left in that most uncomfortable and tantalising predicament—a dead calm, *alias* “Paddy's hurricane.” Here our situation was felt rather awkward, especially as the night was approaching; but clinging to that residuum of Pandora's box, hope, “the anchor of the soul,” we calculated the probability that an evening breeze would spring up, by the agency of which we might regain our desired haven, and rejoin our friends ashore, before “the night-cloud had lower'd.” But the sun had long since disappeared behind the lofty peaks of Arran. The land, hitherto visible and well-defined, was only seen as through a mist; and the old Craig of Ailsa loomed heavily and portentously in the distance, like some monster armada descending upon our strand. An hour passed listlessly; and though, in seaman fashion, I invoked Æolus to favour us with the aid of propitious zephyrs, by whistling till my lips were parched, my *devoirs* to that divinity and his supernumeraries were not responded to; for no kindly puff favoured us.

The sails, heavy with night-air, flapped with the heave of the sea upon the masts, affording a picture similar, though in the inverse, to that of "Hassan's hall," where all was "still—save the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill."

No prospect now in view but that of a night's aquatic bivouac. M., who had in his time crossed the wide Atlantic to the tune of eight times—and had canoed and boated many of the lakes, rivers, and rapids of America—and, from his experience, equalled, if indeed he did not excel, a thorough-bred seaman in the handling and management of small craft—was *Jack easy* about the predicament we were placed in. As for myself, I was under the compulsion of converting a virtue into necessity, by mentally and philosophically making my resolve to await the result, though it must be confessed that I could not but contrast the fancied comfortable position of our comrades on shore, making themselves snug by the ingle-side, with our forlorn and "cast-away" situation; and at the same time conceiving a certain degree of envy at the thought of them having turned into their beds after a hearty supper.

Indolent lay the vessel, but for the roll of the waves. M. and I became lulled into security, and, trusting to our orisons to the Divinity, "we made a paction 'tween us twa," that alternately we should repose under the influence of Morpheus, the one adopting his temporary dormitory, in the forecabin of the yacht, and the other keeping watch during the recumbent's snooze. It fell to the lot of M. to have the luxury of the primary experiment, though he did not use the privilege adopted by those old tars who sailed and fought under Howe, Jarvis, Hawke, Rodney, and Nelson, by trying with his knife the softest plank for his bed. Soon, M. surrendered under the influence of the drowsy divinity, and slept, having had the precaution to wrap around him, not a "military cloak," but a bit of damped canvass, yclept a spare jib. Solitary in a manner, and inexperienced to such chances—if not by field, at least by flood,—I, more unlucky than a sentry on shore, or on board of a man-of-war, did not walk my "lonely round," but wiled and mused away a lingering, tardy hour, in a mood not to be envied, savouring of the melancholy ideas engendered on perusing Zimmerman's famed book on Solitude. My cogitations were not of the most pleasurable cast; and listlessly I observed those phosphorescent, mulluscious animals, which exhibit their effulgency in an agitated sea, or watched the ebullitions caused by the ambles of the finny tribes, as they were scared in their natural avocation by the alternate dipping and elevation of the prow of the vessel.

Here ended my reveries; and I must, in imitation of *Æneas*, when he recited his disasters to Queen Dido, at this crisis, "*removere dolorem*."

A puff of wind coming, led with casual drops of rain, operated upon that portion of my face which was exposed to the blast, and acted as a stimulus, so as to arouse me from my dreamy lethargy. It was indicative of a gale; but whether it would prove favourable, or the reverse, was a question not requiring a prolonged discussion; for, after having aroused my dormant companion, in a twinkling I handled the helm; and in a giffy, the new-born breeze scarcely bellying the sheets,

the "Curlew" was under steerage-way. The breeze was from the north, and freshening; and of all the points from which "the wind does blow," our little craft could not have encountered a more untoward gale than that which beset her on this evening: still, it was enlivening so far, that it put us in motion. Our endeavour was to recover Lam-lash Bay, which could not be persevered in nor consummated but by beating against adverse gales—a *dernier resort*, highly necessary in our circumstances. Taking every advantage possible of the breeze which had sprung up, we were quickly under way, all sail set, and glibly skimming the undulating surface, forgetting our previous loneliness, and anticipating our warm hammocks in the hamlet of Lam-lash.

In the meantime, the wind increased, and assumed that unsteady character known by the cognomen of squalls, so common along the indented coast of the Firth of Clyde. It was therefore deemed advisable to lay-to, and double-reef the mainsail. The spray from the weather-bow showered profusely and continually over us, and she occasionally shipped some water, which the small pump in the stern-sheets, manœuvred by myself with one hand, could hardly keep under. With my dexter, I steered the boat. M. abided by the main-sheet, ready to let it go at a moment's notice, peradventure a heavy gust might visit the "Curlew." At the commencement of the breeze, we were off Kildonan Castle; and we had now run four or five miles to the north-east. The vessel making but little way against the heavy head-sea, and as we were carrying even more sail than prudence dictated, and the sea still increasing, we intended to make Whiting Bay on our next tack, and lay there for the night, if the weather did not moderate.

The helm was put down, the jib-sheet started, and the "Curlew" ran up into the wind; but round she would not come. It was her first trip that season, and she had been badly ballasted. After bobbing for half-a-minute, and shipping a considerable deal of water, she missed stays; and, although we tried her again and again, we experienced the same result, albeit that every expedient that ingenuity or necessity could suggest was had recourse to. Again the boat became charged with water, an unsteady kind of ballast, and the worst that a vessel carries. Nevertheless, we were obliged to stand upon the same tack until we had eased the vessel of the greater part of the water she had shipped. We then were again in the act of making an attempt to put her round, when she was suddenly struck by a heavy squall, which careened her over, till the water rushed into her over the gunwale. In this emergency, I shouted aloud to M. to let go the main-sheet. He responded, that the sheet had got jammed, and that he could not start it. The craft was filling fast, and, to all appearance, our doom was, that, in a few seconds, we would be struggling for our lives, though hopeless and unequal would be the contest with the mad waves that rolled around. But, providentially, snap went the main-boom. In a second after, the sheet was started; and the main-sail, disentangled, fluttered to leeward, sweeping and whirling about with it the portion of the main-boom attached to it, with an impetus of sufficient power to have crushed and splintered the side of the "Curlew," had she encountered the blow. "Luff her up, while I lower the main-sail; and pump for

your life!" vociferated M., as he floundered forward, and let go the main-halyards. In a few seconds, the sail was lowered, and on board.

"We must now keep her close in the wind," cried M., "till she is relieved of the water, and then scud for it. We have no alternative."

M. baled with a tub, and worked at his task like a galley-slave; and although the "Curlew" was ever and anon struck by seas which caused her to quiver from stem to stern, and sent clouds of spray over her, still, in the lapse of half-an-hour, she was comparatively freed from her cargo of water.

It is dangerous, even in the case of large vessels, to fall off for the purpose of scudding in a heavy sea, as the whole weather side of the vessel is exposed; and were she struck by a sea at that time, she would incur every chance of receiving serious damage. We had to watch a considerable time for a favourable opportunity. At length the "Curlew" was running before the wind almost as fast as her ornithological namesake can fly. She was comparatively clear of water, and seemed, when careering over the summit of a wave, to be sustained by its feathery foam.

Although worn-out, drenched, and almost overcome by the potency of sleep,—now that I considered myself in comparative security, I could not refrain from admiring the terrific sublimity of the scene in which we had now the predicament to be placed. We were running south—a tremendous gale blowing, which we did not feel when between two seas. Now and then, the scream of a solitary sea-bird could be heard. Looking astern when on the crest of a wave, the seas following, to my mind, looked like a troop of wild and famished beasts, rushing after us, to secure us as their prey.

Our position was serious. We possessed no compass; no land was visible; it was very dark—the gale still continuing in strength and fierceness, and the sea in combined unison with it. We were deadily chilled by the cold, and the large rain-drops felt like pellets of lead, as they struck upon our cheeks. The pump had to be kept in constant exercise, as occasionally some water was shipped astern. Neither of us was acquainted with the Ayrshire coast; but so much did we know, that we behoved either to make land somewhere upon the most southerly part of that county, where, very likely, our fate would be sealed, and our tiny vessel dashed to pieces; or, should we peradventure escape that doom by deviating a point or two to the westward, the "Curlew" would have no alternative but that of braving the stormy seas of the North Channel.

After anxious and painful deliberation, the idea suddenly struck me, that, as Ailsa Craig ought to be somewhere in our course, it was almost our only chance to strain every nerve to fetch the lee of that far-famed rock, where the water would be comparatively smooth, and where we might lie without imminent danger until the succeeding day, or, at all events, until the storm had subsided. This suggestion was approved of by M.; and our only anxiety now came to be, the risk of our passing this place of anticipated refuge, as the night was dark, and the rain bedimmed our vision.

M., who had been on the look-out ahead, suddenly ejaculated,

"Heavens! what's this?" I was startled and agitated on observing that the "Curlew" was within less than a pistol-shot's distance of a large object which a sea had just struck, and climbed far up its side. It was a large ship or barque, either close on the wind, or laying-to. We had a narrow escape of a collision with her. We passed close under her stern, and even felt, as it were, the recoil of the sea from her side. Some one on the quarter-deck shouted out a "hilloa!" to which I responded; and in a couple of minutes, we lost sight of her. It afterwards appeared that this vessel was an American, which, early next morning, had beat into Lamlash for shelter. Her commander had gone ashore there, where he encountered our friends at the inn, and, in conversation, told them that he had nearly been run into by a small craft which was scudding down the channel the previous night, and that it was impossible she could have outlived such a sea. From the description which he gave of her, our friends concluded that it must have been our little bark.

So far from in the smallest degree abating, the gale acquired additional violence, and, without being a "blustering railer," I may safely aver, blew hurricanes. The jigger-sail was lowered, the jib being the only piece of canvass under which we made our uncertain way along a tempestuous sea. Fortunately—yet, in a sense, fortuitously—we were so favoured, that at length the precipitous rock became visible to our bewildered eyesight; and we reached our "desired haven"—the lee of Ailsa Craig—without any accumulation to our already sufficiently-suffered disasters. Though we thus reached our forlorn hoped-for refuge, "safe through yon desert of foam," and although we were secure from the range of the gale, yet we did not recline either upon a "pellucid" or "unruffled tide." The gale still continued with "rude clamours to dismay;" and a reverberating roll from the precipitous Craig kept our craft dancing upon the face of the waters. Soundings were not to be obtained, and we had to lay off and on during the remainder of this eventful and dreary night, till morning.

As already mentioned, our craft was not deficient in the commissariat department; but, exhausted, fagged, and overly-well moistened by the saline fluid, and withal sick and squeamish—not altogether at heart, but in the "bread-basket,"—we loathed even the flavour of "liqueurs," and almost ravenously broached a jar of *aqua fontana*, with the contents of which we tried to slake our thirst. I courted repose, and partially succeeded; M., in the interim, keeping on the look-out after the turmoil caused by the "norther," and preventing our bark from again coming within reach of the fierce "encountering gales."

Few but have at least heard of the Craig of Ailsa, and even read of it in the song of "Duncan Gray," where "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig" to Duncan's wooing. It is an isolated precipitous rock, rising to the height of 1100 feet from the level of the Firth of Clyde. Its superficies are clothed with that tender and nourishing grass which forms the sole food of the wild rabbit, which animal abounds upon the rock. Here many marine birds resort in the summer, for the purpose of nidification; and the precipitous faces of it are crowded with their nests. The nearest mainland to the rock is Girvan, distant about eleven or twelve miles.

The rock is farmed out by its noble owner, for the rabbits and the feathers of the numerous sea-birds.

As morning broke, these birds arose in clouds, and sent up a most discordant concert—screaming, croaking, and screeching, to a degree which brought to our mind's eye those fabled foul daughters of Pontus and Terra, the harpies who were supposed to luxuriate in filth.

A considerable portion of ante-meridian was occupied in holding to our shelter in the best manner we could. Our jar of water met with a casual fracture, which denegated to us the benefit of what were its contents; and we missed it much, being still qualmish, wet, weary, and uncertain as to the *denouement* of this our perilous adventure. The gale had gone round a point or two to the westward—was lessened, but still muttered over the deep; the “current did not softly flow;” and it being now near to eleven o'clock, we held a communing as to our future operations; and, out of sheer necessity, we made up our minds to make for the Port of Ayr (to which we supposed we could lay in a tack), where we might find relief and solace from our perils and toils, and that at the venture of whatever risk might ensue. So, acting upon the resolve, we managed to get the main-boom put to rights by fishing one of our sweeps along it; and having close-reefed the mainsail and jigger, and leaving the lofty cliff and hoary brow of the Craig of Ailes, we once again encountered the “horrors of the deep.” For a couple of hours, we sped our way upon the starboard tack, still shipping water. But “again the weather threatened, again blew a gale.” We again had to reduce canvass, and latterly to scud, making up our minds to make land at whatever risk.

Girvan, as has already been mentioned, was the most proximate point of the mainland of Ayrshire, which port we neared about three o'clock in the afternoon, it being the Sabbath. We knew nothing of the topography of the place, much less the bars, and other natural obstacles which might lie in our way; but hailing with delight the prospect of a cessation from our accidents by flood, and alarmed for our safety, we were on the *qui vive* to gain the homely port. There was a congregation of the inhabitants, many of whom were fishermen, taking their usual lounge upon the quay. Some of these men, comprehending our predicament, and well aware of the entrance, endeavoured to curb our onward course by making admonitory signals, in waving of their hats, and other gestures, the intent or meaning of which did not reach our comprehension. But soon we were brought to a physical sensibility that we had, by these friendly though misunderstood signals, been warned that dangers were in our path. Ere we were aware, the “Curlew” struck forcibly upon a sunken rock—the concussion sending M. and I reeling forward along the bottom; but the following wave carried her over this barrier, with the loss of her helm. She then stuck fast on a bar composed of sand, which is nearly dry at low-water, though, inside, the water is of considerable depth. The vessel hove to one side, and instantaneously filled.

A sea carried me overboard. I struck out for land: and the honest fishermen generously volunteered their services; and, wading into the water, even up to their necks, carried me ashore. M. soon afterwards

was obliged to leave the wreck, and swim for land, which he had some difficulty in reaching, having received a severe contusion before leaving the vessel. We scrambled up the quay, and got into the village. It was becoming us, and peculiarly necessary, after the "dangers we had passed," to seek the comforts of a hospitable dwelling; and therefore we courted the harbour of an inn. But it was the Sabbath-day, and the kirk had not "sailed" for the afternoon's service; so that our devout host of the first hostelrie we applied to, though well aware of our situation, actually denied us the accommodation which, as a Christian, he should have afforded to the shipwrecked, though he had not possessed a single coin. In the "King's Arms," however, we found a worthy hostess, where we were afforded every comfort which our situation required.

The boat, by the exertions of the fishermen and M., was got into a posture of safety, but damaged and completely *en dishabile*.

Our friends left at Lamlash, hearing no tidings of us, and entertaining dismal apprehensions as to our fate, went sorrowfully homeward; and when M. and I, renovated and recruited, had returned home, it was with wonder, astonishment, and thankfulness, that they greeted us, by all those mental and external friendly welcomes which were dictated by their personal good-feelings towards us, and the joyous sensations they felt at our safety.

Thus began, thus proceeded, and thus ended, a voyage commenced upon a Saturday. According to the olden practice, as mentioned by our King James in his curious work on "Demonology," "certain craftsmen will nocht work on the Saturday," and "certain mariners will nocht sail on the Saturday;" but he quaintly adds, "This is plain downright superstition, because God made the Saturday as weel as ony ither day o' the ouk."

Be this as it may, our voyage, commenced on a Saturday, was an unpropitious one to us castaways of the "Curlew."

SONNET ON SPRING.

SPRING comes in beauty, with her vernal wand—

A goddess full of cheerfulness and song!

There's not a tree that lives upon the land

But opens its eyelids as she steals along.

The aged oak, that lifts its arms so strong,

By yon sequester'd ruin's lonely wall—

Through sombre winter suffocated 'mong

The twining ivy—hears her joyous call;

While groves and glens, by every waterfall,

In haste re-dress in fresh and lovely green;

And flowers look forth like scattered stars; and all

Is young and fair, and sunny and serene.

This is the resurrection of sweet things:

She o'er the dædal earth her wondrous beauty flings!

ANDREW PARK.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN HAY.

BY LEWIS TITIAN.

CHAPTER V.—A DOMESTIC SCENE—OUR HERO'S HEART ASSAULTED—FEMALE TACTICS
—MARTIN OBTAINS ONE DISSOLVING VIEW, WHICH UNEXPECTEDLY LEADS TO
ANOTHER.

"OUR terms, then, are understood. You teach them German, Italian, French, Latin, and Greek, of course; moral philosophy, combined with mathematics; geography, natural history, and drawing; with those other thingumay—I mean, eh, less important branches of science which form a regular course of education. You shall be treated as one of the family; and I will pay you thirty pounds a-year."

"Yes; I undertake to do my best."

"The boys are a little unruly; they have had a good deal of their own way: but I may (though their father) be allowed to say, that boys of a quicker turn of mind, more intelligent, and of stronger natural parts, are not to be found in the kingdom. Break them in, sir—break them in gently; and you will find them quite a pleasure to you. I shall ring for them. The sooner you are introduced, the better,—that mutual confidence and understanding may be established."

This scrap of dialogue passed between Mr. Tupper of Daisy Grove and our hero, Martin. Mr. T. was a retired green-grocer—had built Daisy Grove—and determined to educate his family, as he himself expressed it, on "the first-class ticket." All his own education consisted in reading, and the capacity of making hieroglyphic insertions in his books, which the uninitiated might, without transgression of probability, have considered as contributions to an unknown tongue; but, having feathered his nest in the trade, he determined his family should shine in the world, and, if possible, he should shine in them. He was a widower; and it was rumoured that the first dose of matrimony had been sufficiently strong to deprive him of any desire for a second—his widowhood having been greatly accelerated by the late Mrs. T.'s attachment to Hollands. Be this as it may (we won't disturb the ashes of the dead to gratify any malicious prurient mind of our readers), the surviving parental article terminated on procuring a tutor for his boys, in rivalry of Sir Joseph Broxley, his adjoining neighbour, whom (although Sir Joseph, further than once soliciting his vote and interest, had never condescended to recognise him, and spoke of him in private as the low upstart) he considered a pattern worthy of imitation. Martin was the fortunate applicant for the office; and, after the preliminaries had been settled in Mr. Tupper's study (as that gentleman facetiously, we suppose, called a room where he enjoyed his after-dinner nap), he was about to be introduced to his new charge.

In answer to Mr. Tupper's signal, a small tiger, in blue tights and silver buttons, appeared, and, performing a salaam, waited orders.

"Where are the boys, Tim?"

"They're having a regular row, sir. Augustus has broken Frederick's nose, 'cause he wouldn't lend him his top; and he's a-trolloring and vashing it at the pump. Albert's trying a ride on the cow, and Ernest's

working it on by the tail. I never see'd the like o't," said the tiger, in a piping voice.

"Send them here immediately."

The tiger departed, after lingering a minute to survey Martin; and directly a blubbing as of suppressed grief, and the shuffling of feet, was heard approaching.

"You see, sir, they are boys of spirit, as I told you; and, as a British fayther, I'm proud of 'em," said Mr. Tupper, confidentially. "I don't, for my part, like your milk-and-water children, with no more pluck nor a chicken. Spirit, sir, spirit is the very essence of humanity."

Martin could not dispute that point, though it did occur to him that the approaching essence was of rather a boisterous species.

"Come away, boys. There, shut the door," said the father, as four carrotty-headed lads entered, of different ages, from nine to fifteen.

"Shut the door, Albert," said the eldest to the second.

"No, I won't: shut it yourself," replied Albert, looking daggers.

"Do it now, like a fine fellow, and oblige," added Ernest.

Albert took a quiet but effective kick at his brother's shins, who set up the war-whoop; and, squaring his fists, requested him to try it again; adding significantly, "Blowed if he would, now."

"Are my orders not to be obeyed?" roared the irate father, on observing this scene. "If you don't, I'll wollop each of you within an inch of your lives, you vagabonds!"

An instantaneous rush to the door was the reply; and the four, each imparting a shove to it, drove it to with a bang that almost shook the Daisy Grove cottage to its foundations. Then each of them stood at a respectful distance, eyeing their father and the stranger alternately, the youngest gasping an occasional sob, and, by way of attracting sympathy, holding a bloody handkerchief to his nose.

"Listen now to what I've got to say to ye," continued the father. "This young gentleman is your future tutor. He will give you your lessons every day; for you must learn—I've made up my mind to that; and you'll obey him as you would me."

Albert shuffled up to his brother, and both surveying Martin, the former significantly muttered, aside—"That un! Blest if we can't lick him, Erny." "No mistake," whispered Ernest, winking in return.

"Come and shake hands with him, boys, then."

They did so, much in the manner they would have saluted a tame bear, and departed perfectly reconciled now amongst themselves, because they had met a new and common foe. Deep plans of hostility, and mighty schemes of vengeance against the offender, were that night pondered over and discussed among the juvenile Tupperes, and many hours snatched from slumber in concocting some mighty schemes for the overthrow of the invader of their peace of mind.

Martin discovered, however, that these were not the sole olive-branches that flourished around Mr. Tupper's table. At dinner, he was introduced to two Miss Tupperes, a pair of tall gawky-looking girls, such as you must have often seen and set down in your mind as a species of overgrown children—the body having shot up into an incomprehensible angularity and compound of impracticable joints, never working the

right way, but always having a great many screws loose, or too tight, or something wrong. The Misses Tupper, Angelina and Eugenia, barring this fault of being so uncomfortable-looking, and lacking all that tempting, pleasant plumpness of form which we have so often studied and delighted to observe in the daughters of England, were otherwise not ugly damsels. They had tolerable features, not unlike what you've seen on fictitious waxwork likenesses of celebrated females, and which are quite as good to answer any other person. Their eyes were of a light hazel, and hair of that questionable colour denominated auburn. In making any guess at their ages, one might have hit at twenty-one for Angelina, and Eugenia as a couple of years younger. Both, to boot, were fresh from a boarding-school, where Miss Angelina had acquired a love for French and Byron; and her sister, added to an exemplary view of the duties of female life, as comprised in the performance of manufacturing pasteboard ornaments, samplers, footstool coverings, and silk purses, had imbibed from novels, read in bed by candle-light, extraordinary notions of human life, and particularly of the romance of love. To say that she was quite prepared to encounter loveable young gentlemen, noblemen in disguise, and cruel-hearted fathers who wouldn't hear of any reconciliation—and to add that she was quite prepared for elopement, and love in a cottage—is within the bounds of truth and faithfulness. Such were the Misses Tupper. To these young ladies, then, Martin, at dinner, was introduced. He could not help observing, as he sat opposite them at table, surrounded by the olives, who scrambled indiscriminately for everything that attracted their attention, and would insist on eating as they pleased, that their eyes were hardly ever removed from him. When he happened to look across, they both blushed violently, and stared at the cloth; then nudged each other, and smiled significantly. The same pantomime was repeated at tea-time; but the eldest, Miss Angelina, now waxing bolder, ventured to ogle Martin; while her sister, whose *forte* lay in that modest embarrassment which testifies a gentle, delicate, retiring mind, still continued to blush as he encountered her eye. Martin was not unobservant of all this, which he attributed to the natural modesty of the young ladies; and feeling it his duty to establish himself on a friendly footing with them, addressed some observation to the eldest, who replied; and, the ice being now broken, he essayed that most difficult of all tasks with "maidens coy," a conversation. Mr. Tupper had gone to the city after dinner; so he and the young ladies had it pretty much to themselves. After tea, Miss Angelina was, with a little coaxing, prevailed upon to play a few airs on the piano, which led to a discussion on music; and this naturally diverged into poetry. Here Miss Tupper found herself at home.

"Are you fond of poetry, Mr. Hay?" she inquired languishingly.

Martin replied that he was, and said something about its influence on society.

"Do you know, I adore it? *C'en'est pas qui me peut procurer de grandes jouissances comme de poésie.* How it refines and exalts the soul above intercourse with grosser elements, and wafts it into the illimitable, where, uncontrolled, it revels in the elysium of the ideal!"

Martin replied by a stare, feeling rather puzzled. Not noticing it, the young lady continued—

"And how it harmonizes with the nobler sympathies of our nature, calling into action all our tenderer feelings, subduing the harsh dissonant sentiments, and kindling love and gentleness in the bosom! *Croyez moi, Mr. Hay*, poetry is the great principle that shall yet diffuse peace and love throughout the earth. It will make the world's motto, *Aimez-moi car je vous aime.*"

Our hero believed it might do much towards the end Miss Tupper thought it would accomplish; and expressing himself to that effect, said he thought she possessed a very intimate acquaintance with the subject. He ran over a list of all the sons of song he could at the time remember, inquiring if she had perused them. Miss Tupper expressed herself familiar with most of them, but added—

"There's none, after all, like Byron or Robert Montgomery. They are such loves of poets! Such force and power as they exhibit in description!—such a deep knowledge of the mysterious recesses of human nature!—such charming tenderness, melting the soul, and sublime imagery clothing their ideas, displayed by no other poets! How I admire them!"

"You are quite justifiable in that admiration, ma'am," replied Martin. "The authors of the 'Corsair' and 'Satan' have seldom—never, I may say—been excelled in their own particular path."

"Oh! by the bye, Mr. Hay," interposed Eugenia, "you must write something in our albums. That's a good creature. Now, do," said she, rushing forward with a couple of gorgeously-bound volumes.

Martin felt rather posed. He opened the books, and surveyed a number of sonnets and lines, mostly on the white pages, written by Byrons, Scotts, and Tennysons, in embryo, and to which the authors had attached various of their literary cognomens, by which nobody knew them, or cared who they were. Having never attempted anything of the kind himself, after reading a few of the contributions at random, he laid down the volumes, and expressed his inability to perpetrate stanzas.

"You don't think, you naughty fellow, do you, that we'll accept such an excuse? Will we ever, Angelina?"

"By no means, Mr. Hay; you won't get off."

"Well, I promise to try it to-morrow; not to-night, if you please."

"Agreed, then. I knew you would. I see the language of poetry in your eye, in the whole contour of your expressive countenance; nor am I deceived." And Angelina looked at him for a moment, in a manner which tended to create in the object an uncomfortable feeling; and then, as if ashamed, blushed violently, and assumed a slight confusion.

It would be useless to repeat all the conversation that passed that night before Mr. Tupper's arrival from the city: how Miss Angelina spoke enthusiastically of poetry, and the tender feelings and affections of the heart; how Miss Eugenia sighed and said little, but looked often furtively across the table to Martin; and how glad the latter was when their father did at last arrive, and interrupt further discourse, and telegraphic signals more annoying still than nambyism.

Going to his room that night, Martin saw a white object lying on the

floor. He stooped, and picked up a neatly-folded bit of paper, with no address. It contained some verses written in a delicate female hand, and initialed "A." They ran as follows:—

"To M——.

Tell me, Damon, tell me why
Thus I languish, thus I sigh—
Thus, to joy foresworn, my breast
Feels with new-born cares oppress.

Sadly, like a wounded hart
Smitten by the hunter's dart,
I wander through the vernal glade,
Timid, shrinking in the shade.

Cruel Damon! can'st impart
To thy Celia's bleeding heart
Any balm, to sooth the grief—
Any hope, to give relief?"

He read them over a second time. Evidently they were the production of Miss Angelina, judging from specimens in the album he had seen, made up on the popular plan of getting words to rhyme, and then filling in the measure. He felt doubtful whether he could possibly be the Damon referred to; but put the paper in his pocket, consoling himself with the reflection that it was quite impossible for him to say why the young lady should prefer to sigh and languish, instead of making herself happy. He was very sorry for it, but could conceive of no possible relief within his power. He only hoped she would soon recover.

Nightly after this, he picked up similar scraps of paper, with similar petitions, all breathing the sentiments of the wounded hart yet uncured and disconsolate, and strongly imploring the employment of some healing art. They got very strong and tender, some of them did, as they increased in number; for matters were flatly becoming worse with the originator, who had no alternative but to lie beneath some glassy lake, evermore forgotten, unless Damon found the healing balm, and speedily applied it. Martin observed, too, (how could he help it?) that Miss Angelina languished and sighed more and more in his presence daily—talked more French sentiments, culled from Madame Genlis and others—and fell to losing all appetite for food. Her sister, too, blushed increasingly, and simpered correspondingly; and, somehow, he always encountered her in odd out-of-the-way corners, on stair-landings at doors, in the street, and in the park (as Daisy Grove's two acres of fallow-ground was termed), when she appeared to wish to avoid him, but managed to come into contact; and then he had to say something, get an answer, and pass on. These symptoms led to one thought—to the true one. Martin was convinced the young ladies were both in love with him. He felt (being a handsome, good-looking fellow) rather flattered by it; but the matter might become serious, and how could he help himself, or what do with his admirers? Something must be done, even at the risk of incurring the hostility of both, to check further advances. One morning, in his room—having just dispersed his hopeful pupils, after allotting their exercises—the small tiger made his appearance, and handed him, on a silver salver, a miniature scented note.

Martin opened it, and found it to be an invitation, couched in doubtful French, from Miss Angelina, in which she and Miss Eugenia solicited his company with them on a visit to the Royal Gallery of Paintings. He made out this fact after a second or third perusal of the note in question, during which the attendant stood and stared incontinently at the ceiling.

"Tim," said he, "tell Miss Angelina I shall be most happy to comply with her kind request."

"Better write it down, sir. She looks for sich. Private an' confidential's the mark."

"Oh! indeed. How do you know that?"

"Noways. Its jest resonible. I ain't sich an innocent as not to see wot's a goin' on. I'm awake, rayther: and I should think the young ladies is coming it strong, perticklarly Miss Hangelina. You're a lucky feller, you are."

"Perhaps I am," replied Martin doubtfully, sealing a note he had written in reply. "See, take this, then, since she expects it."

The tiger departed, leaving our hero to chew the cud of unpleasant fancy which had been again awakened, and to resolve and speculate on all practicable means of getting out of the meshes of a net he felt enclosing around him.

On arrival at the exhibition-rooms with his fair charges, Martin found the place already nearly filled. Crowds of fair and noble forms sailed slowly past him, pausing to admire the various productions that lined the walls; or stood in clusters here and there, discussing their merits. Of happy faces and merry hearts, there were many there. Here stood a group of artists—easily distinguished by an indescribable peculiarity which marks the manner of the profession—engaged in conversation; some of them animated and cheerful; others discontented and angry—feeling, it might be, that their productions were unfavourably situated—that they had not got justice. These last were the younger academicians—full of big hopes, and enthusiastic in their art, but who yet had a reputation and a name to win. The others, more contented, and accustomed to look on such things as a portrait of a bloated gentleman or flaunting dame suspended in a good light, and their own efforts cast into a corner, were older men, who had learned a little in the school of experience, and some of whom had already reaped their laurels, and could afford those indignities better. Beyond them was a group of connoisseurs—men who never handled a brush in their lives, but exalted themselves into judges on the productions of others; who bought from brokers, and had imported from abroad, old daubs, and new daubs baked in an oven, to wake belief they had seen service, as productions of Raphael, Claude Lorraine, Teniers, and other foreign masters; and paid a high price for their support of the fine arts. These, of course, disparaged all modern efforts. The works of a Wilkie, an Etty, Landseer, Turner, or Harvey, they counted worth as many shillings as the incomprehensible oven-roasted virgins and saints were worth hundreds; and, strange to say, enlightened Englishmen listened to their fiat with reverence, and believed in their criticism. In another corner, standing also apart from the gaping gazing visitors, was another group, opposite one

of Turner's vagaries. A warm dispute was evidently going on among them. An elderly bald-headed gentleman was gesticulating furiously with his fists, and speaking much of *chiarro oscuro*, breadth and effect, and other matters, to the rest, who got only an occasional opportunity of interposing in behalf of the painting, which it appeared he was fiercely denouncing. Martin sauntered along, with the young ladies on his arm, past all these groups; and, having surveyed and commented on the paintings on the one side of the room, turned his steps down the other side. The crowd was now becoming more dense; so that it was only slowly, and with some difficulty, they could proceed along. Standing opposite a sea-piece which struck the attention of the party, and endeavouring to obtain a view of it at the risk of being trodden on or pushed aside, Martin heard the voice of some one passing him, which caused him to start and turn round. Retreating from him in the crowd, he saw the forms of two young ladies. One of them turned, as if accidentally. He caught her eye: it was Kitty Johnston. His first impulse was to run towards her: a second thought—of the Misses Tupper—restrained him. Kitty also hesitated a moment. She looked at Martin, expecting him to speak; then at his lady friends. A shade of sadness crossed her countenance. She turned, and was lost amongst the crowd. The Misses Tupper were not unobservant of this: they noted it all, and smiles of peculiar significance passed between them. Both became silent and reserved. Not less so was Martin, who could answer no question coherently, and whose eyes wandered ever amongst the crowd, as if some picture more attractive was there than any on the wall. Of course, this was rather unpleasant to all parties, and a continuance of it by no means desirable; so the young ladies suggested the propriety of returning home—"the room," they said, "getting so uncomfortably close, and so many vulgar people in it, that they would rather come back some other time."

Martin was glad when he once again found himself alone. Solitude is more befitting for sad thoughts than a crowd: loneliness is the best nurse, and speediest physician, for a tortured heart. Poor Martin! thou hast, indeed, already drank of a bitter cup.

Hour after hour passed away, and he sat wrapt up in bitter reflection, heedless of all else than his own wild thoughts. He heard the juvenile Tupperts go through their exercises as if he heard them not. He found no faults with them, nor cared to find any; and they inwardly rejoiced at having got off so very easily as they did, and were, in fact, half-reconciled thereby to their foe. Tea-hour arrived, and he must again encounter the Misses Tupper. How he wished to avoid them! Assuming his usual air, he entered the parlour, and found himself alone with them, Mr. Tupper not having returned all day from the city. Tea passed over in silence—in sulkiness, we might almost say; for though Martin studied to render himself as serviceable as possible, his attentions were received with a very bad grace. After its dismissal, the young ladies ranged themselves one on each side of the fire; and as Martin was about to leave them, Miss Angelina requested he would stay a few minutes, she having a question or two to ask him. This was said rather hesitatingly, during which the youngest Miss Tupper never removed her

eyes from the ground, but expressed her concurrence in a long painful sigh. A dead silence ensued, of some duration, after Martin had seated himself—both young ladies averting their faces, and he staring away right into the fire, anxious to learn, yet half-suspicious of Miss Angelina's object. He ventured at length on saying—

"Well, Miss Tupper, what is the nature of your communication? If I can in any way assist you, I shall be most happy."

Miss Tupper looked up to the ceiling, and down the wall to the floor, and then at the pattern of the carpet, ultimately at Martin, and began—

"The loss of a mother is a very great and trying one to a young female, Mr. Hay."

"It is indeed, miss, in many respects."

"Yea. Had mine been alive (and Goodness knows how often have I wished it was the case), I would just now have been spared a duty which society would regard as *outré*. But it is imperative—circumstances absolutely demand it; and that duty has reference to you, sir."

"To me, miss!"

"You are aware of the *cordiale entente* which subsisted betwixt the family and you, from, I may say, the moment of your arrival here. Indeed, I may, without the slightest credit for anything done by me or any other one, say it has been so."

Martin might, remembering the rebellious character of his pupils, have safely doubted this; but he deferred doing so, or offering any remark. The young lady continued—

"And you are also aware, Mr. Hay, that—that—indeed, I am ashamed to go on—that, for some time past, you have been paying very decided and manifest attentions to my sister and I—so much so, as to induce, not only in the mind of the public, but in our own, an expectation which I trust you will excuse me from mentioning. But as dear Eugenia and myself are not agreed which of us you most particularly wish these attentions directed to, we are anxious to hear your own mind on the subject. Is not that the case, Eugenia?" concluded the elder Miss Tupper, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Yes! quite—just so," simpered dear Eugenia.

"I-i-intentions!—which of you, ladies?" gasped Martin, staring at them alternately.

"Yes, which of us? You know it must be the one or the other; and though it should cost a hard sacrifice, we are willing to hear from your own lips, rather than longer remain in suspense."

"Young ladies," said Martin recovering from his surprise, "I esteem both of you very highly—respect you as sisters—and, by every means in my power, would be willing to please or gratify you."

"That's not it. Which of us do you love best?" exclaimed both simultaneously. "We must know."

"I—I—don't—cannot say I love one of you better than the other. I respect you both equally. I regard you quite as sisters," stammered Hay.

"Then, you don't love either of us positively?" screamed Miss Tupper, starting up.

"Not positively," echoed he.

"Oh! you perfidious, treacherous, wicked, abominable man, you!—you who have trifled with our feelings and affections so long, and don't love either of us! You adder in the lamb's bosom, you! I'll be revenged on you. I'll tell Pa all when he comes home, I will; and he'll discharge and transport you!" screamed Miss Tupper hysterically, and bounced out of the room.

"Mr. Hay, you are a vile deceiver. Who'd have thought it?" sobbed Miss Eugenia. "You are a perjured wretch, to use us so—after all our kindness, too! You worthless creature, you!—I'll—I'll tear your poetry out of the album. You've destroyed my peace of mind. Oh! oh!"—and Miss Eugenia's feelings waxing stronger than her words, she darted after her sister.

Martin sat rooted to the spot, with his hands dangling uselessly at his side, and his eyes fixed on vacancy. This was indeed a most unexpected climax, and a most unpleasant one. What could he do? What had he done, that should involve such an abrupt termination of the Misses Tupper's friendship? but more particularly how should he now act, were thoughts that flitted unsatisfactorily across his bewildered intellect. He rose and left the room; but all that night, his mind was in wild confusion; his slumbers were haunted with fearful gorgon Miss Tupper's, menacing his liberty and peace. Sometimes he thought he was with Kitty Johnston in the old wood at Edgemere—sometimes he saw her pale face at the exhibition-room; but she always dissolved into one or two angry Miss Tupper's, with fiery red heads, and angry countenances staring at him. No matter what his visions were, they terminated ever with the same Miss Tupper's—sometimes sighing, sometimes hysterical, sometimes rending him like furies—but always Miss Tupper's.

CHAPTER VI.—SOMETHING MORE OF LACEY GREGG—ARCHE GRANT HEARS OF SOMETHING TO MARTIN'S ADVANTAGE.

JARVIS RICHARDS sat in his dingy office, surrounded with heaps of dusty papers, and tin boxes piled high up on their shelves; and the big iron safe, with its cumbrous door and key, standing open in the corner. But he sat not alone. Opposite him, Lacey Gregg lounged on a chair, tapping his chin with a gold-headed cane, and consulting with his eyes the saffron countenance of Richards, as if it contained the latest and most important intelligence to him. And perhaps, indeed, it did; for his errand there was one of necessity, and its success dependent on the broker's will.

"I fear I cannot do it," said the latter, laying down some papers he had been examining. "Let me see. There's—five—seven thousand already, interest at ten per cent., advanced; a mortgage of two more to Sir Walter, interest unpaid; and what else?"

"Nothing; that's all," replied Lacey.

"And plenty too, young man. I tell you, it's not to be done. The risk's too great on a mere *specie successionis*."

"Why—um—I must have money. Owe fifty to Lord Tom—a bet on the Derby. Dunned by a—aw—cussed tailor, who threatens an—aw—execution; and half-a-dozen smaller craft. Can't you advance, if not five, say three hundred? Must have cash, by Jove!"

Jarvis shook his head doubtfully.

"I'll tell you what. There's old Johnston's daughter, I'm going to marry. Now—ah—the old fellow will stump up handsome. So, there's no fear."

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Jarvis indifferently, looking out at the window.

"Sure?—yes! He's agreed to give me her—aw—hand."

"And the young lady?"

"Eh! no fear. She's too—um—obedient—filial, d'ye call it?—not to—aw—acquiesce in her—aw—father's will. Besides, she likes me—'pon my soul, I believe she does—rayther. She's a faine creature."

"Perhaps she is. See, then; I'll give you three hundred, but at nothing less than twenty per cent. discount. Money's scarce—never more so; and the chances are small of recovery. There's a stamp: write out a note payable on demand."

Lacey hesitated a moment. He muttered something about the discount being hard, and twiddled the pen in his fingers.

"Oh, very well; try it elsewhere," replied Richards. He rung the bell on his clerk, who appeared in the person of the ex-reporter and Indian commissioner of the *Regenerator*, Archie Grant. "Archibald, I'm going out. Should any one call, I'll be back in an hour."

"Verra weel, sir," replied Archie, bowing, and disappearing.

He lifted his hat, and, locking the door of the iron safe, thrust the key into his pocket.

"Stop, Mr. Richards!" exclaimed Lacey. "Here it is, see;" and he handed him his acknowledgment for the sum. Jarvis returned him a draft on his banker for two hundred and forty pounds (retaining the discount), which Mr. Gregg sulkily pocketed, and walked out.

Not many paces had he gone from the door, when he noticed a strong, dark-featured, ruffianly man lounging on the opposite side of the street, and eyeing him closely. He remembered having seen the face before, but, unable to fix upon the personality of its proprietor, was moving onwards, when the latter, crossing the street, touched his hat, and inquired—

"Be you Measter Gregg?"

"Yes, sir. What of that?"

"Whoy, I'm a search o' you, zur. I hae zummat to tell you o', consarnin' the young girl Measter Emerson left wi' uz some months zince."

"Eh! what? Are you Morris? Say, what is it?" replied Gregg.

"She ha escaped—gone—no onc knows where."

"Escaped! Good heavens! when?"

"A matter o' three nights zince. She went hoff when missus was out. Dom me, if knows where I zet out a zarch o' her; but aint been able to found ur anywhere, nor any trace o' ur. She left the child i' the house. I cam to Lunnon to-day, and told Emerson, an' he zent me to you."

"You've heard nothing of her, I suppose, sir? This must be looked into. Let me see. Stay there a minute, and I will follow you to Emerson's."

Lacey returned to Richards, got a pen and paper from Archie, and

hastily wrote a few lines, which he sealed and handed the latter, saying—

“Will you get this delivered for me at Mr. Johnston’s by dinner-time? I was to have been—aw—there to-day, but cannot, I find. Get a—aw—messenger as soon as possible.” He then hastened out, and rejoined Morris.

Archie glanced at the note. It was directed to a Miss Johnston. A suspicion crossed his mind—could it, by any chance, be for the Miss Johnston his acquaintance, Martin, urged him to discover? Archie mused over the matter, and soliloquized—“There’s nae sayin’. Maybe aye. Mair unlikely things happen. I’ll gang wi’t mysel’, an’ see. I hae the young leddy’s description; an’ its her I canna mistah’, for Martin’s spoken sae aften aboot her. He may dae as mickle for me yet, wha kens? He’s a countryman o’ my ain, an’ hang me gin I winna help him!”

Archie took down from its peg a tartan shooting-coat of the most approved cut; and having brushed his hat, and combed his hair before a triangular relic of a mirror which he kept concealed in his desk, and adjusting his stock and waistcoat, set out on his errand, affixing to the door a notice of his intended return in five minutes. He hailed a cab, and drove off in the direction indicated on the card.

Archie felt slightly flustered as he stood at the threshold of Mr Johnston’s residence. He was on a delicate mission, and dreading lest he might commit any blunder. He had little time for reflection, however, ere the door was opened by a pert-looking foot-boy, at whom he inquired—

“Is Miss Johnston at hame, my man?”

“I’ll take any message you have to her.”

“I want till see hersel’. Gang and tell her, an’ no stan’ grinnin’ there. Did ye niver see a gentleman afore?”

“Lor’, wot a pretty gentleman!” said the page aside, curling up his nose, and turning on his heel—“a cussed dirty Scotsman!” He paused, and returned, however, adding—“Please walk in, sir;” and he of the plush ushered him into a room. “Whom shall I say, sir?”

“Say it’s me—Archie Grant—wantin’ till see Miss Johnston, camma ye?”

The curl increased on the page’s brow so visibly to Archie, that, had he delayed a moment longer, the consequence would have been a box on the ear; for the honest Scot was becoming irate at the creature’s impudence. As it was, he walked off, and leisurely clambered up stairs, muttering—“I thought so—a low Scot! I vonder wot he vants’ ere vith Miss Johnston.”

In a minute or so, Archie, who seized the opportunity of re-arranging his hair and surveying his person before a mirror on the wall, heard the door again open; and the figure of a young lady, in a light muslin dress, entered. A glance told Archie he saw *the* Miss Johnston. Every particular corresponded to the description he had received. “Now,” thought he, “here comes the scratch. Try your best, Archie.” No more time for reflection was allowed, by the young lady asking—

“You wish to see me, sir?”

"Are you the young leddy?"

"I'm Miss Johnston, sir."

"Hem! There's a note I was requested to gie you. It's frae Mr. Gregg. You can see if there's ony answer. He was in sic a hurry that I forgat to speir, an' he had nae time to tell me."

Archie presented the card, and, during Kitty's perusal, occupied himself in taking as extensive a survey of the young lady as he possibly could.

"No; there is no reply required, sir," replied she. "I am much obliged to you for your punctuality."

"Ou! nae obligation ava, miss. It's a body's duty to dae a neebourly turn for anither, at an orra time, as my freen Martin Hay observes."

Archie thought he had made a decided hit here; nor was he mistaken; for the young lady started at the sound of the name, and, blushing violently, stammered out—

"Martin Hay! What do you know of him?" Then, as if fearing she had said too much, corrected herself, inquiring, "How is Mr. Hay? I have not heard of him this long time."

"To my personal knowledge, miss, he's verra weel in body, but much troubled in mind. There's a certain young leddy he's gane clean gyte aboot, ever sin' he cam' to Lunnon. Often he speaks to me aboot her—ye hae nae idea hoo wildy. He says he kens she's in Lunnon, but canna fa' in wi' her, nor hear ocht o' her; an' that maks matters far waur. Puir Martin! But this is a' confidential, miss, keep min'."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Kitty, smiling. "Mr. Hay's in London—in love, too; but with whom, he knows not. Truly, a pretty condition to be in!"

As Kitty said this, Archie saw, or fancied he saw, despite her vivacity, a strong internal conflict was going on, and a repressed tear trembling on her long lashes. So, taking encouragement, he replied—

"Not at a'. Brawly he kens wha he's in love wi'. He's no sic a fule as a' that. But the grist o' the thing is, he canna fin' her oot. He charged me, if e'er I heard o' her, to let him ken; an', miss, wi' your permission, I think I may venture on telling him I hae fa'n on my feet in that respec'."

Kitty hesitated, looked at Archie, as if to obtain her clue from his countenance, and, satisfied with the look, replied—

"Yes, yes; you may. But stop! Oh, that Tom were at home! He cannot come here. What shall I do? I wish to see him. No; don't say that. I cannot think—"

Kitty paused; and the tear, no longer checked, now flowed down her cheek. Archie saw it, and felt his own optics wandering: objects were getting more indistinct every moment; and a gulping sensation arose in the throat, threatening to suffocate him. Archie was a Scotchman; and what honest Scot is there who could sit unmoved when a fair young creature is in distress and perplexity? and, moreover, Archie was a Kil-marnock youth; and they are proverbially soft-hearted. He could not hold out.

"My dear young leddy, it's plain hoo the lan' lies. I see it wadna

suit to bring Martin here; but maybe ye could meet him elsewhere. Say when an' where, an' I'll bring him forrit, or my name's no Archie Grant."

"Stop, then. The third night after this, I shall be out—at a friend's. I come home by Arundel Crescent, about nine. Tell him that. I cannot stay here longer with you."

"'Deed, I'll tell him, miss; an' it'll be the best piece o' news he's heard syne he cam' here, I see warrant. Depend on't. Gude day, mem!"

Archie lost not a moment after getting down stairs, but rushed impetuously along, scaring dogs, upsetting children, and horrifying timid passengers into the belief he had got loose from bedlam, till he reached the office, where, taking off the notice of return, he unlocked the door, and threw himself down on a sofa in Mr. Richards' room, in an absolute paroxysm of delight.

CITY SKETCHES.

No. V.—THE EXECUTION.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SUE.

Ye Rulers whose laws are avenging and stern,
 There are lessons of wisdom ye still have to learn.
 Withhold the keen knife; let the gleaming axe rust;
 There are victims already enough in the dust.
 Frail Judges on earth! are your souls all unawed
 By the fear of *your* Judge—by the voice of your God?
 By what right dare you, in the face of high Heaven,
 Give death for the life that your Maker had given?
 He spread for his creatures the banquet of life;
 But you have profaned it with rope and with knife,
 Not knowing or caring to bear it in mind,
 That all sins against life leave a mourning behind.
 Ye sit here in judgment on one whose dark deed
 Is scarce darker than yours, when ye doom him to bleed.
 He hath sinned, he hath slain—there is blood on his soul;
 But ere you destroy, pause to think of the goal
 To which his stained spirit will wing its dim way,
 When the tenantless frame is consigned to the clay;
 And ask how it comes that this child of the earth
 Was outcast and roprobate even from birth—
 Took night for the daybeam that smiled from above—
 Preferred evil to good—preferred hatred to love.
 How comes it such sad contrarieties stain
 The fair face of creation with sorrow and pain?
 Let us trace the dark current of gall to the source,
 When it flowed o'er his heart in so blighting a course.
 Thus musing, I dreamed back the long-vanished years
 To a childhood neglected, and darkened with tears.
 On the floor of a hovel, uncradled he lay,
 With no mother to guard or to tend him by day;

For she had her share of privation and trial—
 A life full of hardships and bitter denial;
 The birthright of poverty—pining and pain
 In toiling for bread that no labour could gain.
 And thus was the infant all day left alone:
 He cried, but the 'plaint reached no ear but his own.
 His slumbers unwatched, and his waking unblest;
 No kind voice to soothe him again to his rest;
 And the sum of his joy was the sunbeam that smiled
 Its warm blessing on all save the fatherless child.

In infancy's sports, he had never a part;
 And the solitude crushed and embittered his heart:
 His feelings, untutored, grew selfish and rude;
 And the evil within him prevailed o'er the good.
 No wonder he grew up a spiritless boy;
 His heart was a desert unwatered by joy.
 When his mother would leave him each morning, his tears
 No longer flowed now as in earlier years.
 This one ray of feeling had faded away,
 And morosely he pondered and dreamed through the day.
 We guess what dark thoughts may have visited him
 When Fancy took form in that solitude dim,
 And peopled his chamber with shapes of the brain,
 That a mind so distempered could scarcely restrain.

The lot of his childhood foreshadowed his youth—
 A heart without principle, feeling, or truth:
 Cast loose on the world, with no knowledge to guide
 His course through the billows of life's stormy tide;
 Prematured to imbibe, from an atmosphere vile,
 The poison that lured him to ruin the while.
 —He wavered, and fell. Should we pity or blame
 The fate that thus reared him for sorrow and shame?

From the first step in sin came a deeper descent,
 Till his heart, like a cistern, broken and rent
 By the shock of the passions that warred in his soul,
 Flowed more darkly and turbidly still to the goal.
 Days spent in idleness, nights in excess;
 With few to lament him, and fewer to bless:
 From the storms that had blasted the buds of his Spring,
 One could fancy what fruit his sere Autumn would bring.

And this the sad tale that the scaffold tells not
 Of the causes that led to so gloomy a lot—
 That sorrow and circumstance, working at will
 On the hearts of weak mortals, thus bend them to ill.

Ye sages and thinkers, examine your creed;
 Go, study the heart, and its alphabet read,
 Before ye so picture, in language severe,
 The fruits of the passions that sully and sear.
 Ye merciless Judges who never relax—
 Who build the black scaffold, and sharpen the axe,—
 Give time for atonement, when blood hath been spilt;
 The felon but needeth it more for his guilt:
 And it may be, such pardon as here ye have given
 Will be meted to you, when ye seek it of Heaven.

Let wisdom shed light on sin's gloomiest path;
 Give knowledge and hope, and be sparing of wrath;
 And tell of a pardon for sinners to win,
 If weeping they turn from the path of their sin.
 When mercy thus dawns, unavenging and mild,
 Like the day-beam that shone the sole joy of the child,—

The heart will be wakened to goodness at last,
And the eyes will have tears to wash stains from the past.

Thus dreamed I of mercy and hope,—but in vain,
For the death-day had come when the doomed should be slain;
And, already impatient, his fellow-men stood,
And, degraded in feeling, they thirsted for blood.
The engine of death, the dark scaffold, was there,
And the axe glancing bright in the warm sunny air.
Great Heaven! dare weak man, in his impotence, rise,
And insult thy forbearance by such sacrifice!
Thy rain falls alike on the false and the true;
For us all shines thy sun; all are blessed by thy dew:
While Thou art all love, fear we not to displease
By profaning thy blessings with horrors like these?

But hark!—'tis the axe, as it severs his head:
The curse is completed—the victim is dead!
A head rolleth down with its still-staring eye,
And a quivering trunk lies exposed to the sky;
Turning justice to vengeance, and mercy to scorn,
And reddening the steps of the beautiful morn.

GLASGOW.

G. A.

OUR MODERN AUTHORS.—No. I.

GEORGE GILFILLAN,

AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

"STRANGE world!" cries the philosopher; and with him agree the cunning statesman, the wily politician, and the pure-minded philanthropist. But stranger still, the inhabitants thereof, echoes the public; while Father Time continues to wheel his perpetual circles with unvarying motion—whilst he shakes his urn, pregnant with future blessings and direful contingencies—whilst Mother Earth pays with undeviating certainty her diurnal and annual revolutions to glorious old Phœbus himself. And whilst such is, and shall continue to be, the state of Nature, until she has completed her cycles of ages, and be "lost in unsearchable Eternity," various events conspire to attract the fitful attention of mortals, and serve as materials for their daily observation, to awaken their latent energies, and to arouse and animate their lawful ambition. One man is born under unpropitious stars, doomed to a life of extreme penury, lives obscure and unknown, and dies neglected and unhonoured. Another, under a more auspicious sky, appears with all the "pomp and circumstance" of fortune, pursues his undertaken labours with ardour and assiduity, and is at length immortalized. Again, some men, not perceiving that they have been created for a purpose, or a sphere of usefulness, waste all their days in fruitless attempts and chimerical projects; while others possessed of but inferior talents, by reason of an enviable earnestness, confer important services on the community. Another class, few and select, are employing themselves in unravelling the curious mechanism of the heavens, or in examination into the inter-

nal organization of the earth; some restrain the fleet winds in their course, and others soften and subdue the asperities and wildness of nature. They all pursue their own occupation, the field of knowledge being unlimited and remote—“*cuique sicut labor est.*” But have they not all one end in view—the same object—an identical purpose? Yes; every energetic mind is enlisted under one uplifted banner—every workman is a pioneer of a benevolent enterprise—and the material and intellectual world is the united region of universal industry. And so, we wonder not though we should hear the exclamation—“Strange world!” uttered forth by the unconscious multitude, who, notwithstanding their ignorance, assist in the all-engrossing work of universal progress, and, in truth, bequeath whatever they have accomplished as a faithful legacy to posterity. So, while one man rejoices in the achievements of science, and laughs at the triumphs over rude nature by his “resistless engines,” the contemplative mind penetrates more profoundly, and, by dint of well-directed inspection, finds material enough for its minute observation, and sees causes which, when once put into full operation, shall accelerate the consummation of that indissoluble bond of contiguity which unites the physical world with the common politics of universal humanity—destined never to be broken, but cemented, as the world grows older, into a closer and more harmonious whole. Every one knows the beautiful lines of Pope—

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.”

Let, therefore, both the mechanician and moral philosopher strive together, and accomplish their individual purpose; and then, as by the centripetal force of mutual attraction, shall their united efforts become assimilated and identified.

We purpose taking a few rapid glances at the writers of the present time, and, whatever others may think, we shall continue faithful to our own impressions; and what else can be expected by an impartial public? It is true, the field has been already trodden; we, nevertheless, will appeal to no tribunal, but state our own honest and sincere sentiments. Let authors write as they may—add volume to volume,—there is abundant room for them all in this wide and free earth of ours; and whenever their efforts fail, we must just ascribe the cause either to their own rashness and presumption, or else to a sad lack of popular appreciation. Some books are destined, like dead infants, to be still-born, or, at best, to catch a sight of day, and then disappear for ever. Others again, either from their own intrinsic merit, or else from other causes, acquire instantaneous and permanent popularity; and magazine and review vie in ludicrous emulation to extol their praises. In the course of the last two years, three works issued from the press, and were received with very different sentiments of public estimation. One of them was bold enough to promulgate new theories regarding the laws of development; and consequently the critics waxed terrific over the head of their anonymous adversary. The second was hailed as an unanswerable defence of the honesty and sincerity of the great “Protector;” and the third was the offspring of an author as yet untried

—the first-fruits of his genius. We need scarcely remind the reader of the three works—namely, the far-famed “Vestiges,” Carlyle’s “Cromwell,” and Gilfillan’s “Gallery of Literary Portraits.” With the two first we have nothing at present to do; our attention will be turned to a glimpse of the last-named author. The author of “Literary Portraits” took the world by surprise. We remember upon seeing the advertisement of this book, which we imagined at first view to be, not a *literary* gallery, but a *lithographic* one; and we thought no more about it, except that it would prove an acceptable present for the drawing-room. A friend, however, who saw the work immediately after publication, assured us that it would shortly become popular, from the very fresh and gorgeous style of the “drawer;” and instanced the portrait of the poet-laureat as the most magnificent thing he ever perused. And to show the veracity of his prediction, he added, that, several years ago, he had read a sermon of the author’s on the word TOPHER;* and it was handled in so able and original a manner, that he, without hesitation, affirmed his future fame. It had been hinted in a few select circles, that our “literary lions” were to be sketched by an enthusiastic admirer of genius; but farther than this, he was altogether unknown. And now, reader, we discard further preface, and shall venture upon our main task.

There is one peculiar difficulty attendant on attempts of portraits of *living* individuals, which is apt to occasion doubt; and a desire to keep back “the whole truth,” impairs in a great degree the truthfulness and accuracy of the sketch. In short, to write about contemporaries, seems, at most, invidious and indelicate. But when we meet with Mr. Gilfillan, we are at once convinced that he is most sincere and generous. He has ventured (and who will call in question his right?) to give the world the benefit of his labours. If you grant Samuel Johnson or Joseph Addison full liberty in telling us their experience, will you unjustly hinder George Gilfillan from doing the same? We think Mr. Gilfillan, then, quite justified in saying what he did; and though the critics may rage and frown because he sought not the shell of a Review’s anonymity from whence to dart his brilliant pearls, still, seeing he has had the courage to avow his real opinions in *propria persona*, he has gained for himself at least the reputation of being in profound earnest.

Gilfillan has been accused, and we think justly, of “exaggeration and extravagance.” When he portrays, the most superlative epithets from his lexicographical nomenclature must be ransacked and heaped together in grand though cumbrous magnificence. He has manifestly been ad-

* The Discourse alluded to by our friend was occupied in illustrating and explaining the *nature* and *degree* of future punishment awaiting the finally impenitent. Our author, as may be supposed, abjured the popular idea regarding *physical* suffering, considering all the descriptions in Scripture as merely metaphorical and figurative, and only illustrative of the everlasting sting of remorse which will overtake every guilty conscience. We only, however, mention this circumstance on another’s authority, not vouching for the accuracy of the representation. Upon reflection, we are disposed to regard the above as correct, and would refer our readers to the sketch of Pollok the poet, where they will find the sentiment sufficiently expressed.

mitted into the ideal school of Carlyle, and baptized in the same dark and foreign current of inspiration. Were you to-implore him to be a little more *minute*, and less boisterous—more correct in his expression, and more exact in his style,—he would tell you of GENIUS, “with its wild and mystic imaginings.”

We can easily imagine the effects of his first love—young and wonderful. Snatching up a work of Thomas Carlyle's (who, by the way, is as great a “hero-worshipper” as himself), he would become instantly transported to the famous founts of German literature—look upon Goethe's profound calm with breathless intensity—inhale Schiller's lofty enthusiasm—and be lost in wild astonishment at the prodigious fancy, the exhaustless energy, and the tumultuous revellings of Paul Richter. How he abominates that absorbing spirit of imitation, so prevalent in these days, of ingrafting his style and cast of thought upon the model of some “world-renowned” author! He thinks for himself; and neither friend nor foe can disturb him from his direct and stern energy. Everything that happens to be odd, rugged, and quaint, has unspeakable charms for him; and he would shrink *de imo pectore* from the imputation of mannerism and tameness. Everything bordering upon eccentricity and waywardness connected with genius, meets in him a warm and generous sympathy. Stand, then, aside, ye snarling critics, and allow this healthy and robust son of genius to pass! Look! Behold one of the most brilliant, gorgeous, and original writers and reviewers of the age! How he can, *mirabile dictu*, sympathise with every species of intellect, and every structure of mind! Deeming, however, that genius has not been created to “waste its sweetness,” he never stoops to gaze at inferior minds, but selects (what appears to him) the *decora et tutamina* of their age. Let us look for a little at his portrait of Professor Wilson. Mr. Gilfillan alludes to North's extinction of the author of “*The Age*.” We remember reading the review in *Blackwood* during our Christmas holidays, and were agreeably detained with perpetual fits of laughter at the terrible wit and sarcasm of the reviewer. Christopher's broad humour overspread, and, as De Quincey says, became “riotously opulent.” We thought the review really excellent; but, after all, it resembled the fierce and savage, though whimsical, manœuvres of the lion upon the poor creature who had been unfortunate enough to come within the reach of his overwhelming grasp. And as we are speaking of North's papers in *Blackwood*, we are naturally reminded of an apparent incongruity subsisting between his delicate, pathetic, homely poetry, and his strong, violent, and severe prose. In poetry, who can be more tender, more touching, and simple? in prose, who ever so uproarious, terrifying, and humorous? But is it not possible that both states were merely different phases of the revolutions of the same versatile intellect?—the lion, generally fierce and relentless, occasionally personating the wantonness of the kid—the giant, great and terrible, but sometimes playful and gay; and that, when the angel threw her inspiring mantle over him, he instantly renounced his wild and unequal encounters with the sons of earth, and became mild and gentle as the lamb. Moreover, was not Wilson's mind and heart under the influence of poetical enthusiasm before he doffed his “sporting jacket?” And did he enter the

"shade" only to become fierce and terrible, pursued by the agony of remorse for having abandoned poetry? Why did not the author of "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague" attempt some greater enterprise, after the ripening and exercise of his various powers had held out promise to the world of some noble poem, destined as the author's *national monument*? Gilfillan's portrait of Wilson, in our opinion, is one of the least valuable in the "Gallery." One of the greatest literary men of our times ought to have had his likeness drawn at *full length*; and it behoved our author to explain the seeming disparity between Wilson's soft and virgin-like verse, and his free, whirling gush of witty and eloquent prose. This we have seen elsewhere handled in a masterly manner, which solved quite satisfactorily this dilemma, and is worth more than the entire portrait of glorious Christopher by Gilfillan.

But we must have a word on Macaulay. After stating the question—"Is Thomas Macaulay, in the strict sense, a man of genius?" Gilfillan proceeds to define, or rather describe, its involved characteristics, and concludes by asserting that he has genius, but by *transmutation*. His attempt might with greater propriety be entitled an essay on Genius, as but a few pages are devoted to an examination of the gifts of the brilliant author of the "Lays." Now, we ask, is it possible to give the public anything like an adequate idea of the comparative relation in which Macaulay stands to other writers, to dismiss him hastily, after penning a few abrupt, diffuse, and bombastic sentences? Is a mere volley of words, raised tumultuously to an empirical climax, able to show him forth? Can the reader have caught even a shadow of the reality? The truth is, we often discover that our author is rash and too laudatory, especially when he can find material enough on which to riot;—but when we come to a writer who is remarkable for his polished sentences and rounded periods, he must necessarily be tame and intolerable. In Gilfillan's estimation, the two are inseparable. But may it not be, that equally profound ideas may be unfolded indiscriminately in fine and barbarous expression? Were all authors to give up for ever their canons of style, and taste, and beauty, universal literature would become lawless and indomitable, and we might be kept on the rack for hours, until we arrived at the end of a sentence. True, style and mode are inferior considerations when compared with the "soul" of the matter; and rough diamonds are preferable to polished pebbles. But does it then follow as certain that Robert Hall was only faint, and spoke merely pretty things, because he thought, and spoke, and wrote, in a classical style?

We have hinted above, that Gilfillan is a disciple of the Germanized priesthood of Carlyle, though he conscientiously disagrees with him on not a few matters of fact. Though tinged with a little of Carlyle's un-earthliness, he has not copied one single sneer or spasm from the great "Hero-worshipper." Moreover, he is utterly destitute of his intricate, mystic philosophy, and only hearkens to his oracle so long as he abides by tangible truth, and does not obscure his meaning by the wildest and most ideal transcendentalism. His portrait of Carlyle is the longest of the whole, and displays very intimate and ardent acquaintance with his author.

It would require the extent of a volume to dilate upon our author's extraordinary talents. He has evidently read prodigiously, and thought well and intelligently. How ravenously must he have devoured, and how regularly must he have ruminated! From the "Excursion," to the "Course of Time"—from the "Edinburgh Review," to Hall's Sermons—from Foster's Essays, to Coleridge's Poems—from Shelley's wild and uncertain sound, to Wilson's soft, placid, and still music—how quickly must he have travelled!—how restless, sleepless, entranced, must he have passed his pleasant nights! But as our space is limited, we have merely confined ourselves to a few fugitive beauties, which are scattered throughout the "Gallery" with lavish prodigality.

However, we are strongly tempted to present our readers with the following extract from his sketch of Lord Jeffrey, as it embodies the characteristics of the author's style, and thought, and expression. Speaking of his Lordship's *one distinct* contribution to metaphysical science, he says:—

"But what we mean, in ascribing to Lord Jeffrey the credit of this addition to our metaphysical truth, is, that he first put the theory upon solid ground. The first, redeeming it from the verbiage of Alison on the one hand, and the dim, dreamy touch of the Berkleians on the other, made it at once intelligible and generally popular; and he became, if not the richest and most copious, the most distinct, succinct, memorable, and eloquent expounder of the astonishing truth. He first fully reconciled us, by his subtle argument and his glowing imagery, to what seemed the glaring paradox, or the insane idealism, that beauty resides not so much in the object as in the mind—that 'we receive but what we give'—that our own soul is the urn which sprinkles beauty upon the universe—that flower and star are lovely, because the mind has breathed upon them—that the imagination and the heart of man are the twin beautifiers of the creation—that the dwelling of beauty is not in the light of setting suns, nor in the beams of morning stars, nor in the waves of summer seas, but in the human spirit—that sublimity tabernacles not in the palaces of the thunder, walks not on the wings of the wind, rides not on the forked lightning, but that it is the soul which is lifted up there—that it is the soul which, in its high aspirations, 'yokes itself with whirlwinds and the northern blast,' and scatters grandeur around it on its way. To him be the praise, along with Alison, of first popularizing the conception which had passed before for the reveries of poets and philosophers, that the universe is but a great mirror of the mind of man—that, in contemplating the fairest scene, we are ourselves more than half-creating its beauty; and that, in standing on a mountain-summit, we are 'monarch of all we survey,' in a new sense, by showering down, from our own central bosoms, on the gardens their freshness, on the lakes their spiritual calm, on the forests their majesty, on the torrents their tempestuous joy, on the distant snow-clad hills their look of serene eternity; nay, by lending the light of imagination and of love to the clouds, and reflecting upwards the depth and dignity of our own feelings upon all the 'dread magnificence of heaven.' He also first brought fully into view, that singular power we possess, of shedding beauty and interest on the darkest, the dreariest, and the tamest scenes and circumstances, by the mere magic of our own clustering associations; so that there is no object in nature but may, to some eye, appear wreathed with a halo; so that not only the 'meanest flower that blows can give thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears,' but even weeds, thorns, and thistles, springing above the primeval curse, may, to certain visions, appear lovelier than the fairest minions of the garden; so that such objects as single moss-covered stones, withered and stunted trees, grave-yards putrefying in the heart of populous cities, moors cold and wet in winter-time, sullen and shapeless hills, marshes given over to desolation from immemorial ages, bones unearthed by the stony spade of the sexton, woe-begone and emaciated visages, cheeks burning in fever, faces sharpened by hunger or decay, eyes glaring in frenzy, &c., may, in some minds, through this strange mental ma-

chinery, excite more emotion and interest than the stars of the sky, than woods of loveliest umbrage, than the quiet kirk-yards of our pastoral solitudes, than sun-sprinkled lakes, than aerial and peaked summits, than bean or clover fields at evening, than the mausoleums of monarchs, or than the shining faces of happy infants, rejoicing youths, bold bridegrooms, brides blushing and trembling at their own exceeding joy, poets smiling at the rising pomps of their imagery, enthusiasts starting from dreams of heaven; so that ugliness is henceforth not a positive, but a relative term, if it be not exhaled utterly from the universe; so that the soul of man becomes the true philosopher's stone, able to turn every dross and defilement into gold; so that all the works of God, thus, and thus only, appear to be 'very good.'

After the quotation of such a sublime passage as the above, we might well close our sketch of this gorgeous and graphic writer. He has a greater command of the language than any other writer we know. Glad were we to perceive him standing up so stoutly in the behalf of the "Lakers," all of whom, with the exception of our own venerable Wordsworth, have now gone to the "grand assize." Had Coleridge been less addicted to his opium—deliberately set about his purposes with a determined and permanent aim—had he had more pertinacity, and less tergiversation—what might he not have accomplished during his earthly career? But perhaps he rose, appeared, and sunk, to exhibit to mankind what manifestly little good is effected by a high, mighty, but only purposeless resolve, and, in his singular characteristics, to display to future generations the folly of breathing, fiving, talking, and writing—and all this to render no memorial, nor leave but few traces of popular amelioration. We agree with Gilfillan in thinking that we can never realize even a glimpse of the wonders this great spirit might have achieved, as in his few, scanty, though precious remains, we can discover only faint traces of his half-evolved and undeveloped powers. Let all our readers, who can, read the sketch of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which we hesitate not to pronounce as a most generous and sympathetic tribute to the memory of an original mind. Should the *Edinburgh Review* ever see it, may it be constrained to shed a silent tear, and deprecate its ill-judged and hasty asseverations; and may it render that due meed of approval to the living, which it unjustly denied to the dead. Were we allowed to indulge in a pleasing retrospect, we can conceive of nothing more grand than the occasional parties who met to listen to Coleridge speaking, we might almost say, things not lawful to be uttered. There might be seen entering Edward Irving, with his giant form and shaggy hair, but who, as Coleridge said, but seldom regarded his friendly counsel; and even Christopher might be seen tripping over his native borders, in all his juvenile spirit and buoyancy, to sit as one of the inspired band.

Gilfillan has placed Pollok in the *third* rank of epic poets, which must be admitted by all as his true position; and though his bounds hitherto have been, from the extreme difficulty of the case, undetermined, future critics may without apprehension follow in our author's wake.

Altogether, Mr. Gilfillan's book has created no small sensation since its publication; and if we may infer from report, he has been encouraged "to gird up his loins for some other more manlike, more solid, and strenuous achievement." Since his appearance as an author, he has written for *Tait*, and may now be considered as one of its regular con-

tributors, his name enhancing the value of every number in which he has an article, (though we should not compare him to De Quincey in extent of learning, and that evident want of effort which is the result of his philosophical speculations, and which strikes one in his "Autobiography" as the result of a long-disciplined schoolman.) Apart from his "Gallery," he has written a series of papers on Edward L. Bulwer, James Montgomery, Leigh Hunt, Notes on John Foster, Thomas Hood, George Crabbe, and Alfred Tennyson,—all of which may be regarded as supplementary. They want, also, the extravagant pomposness of the "Portraits," whilst they possess all their bewitching charms.

And now, readers, after introducing to you this brilliant writer, and presenting you with a very full and rich extract as a specimen of the wealthy exuberance of his imagery and conceptions, we bid him for the present farewell. Long may he live to adorn the pages of *Tait* with his precious gleanings! and believing, as we sincerely do, that his cup of fame is fast filling, and will soon be running over—we stop short. *Verbum sat.*

Since the foregoing was written, Mr. Gilfillan has been lecturing in Glasgow and Paisley, upon the state, tendency, and prospects, of Modern British Literature; and notwithstanding his enthusiasm for genius in all its fine frenzy and noble aspirations, the attentive hearer would find not a few precious thoughts imbedded amongst his diffuse and highly-wrought exaggerations. As many of our readers have had so favourable opportunities for listening to his interesting criticisms, interspersed with not a little sarcasm, we consider any remarks of ours on those lectures would be altogether superfluous. The Glasgow Young Men's Christian Institute, and the Paisley Athenæum, are under great obligations to the reverend gentleman. It is to be hoped that his kind and able services will not be altogether unheeded, but that they may tend to awaken in the hearts and minds of the present generation greater regard and gratitude for those sons of Nature who have made the world debtor to them for those invaluable productions which are the emanations of their genius, and who have in any small measure contributed to the elevation and happiness of their fellow-creatures.

MY DREAMINGS OF THEE.

BY MISS AIRD, AUTHORESS OF THE "HOME OF THE HEART."

Thou art near, still as near,
 In my dreamings of Thee!
 Thou art dear, still as dear,
 In my dreamings of Thee!
 Though distant thou art,
 Still you visit my heart;
 But wherefore depart,
 In my dreamings of Thee?

Still the parting is sore,
 In my dreamings of Thee;
 Still my heart runneth o'er,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 With grief sore oppress,
 Oft I lean on thy breast,
 And weep, with unrest,
 In my dreamings of Thee.

Oft thy words I repeat,
 In my dreamings of Thee;
 Still, our converse is sweet,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 While our thoughts interwine,
 Thine eye beams on mine,
 And my soul melts in thine,
 In my dreamings of Thee.

Thus, heart meeteth heart,
 In my dreamings of Thee;
 Still I fear to depart,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 On *that* door-step I stand,
 Meet thy welcome so bland,
 And I still press thy hand,
 But in dreamings of Thee.

Thy smile, like a beam,
 In my dreamings of Thee,
 Of sunshine's warm gleam,
 Lights my dreamings of Thee.
 Every feature I trace,
 Of thy pale, lovely face,
 In its meek, tender grace,
 In my dreamings of Thee.

Would, a limner I'd been!
 For, with dreamings of Thee,
 I'd paint o'er each scene
 Of my meetings with Thee.
 Every spot where we met,
 Where my heart wanders yet,
 In my bosom I'd set,
 As a picture of Thee.

But a landscape in shade
 Is my dreamings of Thee;
 Other lights in it fade,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 Those words, "We must part,"
 Like a blight, on my heart,
 Made all around dark,
 But in dreamings of Thee.

Oft thy voice haunts me still,
 In my dreamings of Thee—
 With a musical thrill,
 Sings in dreamings of Thee.
 But these hours, even fled,
 Like summer-flow'rs dead,
 A sweet fragrance shed,
 In my dreamings of Thee.

Now earth colder seems,
 In my dreamings of Thee;
 Its joys, broken dreams,
 In sad dreamings of Thee.
 Joy withers away,
 When friendships decay,
 And I long for the day,
 To be present with Thee.

Like yon wild rose-bud worm'd,
 Are earth-joys now to me;
 All its bright leaves deformed,
 You once open'd to me,
 By yon old castle gray—
 On yon bright summer day—
 On yon flower-broider'd way—
 In my wand'rings with Thee.

Sweet music less clear,
 In my dreamings of Thee,
 Falleth sad on mine ear,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 Like the dove's plaintive moan,
 Or the cadence of song,
 It sighs, "Thou art gone,"
 But in dreamings of Thee.

In crowds I'm alone,
 Lost in dreamings of Thee;
 I wake, and thou'rt gone,
 In my dreamings of Thee.
 But where no partings rend,
 One long sabbath to spend,
 My sister, my friend!
 Ever praising with Thee.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

It was a calm harvest evening. The sun was sinking down towards the west, casting a departing halo on the yellow leaves of the forest. The whitewashed cottages of Aylmere glistened in its golden beams; while the ivy that twined up along the little latticed porches at their doors, seemed more green and beautiful by contrast. Here and there, a group of happy children played beneath the boughs of some beech tree, rolling amongst its fallen leaves, heaping each other all over with them, and anon bursting into shouts of frolicsome laughter; and close by them sat the quiet matrons, tending their infants, and knitting lace and stockings for the neighbouring market—engagements which did not interfere with a little pleasant gossip. With these merry sounds mingled the soporific clack of the mill, which stood on a height at the far end of the village, turned by a little river, which glittered and glanced in the sun's departing beams, as it glided like a golden thread through the village, and far down the distant vale. But, excepting those sounds, and the cawing of vast clouds of rooks that nestled on those same tall trees, all else was still—the stillness of repose. Wreathing in serpentine forms,

ascended the smoke from the cottage chimneys, up into the cerulean atmosphere, now tinged with the bracing sharpness of evening. The very weathercock on the spire of the quaint old church was stationary, snatching a bit of rest amid the revolutionary turmoil he was almost perpetually involved in. Just such a scene of quiescent loveliness did Aylmere present as would have rejoiced the heart of a Claude Lorraine to paint, or a Shenstone to apostrophise—where might be enjoyed, to the full,

“Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care.”

Ah! who would have thought, gazing upon this gem, that misery could ever be an inmate there—that any noxious vapour could dim the atmosphere of peace. Yet so it was. A foul, putrid spot lay like a poison-drop in the rose. While all around was beautiful, within one of those cottages, standing separate from the others, rested a curse—the curse of hunger. With a heavy iron rod, it lay upon Ned Waters and his family. Ned was an honest, industrious labourer, and had long toiled (in the true acceptance of the word) to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—from dewy morn till sunny eve, working diligently and unrepiningly to maintain his wife and small family. Many and sore were the trials he encountered and overcame; and Ned could boast that, though he had drunk deep of the cup of poverty, he was still honest, and thanked God he had been preserved from temptation. But worse times came. Aylmere passed into the hands of a new landlord, who ground the poor more severely than any former. Ned bore all patiently and hopefully for a time; but the wan faces, and hollow cadaverous eyes of his wife and children, he could no longer brook to look at without pain. Remonstrating one day with his purse-proud landlord on the impossibility of subsisting on the scanty pittance allowed him, and its insufficiency as a means of supporting his wife and children, he was sneeringly told, that if poor people didn't see how to maintain wives and families, they should not have them. Stung to the quick by the taunt, he threw down his spade, and, retorting to the proud Dives that he should one day, perhaps, repent of his opinion, he left his employment. On the evening we write of, he sat before the cottage door, moody and discontented. An evil spirit haunted him. Dark thoughts brooded spectre-like through his mind; and how could it be otherwise? For two days, neither he nor his family had tasted a crust of bread. The little ones had cried themselves asleep that night in sheer exhaustion, burying their sufferings in temporary oblivion. Over the cheerless hearth, from which a few dying embers cast a faint glare, the pale, sorrowful mother crouched, half-clad and shivering in the sharp evening air. On her knee lay the youngest babe, endeavouring in vain to extract nourishment from its parent's breast. Ned had gone to the door: he felt it madness to look upon this misery. But *there* the very sounds of mirth, issuing from adjacent cottages, struck like a knell on his ear. He heard and knew of happy families commencing to celebrate All-Hallow's Eve; and how were his own ushering it in! He sat, we have said, sullen and moody for a time. At length he started up, and, clenching his fists, exclaimed, “They shall not starve! No; while there's a hare in the meadow, or a speckled trout in the stream, my little ones shall have food; aye, even at the risk of their parent's blood!”

Stepping into the cottage for a moment, he again returned with an old gun, which he carefully loaded: then glancing around, but perceiving no one in sight, he stole cautiously away down by the burn-side for about half-a-mile. Crossing it, he entered the wood, and hastily striding along a narrow pathway, he soon arrived at a broad, open expanse of fallow ground. Here, having cocked his piece, he crept slowly along an old wall that bounded it on one side. Suddenly a hare started up in his path: he levelled—fired. It gave one spring, and lay dead on the grass. Rising up from his stooping posture, he allowed the stock of his gun to fall heavily on the ground, and, looking at the dead hare, uttered half-unconsciously aloud, "God knows, this isn't done wi' my will. I wish I mayn't rue it yet."

"Aye, but rue't thou shall," exclaimed a gruff voice at his side; and ere he could turn, he found himself in the hands of two keepers.

Lord Lucas Babbleton, owner of Aylmere, was seated in his study, when a liveried servant announced that Ramsay, the keeper, wished to see his lordship, on business of importance.

"Send him up," said his lordship. "I wonder what he can want, so late in the evening!"

"Well, Ramsay? nothing going wrong, I hope? No new depredations on the preserves?" said he, as the man entered.

"You've hit it, my lud. There vos a new depredation a-goin' on, but we've cotched him. Bill Stubbs an' I did it. To-night, a-comin' down by the Wood-park, we see'd a feller shoot a hare, an' were on him like winkin'. We have now took him down to the Justice's."

"Right, Ramsay; quite right. But who is the fellow?—do you know him? None of the tenantry, I hope?"

"Yes, your honour. It's Ned Waters, as lives in the cottage at the end of the lane. I never suspected him afore; nor nobody did."

"What!" exclaimed the peer, "can it be that low scoundrel who had the impudence to tell me, the other day, that I might repent of my words. Just what I might have expected. I'm glad of it. He'll now be taught to study his manners better. Unless these people learn to respect their superiors, the country will all go to the dogs;" but added, in a calmer tone—"Ramsay, as these scoundrels will not desist from poaching by gentle measures, we ought now to give them a salutary lesson of the heinousness of the crime. I think it is really a matter of duty to teach them obedience to the laws. One actual example set before them, would prove, I think, beneficial in checking vice. Hum! you understand," slipping a guinea into the keeper's fist.

"Yes, my lud," echoed Ramsay."

"Go down, then, and bid the butler give you a draught of ale, and some bread and cheese."

Ramsay bowed out of the room.

His lordship then walked out of the study into the drawing-room, where his wife and family were gathered round a cheerful fire. Happy and blythe were their countenances; for it was All-Hallow's Eve, and they were engaged in the games usual on such a night.

"Father!" exclaimed little Alice, his youngest child, running up to him, and clasping him round the knee, "is it true that Ned Waters is

going to gaol? Mary told me so when I was down stairs—that he is to be put in for shooting a hare. But they won't harm Ned—will they, father? You recollect how he saved my life, when I fell into the stream; and I shouldn't like Ned to go to gaol. None but bad people go there;" and the little girl's bright blue eyes glanced inquiringly into the face of her parent.

"Very true, my child," said the noble in an authoritative tone; "but Ned is a bad man—a very bad man; and you know bad people must be punished." The little maid, awed by his voice, shrunk silently away into a corner. Then, turning to his wife, he continued—"I am truly sorry for the fellow; but the ingratitude of the poor is so abominable! Only think what we do for them. Haven't they a workhouse, and a poor-law? and doesn't the Blanket Society annually distribute to twenty-five poor widows? and such a shameful return for all this kindness! Why, I say if the laws against poaching are not more stringently enforced, and the poor people taught their proper position, the country will go to the dogs." Having delivered himself of this weighty and euphonic speech, Lord Babbleton sat down with the air of a man whose indignation is righteously aroused.

Another year had sped by. Hallow Eve had again come round. Young men and maidens were welcoming its arrival, as a night of joyous festivity, when the conventional formalities of society should be cast aside for a time, and mirth and merriment reign ascendant. But what haggard and care-worn half-clad being was that who leant with his elbow on the stile that crossed the village-path overlooking the scene, while a tear stole down his sallow cheek, which, hastily brushed off, was succeeded by a revengeful gleam of the dark eye? The figure was Ned Waters. He who had entered prison without stain of moral wrong, left it a vagabond on the face of the earth—a polluted spot on its fair bosom, breathing vows of scorn and implacable hate against his fellow-creatures—an associate of criminals—tutored already in vice of every dye. Why so? His wife, that guardian genius of his existence, who had uncomplainingly borne the share of his sufferings, whose better counsel had hitherto kept him uncontaminated, was dead. Her gentle spirit had broken under oppression. She pined away, day after day, till she sank a victim to disease. The kind-hearted villagers, who followed her to the grave, generously adopted the children without fee or reward, till poor Ned should see better days. Ah! kindness is a lowly plant. It flourishes on a scant and poor soil. No home has it, too frequently, in the hearts of the rich, where the rank weeds of pride and self choke its growth; but it adorns the humble dwelling of the children of toil. Its beauteous head rises there, with nought to subdue its fragrance—a fragrance diffused far around, and ascending like the sweet odour of incense, even to the gates of paradise. It forms the jewel in the poor man's diadem; and woe to those who would destroy it!

Lord Lucas Babbleton sat in his easy-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, and comforting his inward man with old port. The room he sat in was just such a one as a faint and weary man could expect to find the greatest possible amount of comfort in. The rich dark hangings, the closed shutters, the stuffed seats, the gorgeous carpet that your feet

sank in, and withal the genial glow of the fire, rendered it a most inviting resting-place.

The peer rang his bell, and ordered his servant to show Ramsay up, if he had yet arrived.

Ramsay entered with a very downcast, embarrassed look, and took his station as near the door as possible.

"Well," inquired the former angrily, "what is the meaning of all this? I hear guns firing in the preserves night after night, and am given to understand that snares are found almost every morning on the grounds. Only yesterday, the under-keeper told me he thought not a hare would be left in a few days; yet not a single trace of the vagabonds have you obtained. I shall be under the necessity of discharging you, unless you look more strictly after matters. There is some culpable negligence existing, either on your part or amongst the other keepers."

"I heerd the shots as well's your honour," replied the keeper meekly, "an' ain't had a vink o' sleep them three nights, a-votching the wagabonds, along wi' two assistants. I'm sure we've done all as lay in our power; yet, it's no use. Guns, last night, were fired under our werry noses; an' we heerd men a-running through the woods, an' set off arter 'em, yet couldn't make out one. I believe," and he lowered his voice, "there's summat more nor human in it."

"What, sir, do you say?" asked his master, fixing his eyes upon him.

"Why, nothink. Only I think it ain't in mortal flesh to elude us the way these poachers do; an' more nor I is o' that hopinion."

"Come, come; that's all nonsense, Ramsay. Unless the system is put an end to, or you get hold of the scoundrels within two nights, you'd better look out for another situation. You may go."

"Werry vell, your lordship; it shan't be said I hain't done my dooty. I'll get extra hands, and try't again to-night," answered he, retreating out at the door. Immediately he appeared down stairs, and horrified the maid-servants with a strongly-seasoned tale of supernatural poachers; in reward for which, the cook invited him into her own little sanctum, to partake of a neat little supper.

"Why," said the peer, again left alone, and refreshing himself with a sip of port, "this is most incomprehensible. The whole country's going to the dogs. But I'll punish them, suppose it cost me a hundred pounds. The ungrateful villains! It's none other, I'm certain, than that blackguard, Ned Waters, and his gang. They'll swing for it yet, or I'm mistaken;" and the Christian peer finished his glass, and fell into a reverie.

"Lucas!" said a voice at his elbow; and as the noble turned round in surprise, he beheld a stranger standing beside the table, habited in a loose flowing robe of white, having his eyes fixed upon him. There was something so dignified and commanding in the visitor's clear, pale countenance, yet something so ineffably mild and benign, that Lord Lucas felt overawed, and shrank instinctively back in his seat.

"Lucas!" repeated the stranger, fixing one glance of his dark mournful eyes upon him—a glance that seemed to search into his inmost soul, and read every hidden thought—"you were just now contriving in your mind the destruction of a fellow-creature. You are guilty, in thought,

of murder, without cause of provocation. Lucas, who made the hare?—answer me.”

The appalled noble involuntarily murmured, “God.”

“And did God make aught to pamper the pride and vanity of the rich, that they may trample on their brethren with impunity? or does he send any exclusive blessings to the rich, which he means withheld from the poor? Behold, vain mortal, the cost at which you would purchase a hare!”

Instantly a sort of film overspread the objects in the room, growing gradually denser, till it enveloped and hid all from sight. Anon it opened directly opposite the peer, who felt bound, as if by some spell, to his seat: then, wreathing upwards in a circular form, there was disclosed, in the aperture, a distant view of Aylmere. A figure was seen stealing along the side of a fence, armed with a gun: a hare ran across his path: he fired—it fell; and the poacher stood bound in the hands of two keepers.—The scene changed. In a dark and lonesome prison sat a young man, with his face buried in his hands: beside him lay a pitcher of water, and crust of bread, untouched. Slowly rising from his seat, the felon dashed aside his tangled locks, and, clenching his fists, seemed threatening vengeance. Almost, the peer thought he could hear the words issuing from his lips.—Then the prison and criminal dissolved; and he saw a number of figures, clothed in black, moving slowly along towards the church-yard. At the head of the procession was a coffin, covered with a rusty pall. On each side of it walked three weeping children. Silently they strode along, till, reaching the burying-ground, the coffin was cast into a new-made grave, and the sexton began shovelling the earth over it. All the mourners departed save four of the children, who stood grouped around it in silent sorrow. In a few minutes, one of them began to sink out of sight; and a little fresh hillock of earth rose up in its place. Another sank—then another—till they were all gone; and four heaps of green mould, surrounding their parent's grave, were all that remained. Then, these all melted into thin air.—The nobleman looked again. Around a deep black pool on the river, o'erhung by willow and alder boughs, were collected some men, dragging out a body they had found. Out it came—a young female, from whose loosed hair, and flowing garments, the water oozed and trickled. Stark and stiff, she was stretched upon the grass; and Lord Lucas saw the fifth child, the eldest girl, who had left the grave. Even the dark, cold river, had refused to hide her shame. These vanished—the sedgy pool and dark o'erhanging willows, with the corpse and men.—Again his aching eyes began to trace new figures. A vast assemblage of human beings were gathered together, swaying to and fro, as if moved by the wind. Old men and young, women and infant children, were there—met to see the execution. Oh! humanizing, instructing sight! At the far end of the crowd stood the gallows. In a little, the criminal was brought forth—a boy—a mere boy—pale and emaciated, with his eyes fixed in dogged indifference on the earth: his hands were pinioned behind him; and, as he knelt with the chaplain to pray—oh, horror!—in that white up-turned face, Lord Lucas recognised the eldest boy, the mourner at his mother's grave. The cap was drawn over his face, the signal dropped,

and he swung in the air; yet, even through that cap, the nobleman saw the features of the boy, blackening and distorting in death.—“Behold the last!” uttered the solemn voice of the now invisible stranger; and again the scene changed to a sweet spot on Lord Lucas’s own grounds, hard by the wood, where the stream, shaded by the dark trees, described a curve inwardly, leaving on the one side a little basin of pure crystal sand, which glistened brightly in the sunbeams. “Look closer,” said the stranger. The nobleman did so; and his agonized soul perceived, stretched on the sand, a human body, while another hung over it, leaning on the muzzle of a gun. From a gash in the forehead of the prostrate man flowed a stream of blood—black and sluggishly it flowed through the golden sand, till it reached the stream, and tinged with red its limpid wave. All around was dabbled with the gore, over which crowds of flies buzzed in the sunshine. The ground seemed disturbed and torn up, as if by some hard struggle; the long rich grass was uprooted, and, in many places, lay scattered around. The hands of the dead man clutched a quantity of it, as if he had fallen amongst it, and rolled downwards. The figures became plainer—they seemed drawing nearer, till beneath the peer’s very gaze. Suddenly the wretched man broke out into a scream of mortal agony; for, oh, heavens! he beheld in the prostrate corpse—himself; and the murderer, who gazed with a stern, hateful eye, was Ned Waters! Down from his seat he dropped, with a yell that echoed through the house, so piercing as to chill the heart of every member of the household. Some of the domestics, immediately rushing up into his room, found their master stretched insensible on the floor. Restoratives were applied; and he soon, opening his eyes, gazed with an expression of horror all around him. The stranger had vanished with the fearful scene he had lately witnessed.

“Is Ramsay gone?” was the first inquiry at his amazed servants.

“No, my lord,” answered one of them.

“Then, send him up.”

“Ramsay,” said Lucas, “I have changed my mind. You need not watch the policies to-night. Just leave them alone. I have other plans in view. Go, sir!”

Bitter were the tears the nobleman shed when again alone. Deep and lasting was his penitence. The proud man that night prayed to God to be taught humility, and he prayed not in vain. Many wondered at the change which so soon was effected in the man. Some sneered at him, and called him fanatic and methodist; others rejoiced. But, indifferent to sneers and ridicule, Lord Lucas persevered in what he had begun; and not a few lived to bless the change, among the first of whom was Ned Waters, who was sought out by his lordship personally, and offered the vacant situation of overseer. Ned at first refused; but, as the nobleman earnestly solicited him to take it, as a small recompense for the wrong he had suffered, Ned’s heart was touched at the kindness, and, accepting the proffered situation, henceforth buried his enmity.

Never afterwards was a poacher convicted at Aylmere; nor was his lordship heard to say that the ingratitude of the poor was bringing the country all to the dogs.

L. T.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1847.

SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY.*

WE hail with peculiar satisfaction the appearance of the above work, which has just issued from the press. It may be said to be the conjoint labour of Scotland's three greatest philosophers—a constellation in the intellectual heavens, that may well draw the eye of every lover of learning. It is a temple worthy to be raised, in which Scottish philosophy may be enshrined. The foundation has been laid by Reid; Stewart has adorned the pile; and Sir William Hamilton has, with the hand of a master, finished the noble superstructure.

The appearance of such a work, it is not difficult to perceive, will mark an epoch in philosophy in general, and an especial one in the Scottish school.

It is not our intention to offer anything like a detailed criticism on such a work: it would far exceed the limits of such an article. Rather will we leave the specialities of such a production to more able and learned pens, and confine our remarks to general observations on such a subject.

There can be little doubt that, in this country, the recondite themes of which the above work is professedly the exponent, have lately declined in general interest. In this respect, they mark a decided contrast with the interest which attends the subject in France and Germany. The causes which have led to a decline in the interest evinced for metaphysical literature in this country, are, no doubt, to be traced to the reaction which took place after the violent controversies waged between the host of sceptics on the one hand, and the defenders of the faith on the other. The foundations of knowledge were fearlessly assaulted, and as triumphantly defended. The sceptics were driven from every stronghold in the territory of reason; and the defenders of our faith rested from their labour, content with the intellectual conquest which they had achieved.

The causes which have hindered its more recent revival, are to be

* "The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters." Prefixed is Stewart's account of the life and writings of Reid. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart.; with Preface, Notes, and Dissertations, by the Editor.

found in the great social progress which so characterizes the present age. Man has gained a complete mastery over the material world. Forces hitherto unknown, now minister to his every want. He has not only, in the time now gone by, gained his personal freedom, but has asserted the freedom of his conscience; and, in these present times, has nobly set free his industry from the thralldom of oppression, and a sense of injustice.

In no epoch has progress in physical science been so marked and decided. Geology has anatomized the globe, and taught its history from the hieroglyphics of antecedent ages. Astronomy has unrolled the heavens to the view of man, and told us of the suns and systems of other universes. Chemistry has revealed to us the secrets of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, adding largely to our command over the mysteries of nature. Nor has the social state been allowed to escape scientific investigation, while the intellect of this country has been exerted on these and other subjects. Its principles have been scrutinized on civil and ecclesiastical grounds, and controversies have been waged, turning on the first principles of our nature. From these and other signs in the mental horizon, we think there are indications of a coming change on the spirit of metaphysical philosophy, when awakened from the lethargy into which it has sunk. Enlightened by the experience of its progress in other lands, we may well expect a progressive development of all the many questions within the range of metaphysical inquiry. We feel assured that it would, in such a case, be the means of drawing men's minds to the very highest questions in the region of theology. In this point of view, we do think it has great claims on the regard of the rising generation.

We are aware that it has frequently been urged against metaphysical inquiry, the vague and unproductive nature of such pursuits. This objection is urged in entire ignorance of the whole tendency of human experience, as it is from abstract thought that men arrive at juster views of their nature, by which they can scan their powers and abilities, and scrutinize the foundation of all knowledge. He must be little read in history, who has not yet learned from its page, or from the living page of mankind, that all men have certain abstract ideas of their nature and of their destiny. This is oftentimes the secret spring of action—the key to character—the solution of the whole course and current of their life—their opinions—their belief. If it is so paramount in its operation, how necessary is it that this fundamental conception were reared in men's minds on the eternal foundation of truth!

This is true in the individual: it is true of society in general. Whatever is the body of abstract thought current in any given age, its influence is found moulding and forming the succeeding one. They are found in all experience related, as the antecedent cause is to the effect. "Teach men," says a distinguished philosopher, "what they are, and they will soon learn to be what they ought to be."

There are few subjects of any breadth and compass, on which you can enter, but first principles are certain to be the hinge on which the argument turns. This creates a necessity for the consideration of questions which have tasked the greatest thinkers of every age. These questions have ever been considered as the best of mental discipline—as

the pre-eminent means of teaching man to think. But, apart from all such advantage, what a pleasure is to be realized in that profound meditation which intellectual philosophy demands of those who would study it aright! It is in the exercise of a converse with our own minds, that, shut out from the jars and tumults of the world, we learn how rich a gift existence really is, and how to value our faculties of progressive improvement. We are awakened to deeper and profounder views of that spiritual life which is indwelling in man—that immortality which is written, as with a sunbeam, on the human soul. Raised above the littleness wherewith we are encompassed, we are carried further into the depths of intellectual space, and overwhelmed with the grandeur of the view which the universe of intelligence reveals.

We are not unmindful of other causes which have prevented abstract thought from holding that place in the literature of our land, which has been so often and so justly claimed for it. These causes are not so much without, as within. They spring not from the engrossing attention which more attractive subjects have monopolised, as from the manner in which abstract thought has been propounded and taught by those who became, "sole, paramount, and alone," the high-priests of its truths. As this has had an important bearing on its reception among mankind, we think it would be serving the cause in which we are interested, were a short and cursory glance cast over the history of philosophy, in its more prominent features.

The first recorded speculations of man regarding his being and his destiny, were necessarily very vague and undefined. The human mind was aroused to reflection; and, in the progress of that brilliant civilization which arose in Greece, we have, in the writings of the Grecian sages, some of those lofty thoughts, and inspired views of man, that display to what an extent this branch of knowledge had been developed in Greece. In Aristotle we have the greatest of ancient philosophers, ranged through all subjects of human knowledge as then developed, and adding largely to every one of them. We look back with veneration on one so pre-eminent amid the brilliancy of Grecian intellect. His writings served, through the middle ages, to stimulate that spirit of reflection for which they were so eminent. It was not long, however, ere they were perverted by the Romish Church. The doctrine of philosophy, and the doctrine of Christianity, were only allowed to flow from the same impure source; and can we wonder that the stream was polluted? or can we be surprised at the long slumber which fell, during that period, on the human mind? The darkness of that long night, however, was destined to be broken by the dawn of the Reformation, and the revival of letters. The advent of the inductive philosophy of Bacon was shadowed forth by Leonardo da Vinci.* The mental philosophy of Locke was

* Leonardo da Vinci—better known as the great Italian painter—was, like his contemporaries, eminent in sculpture, anatomy, architecture, geometry, mechanics, poetry, and music. In a very rare edition of one of his works, he very clearly treats of inductive reasoning, founded on careful experiment, which, nearly a century afterwards, was evolved, perfected, and fully developed, by the genius of Bacon.

heralded by Descartes. The system of the former was sensational—the latter, idealistic. What was done for physical science by Bacon, was performed for the science of mind by Locke; with this essential difference,—that while the former laid down the sure mode of experiment as the instrument for interrogating nature, the latter, rejecting the primordial intuitions of man, paved the way for those controversies which cast a stigma on truth. Locke taught the doctrine that all our ideas were, in the first instance, derived from sensation—that is, from objects. These, from the necessity of our nature, gave rise to reflection; and from these two sources was it that the mind became furnished with its ideas—its train and suggestion of thought. His system has been called sensational. Bishop Berkeley was induced closely to investigate the senses, and accurately to define their mode of operation. It was from these preformed sources that Hume drew the argument which he so recklessly used to argue the human mind out of the belief of material reality. This arch sceptic not only assailed the veracity of the generative belief of mankind in the truth and testimony of their senses, but turned these weapons to the assault of the divine truths of revelation.

The reaction was now complete. The human mind, roused from the blind and unquestioning faith in which it had rested on the bosom of the Romish Church, rushed into the opposite extreme of universal doubt and scepticism. There were elements at work, however, to bring man back to soberer views, and sounder faith. The Bible withstood the fiercest blasts of infidelity and doubt. Physical science had, with sure and steady steps, advanced in discovery; and the reasonings of Hume were happily met, and triumphantly confuted, by Dr. Thomas Reid. Hume had built his argument on certain assumptions admitted into previous systems, without full examination. Reid tested these preformed assumptions in the light of the primitive beliefs of consciousness. Having overthrown these, the argument which Hume had so subtly raised, upon so frail a foundation, was easily demolished. Reid's analysis evolved this important result. Consciousness declares our knowledge of material reality to be intuitive. Thus, philosophy was reconciled with common sense—the primary experience of mankind was thus vindicated and made good, in the unity of truth. The service Reid performed for legitimate philosophy can hardly be over-rated. His principles have been adopted in every school, though it is to be regretted that they have not acted so powerfully as a sedative on the more extravagant development of the modern sciences of pure mind. On the Continent, the Scottish school, with Reid as its founder, is held in eminent reputation. Sir William Hamilton has done much to extend an accurate knowledge of Reid's doctrine. He has illuminated the present edition by a vast mass of learned notes. He has left the impress of his massive and logical intellect in the full development of the truly admirable philosophical system which this work displays. His style, too, is the perfection of scientific writing—everywhere disclosing varied and profound erudition. No work is better fitted to command the attention of the learned, and to place the Scottish school of philosophy on an independent and imperishable basis.

Is it not a little flattering to the national feelings of the Scotch, that

while the opinions and principles of Adam Smith are day by day developed in the domain of practical action, those of Thomas Reid are vindicating their truth and reality in the domain of speculative inquiry? This consideration ought to make us value the rich inheritance these eminent men have bequeathed to their country. We should be especially fearful lest we transmit such a legacy impaired to succeeding generations; nay, if we do not greatly augment it by profitable use, and enrich it by many additions, those who may come after will learn to despise us, for living idly on a bygone reputation.

We have learned, however, to hope better things from the many signs that surround us. There is a visible reaction from the all-potent utility which was to replace the natural by means of the artificial. Nature and her laws, whether they be the laws of man's spiritual being—of the moral world, or physical existence—will not thus be so easily displaced. Amid the suffering of a mighty nation, man is sent with a humbled spirit, a crushed and broken heart, back to the first principles of the nature of things—there to learn the supremacy of those laws which govern him as a spiritual and immortal being.

The lessons which may thus be learned in this school of affliction, may indeed be the most precious in the experience of man: they are well fitted to teach him higher aims, and loftier hopes, than ever the most practical utility could instil. The tide of such a change, if we do not greatly mistake our observation, has already set in, to waft us to a happier land—to a more congenial clime.

OUR SACRED POETS.

BLAIR'S "GRAVE," AND POLLOK'S "COURSE OF TIME."

SECOND ARTICLE.

AT the conclusion of our former paper, we anticipated some objections which might be hazarded regarding the characteristic melancholy and gloomy abstraction of the genius of Blair and Pollok. Some persons would have every poem dipped in perpetual sunshine, arrayed with hand-fuls of laughing petals—nymphs and graces linked together in harmonious dance—joyous youths and tender damsels shouting forth their pleasant symphonies—and every motion only as the outgoing of a grand and universal hilarity. Their whole soul is wrapt up amidst the fond allurements of Oriental apologue, or with the more remote mythological and Grecian pantheism; and thus every character must be angelic and superhuman, in order to enlist the fastidious regard of a pitiful sentimentalism. To gratify their sickly taste, pictures must be exaggerated and over-drawn—ladies, in their drawing-rooms, must be hushed and enchanted—and love-sick misses must weep and sigh over the garish and voluptuous page. Readers of this character are

startled at such poems as the "Grave," with its soul-subduing reminiscences; and not even the truthfulness of its terrible associations can reconcile them to its pungent and searching anatomy.

There have been some who have lived long enough to gain an envious immortality by a single piece of fragmentary versification, and whose name is entirely connected with the production of such a small and unbulky undertaking. Though they have written scores of verses or poems, they are all considered as but serving to illustrate the success of the *one* achievement. Gray accidentally drops into a church-yard, and his renown for posterity rests exclusively upon his far-famed "Elegy." Wolfe happens to read the account of the speedy interment of Sir John Moore, on some "blood-red field of Spain," out of an Edinburgh magazine; and forthwith he tries to transfer the same into numbers, and secures for himself lasting glory. Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night" has in a great degree preserved our national poet from the charge of rank and blustering infidelity. James Hislop, the shepherd lad of Dumfriesshire, won to his muse the inestimable services of Lord Jeffrey, by his single poem, "The Cameronian's Dream." And Robert Blair, though he did preach many a sermon, and performed many acts of a truly noble and benevolent character during his life, is now only known as the author of the "Grave." Thus has he enshrined his memory, and embalmed the remembrance of his name, in the favourable aspect of future generations; so that so long as the Christian dispensation shall continue to be fulfilled, its doctrines inculcated, and precepts enforced—so long as to a virtuous life is associated the hallowing and purifying influence of a sanctified imagination—so long will the "Grave" continue to interest and instruct all serious and pious minds, with regard to that solemn state which may properly be termed the *interregnum* of the present and future existence. He made no further effort to procure fame; but after bringing forth such a solid, beautiful, and compact *chef-d'œuvre*, he was gathered to his fathers. It is one of limited design, but masterly execution, and contains not a few passages which would do honour to our most celebrated religious poets.

We pass on to consider the "Course of Time;" and between the two authors, almost a century had elapsed. During the long interval, a few celebrated poets had appeared and sunk. Conspicuous among these was Cowper, who, though in every respect he might well be termed a frail and brittle reed, tossed and afflicted alternately from joy to grief, and hope to despondency and misanthropy, was a genuine bard. Perhaps, of all men, he was the most simple and real; and of religious poets, the most evangelical. It was peculiarly his prerogative to unite the tender sympathies of our nature with scenes of common incident—to find his heroes, not in the high walks of learning and philosophy, but in the hearts and bosoms of affectionate and virtuous females; and while Byron delighted to exhibit and confound the operation of the passions, by secretly undermining the grand essential disagreement of virtue and vice, Cowper was gentle as one of his own hares, harmless as a dove, and playful as the lamb. And yet the bard of Olney could sometimes assay higher moods, though with a less daring and perfidious hand.

Next to him, we shall at present name one of a more strong and

daring intellect—a man of decidedly greater manly power, vigour, and energy—Robert Pollok, author of the “Course of Time.” And, in one respect, he is quite distinct from the whole of his predecessors after Milton. The poem is a large, bulky, and definite epic—not formed of various isolated passages, but approaching to the standard of a real, tangible, and presumptuous effort. In such a case, the work must fall within the province of a *finished* performance, constituting the author’s *magnum opus*. If it threatens to aspire to the rank of an historical epic, it must be classed in the same category with the *Iliad*, *Paradise Lost*, and other similar productions, and therefore must abide its chance of either approval or condemnation. The shrines of epics lie, if we may so speak, within the *sanctum sanctorum*; and we can simply impugn the boldness and daring of him who attempts to place himself beside the marvellous monuments of bygone ages. If he be worthy, by all means let him shake hands with Homer and Milton; and if he be discovered to be totally unworthy of such a noble throne, he must stand convicted of perpetrating a gross and monstrous sacrilege. Such would, and ought to be, the test of criticism upon bold intellectual attempts on a grand scale. And herein lies the vast superiority of the ancient poets, as regards a pure element of general strength. Rising in a period when profoundest ignorance prevailed, and when the nations were not as yet enfeebled and corrupted with the luxuries and refinements of a civilized and polished age, nor disposed to rank men after the fashion of a modern sectarianism and exclusive partizanship, they were accustomed to consider men as *men*—the prominent trait of their character being boldly seized, and presented before the world in vivid impersonations. Thus has Homer portrayed the more striking qualities and eccentricities of his heroes, and exhibited them in powerful and luminous distinctness. Milton, too, taking Homer for his model, imitated the Grecian bard in his controversial dialogue, and has gained for his characters the reputation of a *beau ideal* of consummate ability. But Pollok asked not the inspiration of such influence. Such “windy rhyme,” such a “gaudy tale of fabled hero,” suited not the strain of an argument so high. Neither Cimmerian darkness, nor Pluto’s realms, did he traverse for metaphors and figures; and not Olympus, with its crowned summit of deities, nor double-topped Parnassus, were included within the compass of his circumnavigation. And in this important view does he differ from many other poets. While they admire to excess the sublime of pure idealism, he never transgresses the bounds of sublime narration; and while their only anxiety is to colour and heighten their canvass, his chief concern is to be intelligible and sensible.

The “Course of Time,” then, aspires to be regarded as an epic poem; and it has been questioned whether the superabundance of the faults are not enough to have already doomed it, had not the kind hand of posthumous charity been extended in its favour. It is certainly extraordinary for such a youth; and this, of itself, might stop the mouths of many detractors. Its cardinal defect is its apparent want of unity and sustained effect, gradually rising into a solid superstructure, by a process of successive and minute elaboration. The materials for building were ample, massive, and appropriate; but they were unhappily and unskil-

fully connected. Hence, what might otherwise have become concise, elegant, and imposing, may be termed but a loose and disjointed framework. Blair's task was comparatively circumscribed; but Pollok's was more comprehensive; for his journey is no less than a voyage from the beginning of time—to trace the sources of evil in its varied shapes and disguises, from the entrance of the hideous serpent into the blissful paradise of Eden; and to tell, in wondrous story, the dire effects its pestilence wrought, down the stream of time, even until time has gone,

"The righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved."

Now, for the proper execution of any great enterprise, we must retain a "decision of character." We must have confidence in our own ability, judgment, and determination; and this inseparable from a degree of daring energy and self-importance. In this high intellectual quality we find the most illustrious names. Luther, with his intrepid magnanimity; Dante, with his daring intellect; Milton, with his sublime idealism; Wordsworth, with his pleasing and manly self-appreciation; and Pollok, though of an equally bold but unequal flight, with his attendant egotism and complacency. In the following lines, one is forcibly reminded of Simon Magus, who, for his impiety, was restrained by the intrepid Peter:—

"For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour, with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer."

Pollok, in this, may justly be charged with a monstrous solecism. His inspiration is attributable to his own deserts, and not to the voluntary and spontaneous influence of the spirit; and he makes no secret of the fact that he has a commission from heaven, with this pleasing ingredient, that it is on account of his successful *courtship*. Had he invoked "Dame Memory, with her syren daughters," and the nine sisters, he was perfectly justified, by a beautiful poetical hyperbole, to talk of *muse* and *wooing*; but having refused the aid of this pagan or fabled muse *ab initio*, it was in miserable taste to revert to it for a fitting metaphor. He should have dismissed entirely the classical allusion, and kept himself within his peculiar province: taste and subject ought to have been consulted for the purpose of being in exact keeping: plan and construction should have been closely and finely blended; and the whole poem might thus have the appearance, at least, of a magnificent solo. Had he touched the proper note, would not a most harmonious and universal song, re-echoed along the gamut of Time, and would not also the hymning spheres, have prolonged the glorious anthem, proclaiming, in loud tones, their experience of innumerable ages and revolutions? Occasionally the poet commits himself, and indulges in rather absurd and false delineations. We have room only for the following. Speaking of the hypocrite's baulked sanctimoniousness, he says—

"The righteous smiled, and
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave."

This is not scriptural, but exists only in the phantasy of the poet. The Bible never jests on serious matters; much less would it represent the

despair of the hypocrite, awakened to a sense of his unrepentant state, as exciting *laughter*. No: he may feign, and play, and counterfeit now; but then, his countenance will be too unyielding to be provoked into a smile.

We come now to speak shortly of its special excellences. And who would not have done honour to the man who, when religion had been abused by the wilful exaggeration of Byron, or been passed over in sullen silence by the indifferent "Lakers," had the manly intrepidity to enlist himself as its most worthy defender, and to stand forth alone, with no ally save Grahame and Montgomery, far feebler minstrels? And what signal services did he not confer on the religious public! He showed that religion was capable of being arrayed in apparel, less extravagant and deceitful of course, but more decorous and unvarnished; and hushed for a time the wild ravings of Byron's infidel lips. Moreover, it was no small or trifling effort; for it was a goodly duodecimo. And can we wonder or doubt that it became so instantly popular, that people sat up all night reading it, and that their delight was nothing to the fine frenzy of the poet when composing it? His pictures of domestic happiness and woe are beautiful and pathetic. How could it be otherwise, when he was nurtured from his infancy among the wildest and freest scenes of Nature? What more fostering to his genius than a moorland farm, with its innumerable and tender associations?—in the words of Wordsworth,

"Known to every star and wind that blows."

In such circumstances, he could view Nature with a true poet's eye, alike removed from the conformity and conventionalism of a city life. How transporting his dreams upon his neighbouring hills, the whole landscape vying to cater food for his imagination, as he gazed with unutterable enthusiasm from his native mountains! He often wrote on the top of the very highest of them; and was as secluded as if he had been in a world in which there was neither sin, nor sickness, nor poverty. The whole poem savours strongly of the moorland solitudes—the wildernesses which our forefathers were wont to people—the hollow air, and the wastes around resounding to the echo of their devoted and uncompromising tongues. You are reminded of the mountain-heather dyed with the empurpled gore of our ancestors, upon whose lips wild laughter never sat, but whose every look and action were steeped in the depths of an earnest determination. The conclusion of the fifth book is very fine; and though destitute of the melodious rhyme of Pope's "Messiah," it is, on this account, the more free and unconfined. The little infant fearlessly leaps from his mother's arms, and "strokes the crested snake, and rolls unhurt among its speckled waves;" and the sauntering school-boys

"Play at eve
About the lion's den, and weave,
Into his shaggy mane, fantastic flowers."

His address to the Ocean is most happily conceived; and though both Byron and Mrs. Hemans have sung of its "billowy chime," with all the characteristic ardour of their genius, yet Pollok is as happy in his own way:—

"Strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired;
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In Nature's anthem."

We could have filled our pages with like beautiful images, but we forbear. The "Course of Time" is hallowed in the hearts and homes of our most pious and benevolent countrymen; and it would be no easy task to reckon up the amount of good which its circulation has effected. It has tended to confirm the doubting, to encourage the desponding, and to preserve alive the flame of heavenly devotion. Will we, then, like another critic, prophecy evil regarding it, and predict its rapid extinction? Verily, no; for if it has accomplished any small amount of good in past times, will that be sufficient for its final disappearance at a time when it requires to be read and considered? Therefore, with all deference, we submit that Pollok deserves no inferior place in the temple of Fame. Let him be classed in the same bright choir with Blair, Young, Cowper, and Mrs. Hemans. So, for the present, we bid him adieu; and conclude by pronouncing the ancient benediction—

"Ossa quieta, precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ:
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo."^{*}

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

BY THE LATE THOMAS DUNN, ESQ.

WHEN the green earth greets the morn,
When awakes each flower,
On sweetest perfumes then is borne
The Spirit of the Hour.

When July's sultry torches wave,
And down the dog-days shower,
Then retires to coolest cave
The Spirit of the Hour.

And when Evening's purple sky
Is gilding Beauty's bower,
Lapp'd among her sighs, I lie,
The Spirit of the Hour.

* If an early opportunity is granted us, we may embrace it for a notice of the memoir of the poet of the "Course of Time" which has been published under his brother's superintendence. A short biographical sketch has also been prefixed to a late edition of the "Tales of the Covenanters," by a promising and talented young minister of Edinburgh—the Rev. Andrew Thomson. Both Pollok and his biographer belonged to the Secession Church; and thus arose the sympathy and admiration which the latter has so feelingly expressed towards the amiable bard.

If cradled childhood, slumbering now,
The mother watches o'er,
Then flutters round the sleeper's brow
The Spirit of the Hour.

See lusty manhood, sunk with toil,
Repose, from labour o'er:
Who can the coming ills beguile?—
The Spirit of the Hour.

When silver Age his sorrow brings,
And cares their troubles pour,
There's healing on the Spirit's wings,
And comfort in the hour.

The flow'ret, in the blush of morn,
Besprent with dewy store,
Is imaged in the infant form:
How brief, alas! the hour!

If summer's sun at noontide shines,
And scorch'd is tree and flower,
An emblem is there of man's prime,
Reflected in the hour.

And age is but life's evening—
The twilight creeping o'er:
One only ray is lingering,
To herald the last hour.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN HAY.

BY LEWIS TITIAN.

CHAPTER VII.—APOLOGETIC, INSTRUCTIVE, AND (IT IS HOPED) PROFITABLE TO THE READER.

WERE we writing an ordinary tale, in which we had a circulating-library hero—all goodness, nobility of soul, intrepidity of action, and boiling over with generosity—an Adonis in form and character; you might have reason, my dear Miss Grigg, for your complaint that there is no sentiment—none of those tender, loving passages you delight to ponder and sigh over—no affecting meetings—no unhappy separations—no desperate trials of fidelity, or heartrending persecutions of the lovers. But we never made profession of such intentions; and you have no right to abuse us in private, and condemn us unheard. And you, Miss Walters, need not curl your little nose, and say, “I wonder why the Editor allows such trash a place in the *Magazine*. I do, indeed: it's not fit to be read. Six chapters past, and hardly any love, and no elopements!” Pray do bear with us a little longer; and if you do not get plenty

of ——; but that would be anticipating. You too, Sophonisba Victoria Jeff—who kindly wished to scratch our eyes out (*pro bono publico*, we suppose), if you only knew who wrote such nonsense—we may as well describe our person to, so that your philanthropy may not suffer disappointment; and it will serve, besides, instead of our portrait, which was to have been attached to the third volume of the present work. Imagine to yourself a tall, spare individual, wearing long yellow hair—a little bald about the crown—rather classic in feature, but not whiskered—and looking at you through a pair of blue preserves—his outward man adorned with a seedy black coat and grey tweeds. There is no mistaking or confounding him with the Editor, who weighs at least twenty stone, dresses in a blue coat and white ducks, and always carries an umbrella. We need not inform you that your intimate friend Bob Scarcebrain, of piano-playing and ladies'-party notoriety, when he said to you, the other night, he knew the writer, was quite mistaken; and now you can tell him so. It were vain, however, thus to answer all the objections we have heard to our tale, and the hundred-and-one letters of complaint the Editor, in a fit of frenzy, laid the other day before us, mostly coming from young ladies and bores impertinent, declaring they would no longer take us in, unless our tone were altered. And still more in vain to suit the tastes of all. One wants the Political pen; another, Satire. "Love and Sentiment," screams Miss Skeggs. "A Duel or a Murder," roars Bob Scarcebrain. "Something Spicy," adds dandy Tom Green. "Give me the Awful and Mysterious," sighs elderly Miss Grimstone, who reads in bed by candle-light, and believes in apparitions. And "I would like a Princess in it," chimes in little Eliza Pettigrew, not long promoted to her teens. By-and-by, friends, we mean to satisfy you all: meanwhile, allow us to go on in hope, after our own fashion. What else can we do?

We left Archie Grant, at the close of last chapter, lying on Mr. Richards' sofa. How long he remained there, we will not inquire into, but proceed by informing you, that, so soon as the office closed that night, Archie was under weigh for Mr. Tupper's. Here he found Martin, yet unreconciled to the Misses T., who did not inform their parent, as they promised, nor anybody else indeed, but had maintained a dignified *haineur* towards the tutor ever since the unfortunate *contretemps*. Our hero welcomed Archie, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, and, leading him into his own room, addressed a hundred queries to him, the bare answering of which put him nigh out of breath.

"Man," said Archie, after the interrogations were exhausted, and he got seated, "did ye ken a' that I ken the nicht, ye wad be a proud fallow. I hae got tidings o' *somebody*."

"No! impossible!" replied Martin, surprised, guessing at once who was referred to as "*somebody*."

"Fact, though. See; I'll tell ye a', an' ye promise to speer nae questions, nor interrupt me," replied Archie, crossing his legs, and nodding sagaciously.

That was soon promised; and Archie forthwith entered into a minute detail, in his own peculiar style, of all that had occurred relative to

Kitty Johnston—already so well known to you, that we need not go over the ground anew. Martin, all the while, devoured every word with the utmost avidity, and, when Archie closed his account of his interview with Kitty, despite the injunction to ask no questions, compelled him to go particularly over every part of it, which Archie did, with a few additional embellishments and variations. "Noo," added he, in conclusion, "ye'll be punctual on the nicht fixed. Lassies a' like a man the better that he waits on them, an' no them 'on him; an' when it doesna cost us anything to humour them a bit that way, we can afford it. I ken frae experience, that, in a' my trysts wi' Maggie Blythe, gin I wasna on the spot to a minute, an' waitin' for her, feint a haet wad she speak to me for an' hoor after—dae naething but turn up her nose at me, an' speak o' that young gentleman, an' this young gentleman, she had seen and spoken to, an' hoo attentive, obligin', an' kind they were—jist for the purpose o' harrowin' my saul wi' jealousy. So, see ye dinna fa' intill the same predicament."

"Not if I can help it, my dear Archie. But how shall I ever be able to thank you, or repay you for all this trouble you have had on my account?"

"Oh! we'll settle that some ither day: maybe ye'll can pay't in kind yet. But, man, there's ae thing I'm dubious aboot. I fear that fellow Gregg is either in pursuit o' the young leddy, or is makin' a bauld stroke for her. I heard as muckle the day in Mr. Richards' office, whaur he was makin' a boast o' bein' sure o' the young leddy, as he had gotten her faither's consent." And Archie repeated the conversation between Mr. Richards and Lacey, which he had heard owing to the door of his master's room being open during the interview.

"Then," exclaimed Martin, clasping his forehead, "my hopes are blasted! Oh! why did you raise me, thus again to plunge me into a deeper degree of suffering?"

"Hoot, Martin! dinna be silly. It's nae use takin' on that way, though ye had fifty rivals instead o' ane. I mind when Maggie Blythe and me first forgathered, there was a gey wheen chieels rinnin' the same gate; and had I gien myself up to the pangs o' jealousy, I wadna been here to tell the story. But I neither droon't myself in the Kilmarnock water, drank oxalic acid, or took a dance in the air, because that couldna mend the thing. Na, na; I did far better than that. I used to wait at her close-mouth, or on the landin', in the dark, at nichts, and watched there like a founmart every male visitor that gaed in till the house. When they cam' oot, I walked saftly doon ahint them to the outside door, and then battered the hat doon ower their een. Aih, man! mony's the satiu nap, stuff, and beaver castor I damaged that way. By-and-by, the chieels, findin' ilk visit sic an expensive ane, drapped aff, till I got the field to myself; and then I carried the day."

Archie rubbed his hands gleefully together, in evident enjoyment of the reminiscence, and added—"Man, if ye're fear't to try't, let me. I'll ding his hat to smash ony nicht, and whomle him ower on the pavement. Jist say the word."

"No, no!—that would never do," replied Martin, smiling. "Perhaps my good fortune may yet propitiously smile, without the necessity of any such extraordinary alternative being adopted. You know the old motto, Archie—'I bide my time;' and, hoping all things for the best, I will adopt it."

Much further discourse, pertaining to that and other matters, passed between the two, ere Archie adjourned the meeting; and when at last he did so, it was conditionally—that Martin should repay the visit, and inform him of the result of his assignation."

If any of my young friends who read this tale (and I hope some of them do, for to that end was it written) have ever been in love—if any of you have ever gone the length of obtaining a stolen assignation with the object of your adoration—you can understand, better than I can describe, the tumultuous hopes, fears, wishes, and longings the heart is a prey to, during the interval preceding it. You can remember how very nervous and abstracted you were all forenoon—how your anxiety and perturbation of spirit increased as evening drew on—and finally, wound up to a high pitch of excitement, how, considerably previous to the appointed time, you were on the appointed spot. I do not say you have all experienced such feelings, though in love; for, if your mind is of the commonplace and unheroic order, it could not be expected you should. But many of you can, no doubt, confess to our veracity, and admit to participating in the same sensations as did our mutual acquaintance, Martin Hay, previous to, and on the night of, his meeting with Kitty Johnston.

It would be out of place entirely, in following him thither, to repeat all that was said and done; and, however much inclined to gratify the innocent desire of our lady-readers to know about it, we do not think such revelations would be honest on our part. Sufficient, then, to say, that Martin, after lingering at the appointed spot for nigh an hour—being all that time too soon—at last saw his innamorata advancing. In a minute more, he was at her side. Long explanations ensued. Kitty at first was shy, and blamed Martin; then blamed herself; and finally agreed that she was the most miserable little girl on the face of the civilized world. To Martin's eager, earnest demand for an explanation of the cause of her misery, after much hesitation, she confessed to the odious advances of Lacey Gregg, supported, she feared, by the countenance of her father, as the source of it all; and she had no one to advise her. Her brother Tom was at sea, or she was sure it would not be so—that he would take her part. But when Martin urged the possibility of his supplying the place of her absent brother, she seemed to think the difficulty partly removed, and, after a while, concurred in his view, though she doubted he would not answer altogether in some things, but might perhaps do better in others. Then, there was a long conversation, originating on the principles of extremes meeting—her hatred to Lacey Gregg, and its opposite—which both took much interest in; and a great many speculations and fancies indulged in by both parties, very pleasing and satisfactory at the time, but which need not be rehearsed, as you have either said the same your-

self, or read it in love-novels. How far they walked together thus, how many streets they turned up and down, or how often, nobody could guess—not even themselves. By some process, however, peculiar alone to perambulators of London streets, after they had spent an indefinite period of time thus, and repeated the same vows, and extorted the same promises over and over again—but which, unlike many other good things, lost nought of flavour by frequency of indulgence in—they found themselves nigh where they had started from. Suddenly, Kitty made the discovery that it was late; and what excuse should she perpetrate at home, where she promised to have been a full hour ago! She could no longer stay—she dared not; and, of course, since this was the case, Martin accompanied her to the door of her own house, and, arranging there for a future meeting, at which much that could not be told to-night was to be said, departed homewards.

CHAPTER VIII.—PROGRESS MADE TOWARDS A CLIMAX—THE LAST SCENE OF A SAD HEART'S HISTORY.

IT little boots how often Kitty Johnston found an opportunity, such as is recorded in our last, of meeting Martin, and far less does it matter when and where these pleasant meetings were held; neither would you nor I, dear reader, be much the wiser of knowing what passed thereat. We know they did often, either accidentally or otherwise, afterwards encounter one another in streets and squares at night, and during day-time, and under many circumstances tending to render the accident of such meetings very extraordinary indeed, and so frequent in occurrence, that they themselves sometimes expressed surprise at it. Meanwhile, however, Lacey Gregg was pushing his suit at home. He had laid his plans carefully. Knowing well that Kitty's love was not likely to be easily won, or perhaps counting it but a small matter at best, he wrought more upon old Johnston in his attempts, believing, his consent once obtained, that of his daughter would soon follow. Little brooked he of the true state of Kitty's heart; or, knowing it, he might have doubted safely of that eventual success he felt so sure of. It cannot be said that he cared a straw more for her than for any other girl—perhaps far less than he did for many a *coryphée* of the Opera; but, hemmed in as he was on every side by duns, and left to shifts not at all agreeable, he saw that a bold stroke for a wife was absolutely essential. Already had he gained, as we have observed, the esteem and good-will of Mr. Johnston; and, this much effected, the rest of his way seemed clear. An early opportunity of advancement towards his wishes—earlier than he expected, and more favourable than he could desire—presented itself. One day, Mr. Johnston called him into his room, and, handing him a letter to peruse, said smilingly—

“I see Tom is getting tired of the sea. He says he intends remaining at home on his return, which will be in the course of a month. He adds, that he wishes to settle down in business. Now, Lacey, I have observed, for this considerable time, your steady attention at the office. No contradiction, now. (Lacey was muttering some unintelligible denial.) I

am glad to see it, and hope you will long devote your attention to the realities of life. I have also noticed your assiduities to my daughter; and though I have never alluded to you in her hearing, I believe she is not unfavourable to you. Now, as I am desirous of retiring from active life, and remaining merely as a sleeping partner in the business, I have been thinking, since receipt of that letter of Tom's, that you and he could work well enough together, with this stipulation, that upon falling into the inheritance of your aunt's property, which you do in two years, you embark one-half of it in the business; and if Kitty and you are agreed, I shall allow my share to remain as it is."

Lacey expressed, with the utmost fervour he could assume, unbounded gratitude at Mr. Johnston's proposal. He had never expected, never merited, nor could he, such goodness. He (Mr. Johnston) had been a father to him; and, as such, to his guidance and direction would he ever submit, and feel grateful for it.

"Then, it's all settled," said Mr. Johnston, interrupting him. "Shake hands. You'll dine with us to-day."

On the same night, after Mr. Gregg had departed from his intended father-in-law's, where he had been making himself as unpleasant as possible to Kitty, but doubtless with the intention of being agreeable, Mr. Johnston resolved on giving to the arrangements which, in the forenoon, he had broached, a finishing stroke. His daughter and he were alone, seated one on each side of a cheerful fire, rendered more so by the fact of the night being stormy and tempestuous. Without, the wind was moaning, and whistling through the casements of the window; and the rain at times pattering in gusts against it, and plashing heavily on the streets.

Mr. Johnston laid down the paper which he had been for the last five minutes affecting to read, but all the while surveying his daughter over the margin of it, and considering how he should open his subject. At length, he observed—

"It's a bad night, Kitty. I hope Lacey won't get wet before he reaches home."

"I hope so," rejoined Kitty carelessly, picking out a stitch in a piece of muslin she was working some pattern on.

"You don't seem much concerned about his welfare, I think."

"Oh, yes! I hope he won't get wet," responded Kitty again. "Poor Tom! I wish *he* were safe here. This is going to be a dreadful night of storm. I shan't sleep for thinking of him," said she again thoughtfully, after a pause.

"Tom has been out in rougher weather," replied Mr. Johnston. "He who chooses the sea, must take the storm when it comes. He will be in the Channel by this time, and there is less danger. A few days, I trust, and we shall see him home."

Mr. Johnston now laid down the paper. His first attempt had been ineffectual. He made a determination to come directly to the point this time.

"Kitty, I wish to speak seriously to you a little."

"Very well, father; say away."

"You know I'm getting old now."

"I don't know anything of the kind."

"Getting up in years, I mean; and I wish to retire from business—to go to Edgemere, and live there."

"I'm glad of that, father. What delightful walks in the country we shall have again!—plenty of fresh air, flowers, and hay-making! And then the dairy! We must have a dairy," replied Kitty, enthusiastically.

"I hope you will enjoy all that; but I wish to speak of something else first. Your cousin Lacey, you know"——

"What of him?" replied Kitty, starting—now half-suspecting the purport of her father's conversation.

"He and I have had a conversation to-day, which he informed you of, I suppose. No doubt—ha, ha! Couldn't keep it long—too good news!" laughed Mr. Johnston, perceiving a blush suffusing Kitty's face.

"No, father, he did not," said Kitty.

"Didn't he? Well, the greater fool, then. But you know I told him all about Tom coming home, and intending to settle in business; and I asked him if, when I retired, he would continue the business, and embark his own capital in it, along with Tom. To this he, of course, agreed; but there's a stipulation attached to it."

"Indeed!"

"Lacey informed me of the attachment he had long cherished to you; to-day, obtained my consent to your union; and now I hope you will make him a good, attentive, kind wife, for I believe he will prove a faithful husband. Come, come, now; no apologies. I have just taken a disagreeable duty off your own hands. It's all right: you can fix with Lacey the day," concluded Mr. Johnston.

"But—but—I—"

"But what, child?" replied he, observing Kitty turn pale.

"I—I don't want a husband, father; I don't want Lacey Gregg," stammered she.

"Phoo, phoo! nonsense, child. A zealous, assiduous, steady young man like Lacey! It's a foolish prejudice you have. You must get over it. Pray, what serious objection to him have you?"

"No serious objection, father; but I don't love him," said Kitty, struggling with her tears; "and you surely wouldn't have me marry him in that case."

"Oh! you'll come to love him by-and-by—there's no fear of that. Hundreds do the same every day. I did so myself, and never had cause to repent it. Just make up your mind to it."

"I cannot, father: I never will. Oh! do not be so cruel as insist on it. I know you love me, and wish to do me good; but not that—oh! not that, father. I hate Lacey Gregg—loathe him! I cannot bear him. I shall never be his wife."

"You are very unreasonable, Kitty. Such conduct is highly improper," said Mr. Johnston, angrily. "You have not, nor can give, any objection to Mr. Gregg. This is just a whim, an idle fancy you entertain, to which I cannot, in duty towards you, give heed. Now, mark my words! You must marry him. I am resolved on it. So think over the matter coolly and calmly; and I am certain you will come to consider the offer he makes as the best one you could expect, or perhaps may ever receive. This nonsense of yours comes all of romance—

reading, and silly notions people have put in your head about love, which has no existence such as you conceive. Marry Lacey, and love him afterwards—that's the best council you will get. Make up your mind to follow it. Good night!" said Mr. Johnston, rising, and leaving the room.

Her father was gone. Kitty threw herself upon the sofa, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. Poor, poor Kitty! now the trial of thy faith has come. There is sorrow hanging above thee—on every side of thee. The flowers are gone that mingled their incense in perfuming, and their beauty in adorning, thy path; and the golden sunbeams that shone upon it, glitter there no longer. Wintry leaves are strewn around; clouds, deeply boding, and gloom, flit along the horizon. All is sad, sad, and drear!

* * * * *

A loud knocking was heard at the door, and the sound of voices in the lobby.

"Some person—a girl—wishes to see you, Miss Johnston," said a domestic, looking in upon Kitty.

"Wishes to see me!" replied the latter, awakening from her stupor. "Who can it be, at this hour? Please send her in. Why do you hesitate?" she added, perceiving the servant still lingering, as if desirous of saying something.

"Why, ma'am, I—I—don't know about her. She's rather a suspicious-looking character—doesn't seem all right here," pointing to his head.

"Oh! never mind; she can't mean any harm. You can remain here with her."

The man departed, and returned, bringing with him a young woman. "Here she's, miss—very anxious to speak to you."

Kitty started as she looked at her visitor; and no wonder, for such a picture of misery was strange and startling in a drawing-room. Before our heroine stood a young girl, dripping-wet from exposure to the storm: her garments tattered, and loosely hanging upon a slender, delicate figure: her shoes—a very mockery of the name—glistening with water. A scanty shawl was drawn around her shoulders; and on her head, an old dashed and broken bonnet was tied with a faded ribbon, beneath which her long tresses had escaped, and hung in moist, dishevelled clusters on her neck. Her features were fair, and beautifully moulded; but the impress of sin and suffering—of strong drink and disease—was stamped upon them. A flush was on her face—not of ruddy health, but the painting of the destroying angel; and a wild light sparkled in her eye. She had suffered injury; for on her forehead was a still-bleeding wound, imparting a ghastly appearance to her countenance.

"Pray, girl, what do you wish with me?" inquired Kitty. "Speak. Never mind him," she added, perceiving her visitor looking at the servant.

"What I want to tell you had better be told in private, as it relates to yourself alone," replied the other. "Do not fear me; I mean you no harm—oh, no! If you doubt me, send for your father; but let this person go."

Kitty nodded to the servant, who left, and was succeeded by Mr. Johnston, who entered the room rather angrily, inquiring—"What do you want here at this hour, woman?—charity, I suppose. If so, you'd better call again to-morrow, at a proper hour."

"Charity!" echoed the girl, in a tone that caused the listeners to shudder. "Charity! No, sir—not the world's, now. I have had—had enough of it, God knows. May His prove of another sort than man's! I come to give—not to beg."

She murmured a few words half-audibly; then, turning to Kitty, said—"Maiden, you may think my appearance here to-night strange—my conduct still stranger; but listen to me a moment. If report be true, you are about to become a wife. Of your intended husband I would speak."

"Lacey Gregg!" exclaimed Kitty—"what have you got to say of him? Speak!—oh, speak! I implore you."

The girl bent her piercing eyes upon Kitty a moment: then continued—"I came here to save you to-night, if you will be saved, from a sad fate."

"What do you mean, woman?" entreated Mr. Johnston. "Explain yourself, or you must tramp out of this."

"I am used to such language, and to such treatment, sir; and I will not retaliate," replied she, meekly.

"Proceed, then, with what you have got to say. But mark me—if you are trumping up a tale to answer an end, I shall hand you over to the police. What do you know of Lacey Gregg?"

"A tale! Oh, God! would that it were!" replied the girl, clasping her hands. "No, no; 'tis real—true—too true. Look—look at these rags—at my marred face: hear my voice, harsh and hoarse. You see what I am—a thing of guilt and suffering. Is there any tale there? And who made me this?—Lacey Gregg—your future husband, ma'am."

Kitty screamed, and sunk on a seat. A fit of coughing seized the girl, who paused till it had passed. But it did not pass so easily; its violence almost exhausted her; and her features became flushed and distorted with pain. She held a rag of a white handkerchief to her mouth, and, with a strong effort, at length suppressed it. As she withdrew the handkerchief, Kitty shuddered to observe it tinged with blood. In a low, broken voice, she continued—

"Bear with me a few minutes, and I will tell you all. Like you, miss, two years since, I was happy—the loved child of my parents, and loving them in return. I never dreamed there was so much foul wrong and cruelty in the world as I now know there is. Then, people said I was good-looking. I believed it, for I had many suitors—some of them, no doubt, sincere in their attachment. But I was thoughtless; and, knowing my power, endeavoured to exercise it. I did so till Lacey Gregg happened to be in our village. He saw me—I him. I was introduced to him—loved him: eloped, on condition he would marry me. He carried me to London. I was made his wife. But it was all a lie—a trick—a cheat. The man who married us was no priest. There, there is the certificate he signed—a forgery!" and she flung on the table a scrap of soiled paper she drew from her bosom. "He caused me

to believe that his marriage, before he came of age, being known, would deprive him of his right to some property. As I loved him, I was willing it should be done privately—willing to keep it secret; and was deceived—betrayed. Thus, I lived for a year and a-half in the delusion, under a feigned name. At first, I saw him often—daily; but latterly, though he paid for my house, and gave me money, he seldom ever came. He found me in his way—getting troublesome; and, on the paltry subterfuge of ill-health of our child, he sent me away to another villain in Yorkshire—to be kept immured there, safe out of the way. Ah! I see the whole plot now. There I overheard, some two months since, the man and his wife, to whom I was entrusted, conversing about my husband. I listened: they spoke of myself—of him—of you. The truth flashed upon me, the horrible truth—I was no wife. It was all a delusion. I was betrayed, forsaken, soon to be neglected—cast off like a worthless garment. That night, I escaped—left my child behind me, and came to London. I could not live under the suspicion. I wandered through all this town in search of him who should have been my husband—whom I still hoped was. I could not find him. Three whole days I had tasted nothing. I had no money, no friends—knew no one within its bounds, save *him*. I was dying of hunger. Oh! may you never know, miss, what it is to starve, and be tempted! I sold myself to feed myself. I became what you see me—a thing of infamy and shame—loathing myself and the world that trampled on me.”

She became excited: her voice rose; while the blue veins started out in her forehead, and a wild light sparkled in her eye.

“I will not lead you through all that succeeded. I sank deeper and deeper in guilt. The past is but a hideous dream of daily drunkenness, and nightly sin—thought buried in gin—suffering and hunger dispelled by strong drink and madness. I never, all the while, saw him who should have been my husband—who had done me all the wrong; nor did I care to see him, till to-night I accidentally met him on the street. He did not see me. I dogged his steps thither. I heard two people saying, as he passed—‘That’s he who’s to marry Miss Johnston.’ I waited till he came out, through the storm and rain—watched him homewards. I had an object in view—not myself, that was past caring for—but my child. I wished to speak to him of it—of his own flesh and blood—entreat him to be a father to his child. As I followed him, I felt my love again reviving; but the thought of what I was, agonizingly crushed it. I waited till he was in a lonely part of a street, and then spoke to him. He recognised my voice—turned—and, with an oath, felled me to the earth. You see the mark on my brow. Stunned and stupefied, I lay upon the cold street a while, till roused up by some one shaking me. I staggered up to my feet. My consciousness returned—returned, but like the blighting, withering breath of desolation. Now the last feeble hope was gone—my cherished expectation of a father’s hand being outstretched to save my child, was blasted. I thought that yet I might do one service to another—to you, miss; and perhaps you may, in future years, keep an eye to my child. At least, I thought another being would not be plunged in the same misery that I had endured, without warning; and I have come hither to tell you of your danger.”

She paused. Her eyes were rolling wildly and fiercely, and her countenance flushed with the excitement. She turned to Mr. Johnston, and hysterically screamed—

"Sell your daughter now, sir, to a villain—sell her to misery, to ruin. You have heard my story. Would you have her life repeat it, at a future period, in your ears? Ha! ha! Let her wed Lacey Gregg, with the history of Mary Manners as a pleasant tale to sweeten her bridal. Ha! ha!"

Kitty gave one prolonged scream, and sank back in her seat insensible.

"My daughter! my daughter!" exclaimed her father, rushing forward. "Help here!"

There was a noise of footsteps hurrying to and fro, and a low tumult of voices on the stairs, and in the room. * * * Mary Manners was gone!

The wind moaned and whistled through the streets, sweeping round their corners, and into dark lanes and courts howling its bitter biting breath. From the masses of clouds that hurried along the starless sky, came the heavy rain, plunging upon the roofs of houses, and pouring and plashing down upon the pavements, where every gutter roared and rushed with the noise of water. The shops were closed—not all though; for the gin-palace, from its large windows, sent forth a glow of baleful light, at almost every crossing. Into it were huddled the houseless and homeless of London, brawling in drunken riot, or slumbering in stupified pain, poverty, and misery. On the streets were few passengers, save the drawling watchman, pacing his dreary round, and a chance child of sin, staggering past, to seek a lodging where she could. The bells and steeples chimed out the hour of twelve; and gradually the lights that burned in houses were withdrawn—the shutters placed upon the gin-palace windows, and their cargoes of customers driven forth amid the storm.

"It's a dreadful night to go home in," sighed Joe Simms, as he rose from his club, and buttoned his coat about him. "Thank goodness, I haven't far to go, though."

"Good night, Joe!"

"Good night!" echoed he.

He was in the street; but, comfortable within, he did not feel the cold without; and the rain was not likely to reach his skin, through his thick coat, for a good while at least. Jogging rapidly along, cheered with pleasant reflections, and beguiling the time with club reminiscences, he reached his own door. The key was in the latch, when he observed, crouching upon the steps, a woman, her head buried in her gown, rocking herself to and fro. Joe started.

"Hilloa! my good 'ooman, wot's the matter with you? Are you ill?" said he.

"Ill—yes, ill," replied she, bitterly.

"Go to the hospital, then—can't you?—and get cured. They'll take you in for nothing; or to the House o' Refuge—better still."

"Cured! There is no cure for a broken heart."

"Phoo! phoo! People never die, now-a-days, of a broken heart."

You'll die of cold there, much likelier. There's a shilling. Go and get a lodging somewhere."

Joe turned the key in the door, opened it, and went in—flinging his coin as he passed. It fell upon the female—rolled off—and tinkled on the pavement unheeded.

"No cure for a broken heart!" sadly echoed the girl, rising up, and pursuing her way through the storm. But the roar and rattle of the wind and rain, and falling slates and chimneys, were nothing to the tumult of her own thoughts. Heaven might pour down every drop of its waters upon her—they could never cleanse her; nor could its storms hurry with them, out of sight, the remembrance of the past. She heeded not, heard not, felt not, the roar of the elements, nor the wind and rain that fanned or moistened her cheek. There was a burning fever wildly throbbing in her veins, and there were strange phantom-like thoughts flitting through her mind. Shapeless, distorted figures, reeled and danced before her vision, gliding to and fro in her path. These fled; and a calm of portentous, boding intensity, succeeded—like a wild waste of darkness, enshrouding the mind, from which there was no relief, no hope. Thus came Despair—black, crushing, silent Despair. As she leant in agony against a wall, and clasping her hands together upon her face, as if to hide it from her vision, it murmured in her ear—"No cure for a broken heart!"

Onwards, still onwards, she pursues her way, amid the storm and rain: but a scene far different dwells in her mind. There is a cottage, with its ivy porch, standing in a quiet shady lane. Tall hedgerows stretch down on each side of the way, and a cluster of dark elms rear high their heads behind it. At the door, a group of children play—a merry, thoughtless group—led on by a little girl, the oldest of their number. Coming down the lane is a middle-aged man, whom the children see, and run to. He takes up the oldest, kisses her, and carries her home in his arms—so proud, so fond of his daughter!—Again, there is a maiden, in the bloom and innocence of approaching womanhood—the same whom the parent had fondled—strolling in that shady green lane, where the mallow, nightshade, and sweet-brier, diffuse their fragrance. But she wanders not alone. A youth is by her side—his arm encircling her waist, and his tongue pouring into her willing ear a whispered tale of love.—Again, busy thought places her within the cottage precincts. But how different the scene! She, who had

"Listen'd to love on the moonlit heather,"

kneels supplicating at the feet of a stern, angry parent. He spurns her from him, as something polluted and vile. A sorrowing mother intercedes; but he points to the door—bids her begone—and, tearing himself from her grasp, hurries out of sight. Where is she now? Hath he who wooed and won her heart's first love, and so wronged her trusting devotion—he who twined the wild convolvulus flowers into a wreath, and adorned her hair with them—who called her the loveliest of the group, his gentle Mary; nay, his wife: hath he now recognised her as such? Oh, no! Shame, despair, contumely her portion; "the harlot's fare her doom;" the winter wind, hunger, curses, and scorn, her patrons and

friends. "A mother, yet no wife." A woman unoffending, her love her sin; yet trampled on and forsaken. Where is the world's charity? where the balmy breath of tenderness? where, to her, the hope-imparting voice of love?—"Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way; sin no more." Oh! the agony of the thought that, in the wide world, there is no human pitying eye, no compassionating heart, for her sufferings and sin. Dark Despair reverberates again, huskily, in her ear—"No cure for a broken heart!"

Onwards, still onwards, through silent, dark lanes, streets, and squares, pursuing her way amid the storm and rain. No pleasant retrospect, no sunshine of the Past, to illumine her thoughts; no Future, dazzling with gilded hopes, to efface the anguish and darkness of the Present. Oblivion were a boon; madness—wild, raging madness—a blessing, if for ever could be buried the torture of her soul, anew recurring with tenfold crushing power. No high, holy, soothing thoughts, like angel-voices, now visit her, or whisper peace to the black surging ocean of her mind: nothing but grim, stony Despair, still tauntingly echoing—"No cure for a broken heart!"

Onwards, still onwards, wearily dragging along, amid the howling, whistling wind and rain—borne nigh down with fatigue, but no weariness of thought yet bringing relief. Hark! what rushing, roaring noise is that, almost beneath her feet, louder than the voices of the storm? She stands on London Bridge, through which the confined waters of old Thames are madly pouring over their barriers. Beneath, strike up into the dark sky, tall masts, and cross-stays of boats; amongst which, a little lower down, lights dance fitfully to and fro. She leans upon the parapet—tries to scan the black, plunging abyss beneath—and can trace the eddying streaks of foam stealing downwards on its bosom. Were its waters not like her own mind—ever restless, turbid, and dark? She thought—"Is there rest, peace, oblivion there?" There followed

"A moment's musing—but an age to tell."

She thrice moved hurriedly from the spot, but again returned. She clasped her hands, looked down again, and shuddered: then up to heaven; but all was dark and dense, save one lurid red spot, brooding there like guilt on a conscience. A voice—was it Despair now?—whispered slowly, each word seeming molten, into her soul—"There is a cure for a broken heart!"

A form fluttered on the parapet for a moment!—a shriek!—a plunge into the foaming waters!—the rush of a watchman to the bridge—the murmur of voices from the barges beneath—and all again was still! An eternal soul was freed from its "cloudy prison-house;" and the broad Thames carried down on its waters the now stainless body.

CHAPTER IX.—MIDNIGHT VISITORS—FRESH DANGERS.

SOMEBODY saith, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The same authority might have added—"And less still doth it care;" for, in this great arena in which we all struggle and fight, each individual unit is so much occupied, elbowing his way towards

some visionary post or goal, knocking aside other strugglers, or being knocked aside, and minding his own bruises, that the question seldom arises—How came this, my brother, here? what seeketh he? or how fareth he in his battle of existence? Nay, so predominant doth Self reign in heart and desire, that the very fact of there being a vast brotherhood, who toil and moil from day to day, is hardly recognised; and the ways and means of another portion, still farther down the hill, are never speculated about or supposed, save when seen in newspaper police-reports, or justiciary trials. These reports and trials, doubtless, bring some hard, stubborn truths, stalking into our drawing-rooms and state-chambers, regarding our omission of duty, and wilful neglect of the wants and woes of the human family; yet, how easily we wink at them, and bar the windows of conscience against the unwelcome light! Were we inclined to moralize here, what a field does not the subject present! and how strong the temptation to linger over it! Resisting all such inducement, we pass on, observing, what we mean to illustrate a little further on, that, for all our neglect, indifference, and callousness to the pressing wants, moral or physical, of the “unexcavated heathen” in our Seven Dials, St. Giles, or Saffron-Hills, and all other wynds, closes, and cellars, England pays a heavy penalty.

A month might have elapsed since the events recorded in last chapter had occurred, when, late one dark evening, there emerged from a house on Saffron-Hill, or rather from a cellar there, a party consisting of two men and a boy. The men belonged to that class popularly known as the “swell mob,” and professionally as anything or everything by times, as circumstances might advise. The boy, who crept along at their heels, was short and stunted in growth. He should have been a man, if reared on proper soil: he was more than one in the experience of wickedness and the world’s hard ways, as might well be augured from the cunning leer of his hollow eyes, and the lines of care, thought, and debauchery, already marring his countenance, visible as he passed beneath the glare of a street-lamp. The party struck through a series of back lanes and courts, leading apparently to nowhere except labyrinths of tall brick buildings, so densely crowded together, that it was matter of amazement how people got in and out to them. Through these, however, the trio threaded their way as easily and familiarly as if on an open plain, till they emerged into a more modern part of the town, where wide rows and crescents supplanted the courts and alleys. Standing a moment in the shadow of a half-formed house, the foremost inquired—

“Did ye fetch the glimmer, Duffy?”

The boy, to whom the inquiry was addressed, answered briefly in the affirmative; and, unbuttoning his coat, exhibited a small dark-lantern.

“Kindle it, then—vill ye?—behind them stones,” growled the other, pointing to a heap of mortar, bricks, and stones, lying convenient.

The boy crept down out of sight, to accomplish his task unseen by any passing watchman or wayfarer, while his two seniors indulged in a snatch of whispered dialogue. Then, so soon as their companion was ready, they started off anew, along the back of a fashionable row of houses, keeping stealthily in the shadow, and avoiding all lamps. Sad-

denly, the first made an abrupt pause, and, nudging the other, whispered—

"There's the spot. Let's mount this wall. The cellars are behind. Have you the paint, Jem?"

The other launched from a pocket a box of lamp-black or soot, with which they both quickly smeared their visages: then, springing up on the wall, not above four feet high, they descended, on the other side, into a small court, followed by Duffy. Each took off his shoes, and handed them to the boy, who tied them up, with his own, in a bundle.

"Vich is the vinder?" whispered one.

"This un, Tom, 'ere," replied the other, pointing to a small unshuttered window beneath a stair. "It leads through the pantry, and into the kitchen. Get in lively, at vonce: there ain't a mouse stirring." Then, advancing, he took a tool out of his pocket, and cut out a pane of glass, put in his hand, and loosened the bolt fastening it down inside. Slowly, and without the slightest noise, he raised it up, and held it till his companion and Duffy had crept through; then followed himself. A door opposed their progress. Duffy turned his lantern upon it: it was only fastened by a common latch; and through it they passed into the kitchen. Here all was still. The loud ticking of a clock in the corner, and the flickering of a fire, heaped over, and burning through the front of the grate, alone broke the silence of night. The red light of the fire gleamed and glanced off a heap of burnished tin-ware ranging round the walls, with a sort of bloody glare. A kitten was aroused from its dozing by the hearth: it uttered a loud "mew," rushed into a corner, and fastened its basilisk eyes upon them. They hesitated a moment: all was yet still. Then, advancing to an opposite door, they ascended a short flight of steps, and found themselves in the hall. Duffy again uncovered the lantern, and revealed the brass knobs and handles of two doors, and a stair leading to the upper storey. Both doors were opened, and the rooms glanced into. They entered one of them. Strangely the flickering ray of light caught the countenances of a row of oil-portraits of men of the last century, in wigs and frock-coats, hanging on the wall. How sternly their eyes looked down on the burglars! Duffy thought so; for he gave a shudder, and lowered the lantern. A sideboard was silently ransacked, and some silver spoons discovered, and pocketed. A small writing-desk lay upon a table—recently employed, apparently. It was opened, and investigated; but nothing worth carrying off found.

"A ticker, by jingo!" hastily murmured Jem, snatching from the mantle-piece a gold watch and appendages; while a grim smile irradiated his visage.

The others were attempting the lock of a press or closet door. After a little, it yielded; and the lantern revealed a quantity of crystal, china, and some silver plate, on the shelves. The last article was stowed into the capacious pockets of Duffy. The press cleaned of its valuables, another examination was made of the room; but it yielded nothing more. Proceeding to the next room, apparently the library, a large desk was forced open, and some money found; and in another press, more plate. Leaving this room, they entered the hall again: stood, and listened a

moment; all was quiet: then crept up-stairs. Jem approached the first door, and listened: the sound of some one breathing in slumber, checked him: he made a rapid gesticulation to his fellows, and passed on. The same result attended the next door, and the next—all bedrooms, and occupied. Raising the lantern, it revealed a corridor, with other doors in it. These were then attempted. Most of them stood partially open; and into each room did the burglars pass and return from, with more or less success. Presses, drawers, escrutoires, and cabinets, were ransacked, their contents strewn on the floor, and everything available seized. Last, they entered a small room, where, round the walls, were hanging a number of gowns, shawls, and other articles of female dress. A large wardrobe stood in a recess in one end, the locks of which were speedily picked, and the drawers pulled out. Nothing but female dresses appeared in them. These they turned over several times, with a murmur of disappointment; when Duffy opened another small drawer, and, taking from it a casket, exhibited a quantity of jewels, that glittered in the light, and some letters, lying carefully tied with a silk thread, beside them. These last Jem held to the light, and looked to the covers. They were addressed to "Miss Johnston." Throwing them back, he was about to turn away, when the lantern began to threaten to expire—burning feebly and hesitatingly. Duffy opened it, and, picking up the wick, dressed it anew. In doing so, part of the burning ashes fell into one of the drawers, amongst some cotton gowns. Tom noticed it—stooped quickly, about to extinguish the spark—hesitated—pointed it out, singeing away, to the others. A sudden thought seemed to strike them: they nodded quietly, and looked for a moment longer. A small red spot was rapidly spreading, and smoking up. A minute more—its circles increased, and deepened in colour. A faint smell arose in the room. Taking one other glance, they left the place—slipped cat-like down-stairs—through the hall, kitchen, and larder—and retreated out again at the window, closed it after them, and, replacing the pane of glass which had been cut out, with a little fresh putty, they leapt the wall, and rapidly hurried out of sight.

In one of the bedrooms, passed over by the burglars in their research, slept a young maiden of scarce twenty summers, unconscious of all danger. A smile of innocence and peace irradiated her lovely features, upturned to heaven in helplessness, betokening pleasant, welcome dreams. One little hand peeped out from beneath the coverlet, and rested on her bosom. Her dark hair, neatly braided upon her pale forehead, straggled upon the pillow: one lock curled wilfully across her cheek. Her red lips were slightly parted: through them, she breathed soft and low. She wanted but a glory round her head, to have formed the realization of one of Rembrandt or Murillo's saints, looking, as she did there, more like one of these than a child of earth. But why start, sigh, and turn? and what means that sickening, hot, sulphury odour, filling the room? The young girl opened her eyes a moment: glanced around—all was dark: closed them again, and sank back into slumber. The heat increases: the smell is growing stronger—both becoming insupportable; and a faint, crisp, crackling noise, approaches. She started again hurriedly up—sat a moment, her heart beating wildly, and strange fear possessing her.

That heat, that suffocating atmosphere, and the crackling noise, what were they?—truth or a dream? No! no!—no dream. See! see!—a forked light darts through the wall—licks slowly up across the ceiling—glares redly through the room. The crackling noise is loud—strong; and a gush of dense smoke comes in. A loud scream echoes from another room! There is the noise of feet running through the house! Paralysed with horror, she gave one shriek, and leapt from bed. New tongues of flame penetrate the walls—more smoke rolls in. Kitty Johnston rushes to the door. Confused, she cannot find it—stumbles, and falls upon the floor. Many sounds are in the house; and from the street, the voices of a crowd shout, “Fire! fire!”

NIGHT.

“Most glorious Night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delights.”

BYRON.

THE glory of planets has sunk on the steep,
And left the clear sky to the starlight; and sleep
Draws its curtain of darkness o’er heavy eyes;
And, in dreams of the night, the toas’d spirit flies
To scenes more enchanting and pleasing by far
Than ever are seen ’mid the din and the jar
Of life’s busy bustle;—and the diadem’d king
Gives away to the vassal the sceptre and ring,
And, forgetful of pageant and knee-bending court,
In his visions, conjoins with the commonest sort;—
And the slave bursts his chains, a sceptre to wield;
Or, borne through thick ranks, arm’d with helmet and shield,
Gives the word of behest to hosts of the free,
Whilst, dismayed, in their terror, his enemies flee;—
Or, if it be true, as some hoar legends tell,
There be faith in a charm, or power in a spell,
From their coverts and caves, dread spirits come forth,
To their revels on earth, or on lights of the north
Ride in brilliant trappings, the omens of death;
Or, moving in darkness, they shriek on the heath.
O, great are the changes that Night doth bring!
No beast is abroad; no bird is on wing,
Save the dark boding raven, that shuns the clear sky;
And the rav’ning brutes that from sunlight do fly
To the gloom of rank thickets and caverns, so drear
That nothing of peace can approach to them near.
Yet Night hath its charms, when the moonlight bright
Sheds a soft’ning glory o’er valley and height,
And Luna looks forth like a silver ball
Hung high ’mid the sheen of a lamp-lit hall:
’Tis then that the lover pledges his vow,
And seals’t with a kiss on his mistress’s brow;

And the joy that now through their souls doth flow
Is by far too bright for this world below;
And in fancy they roam from Earth to Heaven,
And sigh for its bliss-expectant given.

And, oh! it is bright,
By the pale moonlight,
To walk by the murmuring stream,
As it rolls o'er its bed,
That with pebbles is spread,

And its wavelet is pierced by the beam:
'Tis then that the spirit bounds forth on the wings
Of Fancy or Faith, and the Memory flings
Our thoughts o'er the past, to those scenes of joy
That have fled—have fled like the glittering toy
That floats on the air—a vapoury bell,
All radiant with tints of the rainbow's smile;
But 'tis crushed by a breath, and its beauteous form
Is lost like a dew-drop that's brush'd by the storm.

O! Memory's page seems a paradise fair,
If virtuous actions are treasured up there;
And yet there's a pang when we look on the past,
And find that our hopes were too transient to last.
O yes! there is pain with our happiness shed,
And the soul feels its smart when our joy has fled.
'Tis in seasons of Night, in its hallowing hour,
Thoughts rise on the mind like dread spirits of power;
And, as by deep spells, all our feelings controul,
Till dazling visions burst forth on the soul.
Ev'n now, as we gaze on yon starlit sky,
Each thrilling emotion is lifted on high.

Are those twinkling orbs but the lamps of Night?
(The glow-worm's gleam, it doth glimmer as bright :)
Or is every star a heaven-poised world,
From the hand of Omnipotence fearfully whirled?
Is it true they are peopled with beings like earth?
Are they purer and wiser—of happier birth?
Do they look on our planet, a flickering star
Placed high in their heavens, both dimly and far?
Do thoughts that are kindred to those in my soul
Arise in some muser, who careless doth stroll
'Neath the starlit sky of some kindlier world,
And now gazes on ours? Hath Science unfurled
Its omniscient stores to his gifted mind?
Doth he feel that this star is a world assigned
To tribes that have feelings, and knowledge, and hopes
That pierce the dark future, and pleasantly opes
The pathways of joy, until there are given
Those gleams of promise that reach unto heaven,
If such there be on yon stellar balls
That shine like gems in their ocean halls.

O then, if some sprite,
On the wings of Night,
Could traverse that trackless sky—
O how pleasant to know
The emotions that flow

Through the souls of the beings on high!
And 'tis in Night's silence that wisdom's bright page
Reveals all its charms to the deep-musing sage,

And visions of glory burst on the view
Of the Sons of Song—the elected few
To whom there are tongues like the angels' given,
Whose music on earth is the language of heaven.

O! if there are times when the sons of earth's clod
Feel more deeply than others the awe of their God,
'Tis when Nature is hush'd in its stilly sleep,
And the dews of the Night their bright drops weep,
And the murmurs of rills on the lone ear fall,
And the insects of Night to each other call
In soft clear chirrup, and woodlands rustle
With the zephyr's breath in lone soft bustle,
And the stars of heaven look brightly through
The fleeca-formed clouds, and a sombre hue
Is hung on the air—even such as falls
In those temples of God whose time-honoured walls
Are gray with the years that o'er them have flown,
Ordn'd to God's service—his truth to make known.

Or, when changed the scene, the sky grows black,
And meteors blaze on their vapoury track,
And the clouds are rent, and the lightnings flash,
And the thunders burst with hideous crash;
Even then there is joy in the tempest's roar,
And emotions are felt unfelt before.
From cloud to cloud, as swift lightnings spring,
Like creatures of light upon sportive wing—
As meteors rush from heaven to earth,
Like heralds portending a new world's birth—
As the thunder's roar the firm earth shakes,
Like that Voice which raised, each mountain quakes—
As the tempest's roar through the dark gloom rushes,
Like the deed of a villain when reft of blushes.
In every form that the Night appears,
Through the changing seasons of changing years—

At the midnight hour,

There is felt a power

The radiance of noonday never can give,

While the soul sublime

Leaves Earth and Time,

And feels that 'tis destined for ever to live.

O why should Night e'er appear like the gloom,
The loathness, the death that pervades the tomb?
Why phantoms walk in each hideous form
That hell can divulge? why, 'mid the storm,
Should demons howl on Fancy's ear?
Oh! is it alone a nursery fear?
No! 'tis the dark mind of drivelling man,
Whose vision, abridged to the shortest span,
Views the darkness of Night through a darken'd mind
And the horrors of conscience, arrayed, combined,
Paint every object in darkest hue,
And demons and goblins appear to his view;
And he shakes in each joint, and each quivering limb
Is a proof that some demon appears unto him.
But, oh! it is fancy, distempered and wild—
The offspring of Guilt—Impurity's child:
'Tis Ignorance stamped with Impiety's seal—
Superstition triumphant o'er mankind's weal.

Such are visions, indeed; but alone in the mind
Where light has been quenched, or else never has shined.

So in putrid swamps, where no beauty springs,
But rots into life, forming hideous things—
The lizard and toad, and the reptile creeping,
That loathed are by all—where damps are sleeping,
That never are roused by the zephyr's breath,
Seeming regions of life 'mid the kingdom of death—
Where insects swarm in their own dull air—
The beetle and bat, and the stinging fly there,
In their pest-land revel,—the traveller sees,
Like a welcome light from a cottage of peace,
A glimmering taper that streams on the air,
That invites to repose and a shelter there;
But woe to the wight whom that taper should guide!
No kin shall him welcome—no sweet friend provide
Him the pleasures of home. 'Tis the putrid lamp
That lives on corruption—the steams of the swamp:
'Tis a light that leads to destruction, to death,
That springs from Impurity's poisonous breath.
So the visions that rise on the darkened soul,
Like those mist-formed meteors corrupt and foul,
The root whence they spring—the loathsome root—
Can never yield sweet, but bitter fruit.

Yet visions by Night

Have burst on the sight

Of the sons of old Morven's dales,

When their fathers' ghosts

Appeared to their hosts,

Giving courage and joy to their souls.

The old Celtic heart, it never did dread
The spiritual forms of their fathers dead;
But faith and hope on their souls gleamed bright,
When they viewed sublime, on their clouds by night,
The peace-speaking ghosts of their fathers slain,
Looking forth, as in darkness they mused on the plain,
And thought on the days when their spiritual flight
Should be on the clouds of their hills by night—
When, in halls of joy, for ever should ring
The harps of the bards, as in raptures they sing
The deeds of the hero, the generous, the brave;
While shadowy plains with deep forests do wave,
Where the chase, with its wild stirring pleasures, revive;
And the dogs that them followed on earth, now alive,
Pursue the fleet deer, and the fierce shaggy boar;
And their joys and delights there do last evermore.
Such thoughts nerved their heroes to deeds of renown,
And they dared the wild foe, and the tyrant's dark frown.
These were soul-stirring visions, by religion revealed
In a barbarous age,—where, though truth was concealed
As it shines now on mind, still served to lead
Rude barbarians to acts that almost may plead
A less severe judgment from man than the doom
The zealot e'er finds with the visage of gloom,
When he sinks to perdition each one who denies
To say what his heart thinks a refuge of lies.

O surely that man is more ripen'd for woe,
Who, with sacred breathings, his words mingling so,

That he talks of salvation, of mercy, and faith,
 And rebukes every one with "The Scriptures thus saith;"
 But yet whose dark soul, though whitewashed in light,
 Beneath is the gloom and the darkness of Night,
 Without its bright sky, or one trace of its God;
 Whose faith's on the lip—his heart the abode
 Of nothing but self—self his idol, his God:
 Ev'n heaven is formed on his selfish plan:
 No benevolence glows in his heart towards man:
 His "Do unto others—do not unto me:"
 His faith and his actions do seldom agree:
 With distrust in his eye, and despite in his heart,
 His vainglorious show is a hypocrite's part:
 His sincerity glows when he worships his gold—
 Inferno's worst deity, Mammon of old:
 All other devotions he mumbles in cant,
 While men are deceived by his spiritual rant.
 A Christian, forsooth! When the wind bloweth fair,
 On life's ocean he sails so tranquilly there:
 Men deem him a saint, strictly honest and true:
 His downcast-eye-manner appears, to their view,
 Sure proof of his meekness.—In the hour of life's gloom,
 Mark how self is preserved at his honesty's tomb!

A curse shall alight,
 With its withering blight,
 On the wretch's cold flint-stone heart:
 Ev'n Night, in its gloom,
 Scarcely shadows the doom
 That shall o'er his soul its dark shadows impart.

O grant, ye blest powers that do rule o'er the soul!
 Pure modelling all thoughts unto virtue's control—
 Be ye Reason or Poesy—under what name
 Mankind unto virtue are won, 'tis the same
 Bright influence vast that ruleth all heaven,
 And floats o'er man's soul like stray music, when driven
 By gusts upon scenes of wild riot and crime,
 Entrancing the souls of the bad for the time;
 And they kneel to its power, and their souls do own
 The idea of Beauty innate, though o'ergrown
 With weeds of rank growth, that oft choketh Truth's seed.
 Idea of Truth,* let thy influence lead
 From vice by man sanctioned, to virtue's blest vision,
 And shed upon earth the pure ray of high heaven:
 Then mark the great soul, when his all has been driven
 O'er Ruin's dark chasms; yet his face, unabashed,
 Looks forth on the world, though his fortune be dashed
 On the quicksands of poverty—for honour preserved
 Sustains the man's soul: while the wretch who has swerved
 From the dictates of honour, of reason, of God,
 That each low device may lead to the road
 Of profit and gain, may look grim as if sainted,
 And the heart be as foul as demons are tainted.

* "For Truth and Good are one;
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
 With like participation."

Expedience and circumstance never can plead
 That motives dishonest should satisfy greed.
 And what is dishonesty? Breaking men's laws?
 Eluding them, rather, by quirks and by flaws.
 The noblest work Omnipotence owns
 Is the great honest heart. Straightforward it runs
 A course that is brilliant by simplest rules.
 All those who avoid it must write themselves fools.
 Their pole-star is Truth—'tis their law: in each thought
 And action 'tis Truth: all their feelings are fraught
 With sincerity's glow, as it streams from above,
 Descending from heaven, the birthplace of love.
 On such, the Night,
 In its noiseless flight,
 Pours joy through bright Memory's beams;
 And Fancy's ray,
 More bright than day,
 Futurity gilds with Hope's glorious dreams.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED;

OR,

THE GLASGOW MERCHANT.

By G. J. R.

THE more the earlier stage of life is clouded by adversity, and conquered by perseverance, so is the sunset of our pilgrimage here enjoyed with a greater share of happiness, peace, and contentment. Such were the sentiments of an elderly gentleman, whom I have known for many years, and whose wrinkled cheeks, and hoary head, speak that he had tasted the bitterness of the first; but whose benevolent countenance, and open heart, also showed that he in an abundant degree enjoyed the blessings of the latter. His early life had been one of much privation; but his indomitable perseverance surmounted all difficulties; and now, since he has passed the rubicon of youthful manhood, he has for many years basked in the sunshine of prosperity.

In uttering the sentiments before expressed, he had just concluded giving me a narrative of his early life—one which showed, indeed, in an eminent degree, what can be attained by undaunted and honest perseverance, and strict integrity.

Frank Murray (for such must we call him) was born sometime about the year 1790. His birth was poor in rank, but rich in virtue. His father was an humble farmer, who was greatly distinguished among his neighbours by the strict and upright integrity of his conduct. He did not, however, possess much portion of that perseverance which has so much distinguished his son: but his wife did; and it is to her that we

must date that noble virtue which became such a prominent feature in the character of the hero of our tale. She was desirous that her two sons (for she had only two) should get all the education their native place could afford; and the consequence was, that, at a very early age, they were sent to the parish school in the village of Frew, in which their little cottage was situated. It was only in the winter-time, however, that they could regularly attend; for, young as they were, both of them, assisted by a dog, were able to herd the cows, and a few sheep, from which the principal source of their little income was derived.

In this kind of life, both were brought hardily up, but more particularly Frank, who, being the elder, and therefore most serviceable to his parents, had always plenty of work to perform, in cleaning the out-houses, &c.

Much did his mother grieve, however, to think he should be nothing else but a ploughman all his life, and that the "lear" she had striven night and day to give him, should be thrown to the wind; and she secretly determined that it should not be so, if she could prevent it. Though Frank worked most willingly to aid her in such a laudable purpose, yet she was much chagrined to find that his father took no further interest in her great object, than giving it his good wishes; and, indeed, to judge from his apathy, one would be induced to think that he would rather have seen his eldest son follow his own humble and laborious occupation, than that he should, by leaving him, put himself in the way of obtaining a comfortable independence at a future period of his life, both for himself and for the other members of his family.

His mother, however, redoubled her exertions—exertions only such as a mother can perform; and when the winter season again came round, in addition to sending him to the school throughout the day, she also sent him to the night-class during the evening.

Frank was quite aware of his mother's noble exertions; and well he seconded them. He distanced all competitors. Every difficulty he met, he grappled with, and overcame; and hence it became a proverb among his school-fellows, "As good a counter, or as good a reader, as Frank Murray."

When about thirteen years of age, Frank was a good and fluent reader—had gone as far as the rule-of-three in arithmetic, and was, for his age and opportunities, not absolutely a bad writer. Yet this last and most useful qualification, Frank never enjoyed—in fact, he had no taste for it.

Satisfied with her son's progress at school, Mrs. Murray was now most anxious to get him into some situation; and, for that purpose, bespoke the interest of the minister of her parish. He was a man who took a lively interest in everything connected with the well-being of this industrious family; and it was therefore with much pleasure that he informed her that he knew one of his friends, a draper in a county town about thirty miles distant, was in want of an apprentice, and that he would most willingly use his interest to get the situation for her son.

In a few days, a favourable answer was returned from Mr. Drummond, the draper before-mentioned, who requested that Frank and his father should come and settle the articles of agreement. This, Mr.

Murray strenuously objected to; and at last Frank and his mother went by themselves. But when they arrived, they found that the formal consent and signature of Mr. Murray to the document was necessary, to render it binding upon all parties.

The particulars of the engagement were, however, arranged to her satisfaction. Frank was to be apprenticed for five years—three of which were for bed and board, and the remaining two with £10 and £15 per annum additional. Elated with his future prospects, Frank returned home rejoicing, to solicit his father's consent, and to get his signature appended to the document; but he found this a matter of greater difficulty than he anticipated. Though not decidedly objecting to the arrangement that had been made, yet it cost him a bitter struggle to append his signature to an engagement which would deprive him of the society of his son for many years, as well as his valuable services for the same remote period. At length, however, through the judicious interference of Mrs. Murray, the articles of agreement were signed and sealed, and a day appointed for Frank to repair to his new home.

The night previous to his leaving his father's house for the first time was Sunday; and, according to custom, as the clock struck eight, the "big ha' Bible" was duly laid upon the little round oaken table, for the purpose of evening worship. A paraphrase was sung; the oft-thumbed Book was opened, and a favourite chapter read; and with deep reverence they bent the knee to Him who was looking from on high: and as the worthy farmer and his family poured forth their united thanks and supplications before the throne of grace, and entreated, in forcible and energetic language, the blessing of the Almighty upon him who was about to enter upon the threshold of a sinful world, their deep sighs, and the tears which suffused their cheeks, showed how deeply their feelings were interested in the petition.

At length the service was concluded; and before proceeding to his humble cot, Frank knelt to receive his father's blessing. "Even as Isaac blessed his son Jacob, so bless I thee, my son," was the fervent ejaculation of the pious father; and as he rose, his mother also enclosed him in a truly maternal embrace. Copious was the shower of tears which dropped upon his head: and, truly, it has turned out a most precious anointment; for the affectionate scene has never been, nor ever will be, effaced from his memory. Many were the admonitions his mother gave him, many the promises given; and nobly have they been fulfilled. Alike, in the depths of adversity, and the heights of prosperity, have they been his guide and monitor; and even now that grey hairs are thickly sprinkled over his aged head, he ponders with love, and speaks with gratitude, of the earnest advice and benediction which he then received. To the deep impression which this eventful scene made upon his mind, he attributes his success through life; for it was to him as a polar star, guiding him through all difficulties, and inciting in him motives for perseverance.

In his new situation, Frank, in a very few years, made himself master of his business—at least, as far as the county town in which he resided would admit. With Mr. Drummond, Frank was a great favourite; and his obliging demeanour, and mild deportment, made him no less a

favourite with Mr. Drummond's only daughter, a young lady about his own age.

At the expiry of his apprenticeship, Frank, by the advice of his employer, and his own inclination to acquire a more extensive knowledge of his business, determined to proceed to Edinburgh or Glasgow for that purpose. In the latter city, he succeeded in getting a situation as junior salesman in a draper's shop in that part of the town where London Street now stands, and which, at the period referred to, was the grand focus of the trade of Glasgow. His salary was only £25 a-year; but he had determined that, even out of this small sum, a portion should be set apart for the grand object he now had in view—that of getting into business for himself. In this situation he remained little more than a twelvemonth, as he felt far from being comfortable in it; and it was therefore with great pleasure, that, about this time, he accepted a similar situation, in a better and more flourishing business, and with a higher salary.

Long before this period, his younger brother had also contrived to embark in the same profession; and his indenture having been fulfilled, he contrived, through Frank's influence with his employer, that they should both be together.

Forty years ago, Glasgow had little pretensions to the magnificence and wealth which she now possesses. She had no Royal Exchange in those days—no Buchanan Street, with its gorgeous shops—no "West End," with its splendid palaces; but the dingy hovels of High Street and the Gallowgate. Her trade was a monopoly in the hands of a few; and these were the burghesses of the town. Their privileges were great and numerous; and they ruled with a rod of iron. Their exactions were extortionate; and yet none had the power to withstand them, though often attempted. But amidst all these difficulties, which would appear insurmountable to many, Frank determined to begin the world for himself. He took a small shop in the Saltmarket, with a room behind, where he lived, with his brother for his companion. They made their own bed, they cooked their own victuals, they brushed their own shoes before they opened their shop in the morning; yet, amidst all this multiplicity of duty, they found time to follow their father's example—to bend the knee to their great Creator.

No luxury found its way into their abode. Their food was of the most humble nature. Butcher-meat they tasted not for a twelvemonth. Frugality could not be more rigidly exercised. And it was necessary. He could buy his goods as cheap as his opponents; but he could not sell them so cheap, unless he lived more frugally, and was more attentive to his business. He opened his shop an hour earlier than any in the same line of business; and the consequence was, that he gradually drew together a number of customers, whom his urbanity of manner, and obliging deportment, firmly and permanently secured. In spite of the great opposition he encountered, his business began to thrive so well, that he was obliged to remove to larger premises in the vicinity. He adopted for his motto, "Large sales, and small profits." He relaxed not one tithe of his frugality; and, by his noble self-denial, he was enabled, in less than ten years, to offer a peaceful shelter, and comfortable home, for the declining years of his venerable parents.

Kind reader, I need not go further with the life of Frank Murray. He is yet alive—the head of the largest and wealthiest firm in Glasgow—has held the highest dignity in the magisterial office; and, for the information of readers among the fair sex, I shall also tell you, that he married the lovely heiress of Mr. Drummond, his old master.

If, dear reader, you are of the young and gentler sex, let me give you a word of advice. Do not frown upon the honest endeavours of some one very dear to you, who wishes, by perseverance, to make you as happy, some future day, as Frank Murray made Eliza Drummond. Instead of doing so, receive him with your wonted smiles—encourage him by the interest you take in his exertions; and, depend upon it, he will think it the greatest reward, next to yourself; and you will at same time be laying up increased stores of happiness for yourselves for the future.—To the young and sanguine readers of the masculine sex, I have also a few words of advice. Never be daunted by any difficulties you meet, in whatever trade or profession you may choose. Learn from Frank Murray to put your shoulder to the wheel; and also inculcate into your mind the good old proverb, that “wherever there is a will, there is also a way;” and may your sunset of life have the same calm and peaceful serenity as that of the Glasgow Merchant!

THE BIRTH OF KING BLEARIE.*

BY SHOLTO MACDUFF.

“Where will ye hunt, Dame Margery, that sall be Scotland’s queen?
O! will ye to the Weitland’s Moss, or Paisley’s bonnie green?
Or through the Prior’s guidly park, pursue the fallow deer?
Or course or hawk beyont the Knock? my dame withouten peer!”

The daughter of the Royal Bruce, a lovely dame was she,
Well wedded to the Seneschal of Scotland, brave and free;
And thus bespake her own liege lord, who loved her as his life,
Nor ever dreamt, in deed or word, to thwart his royal wife.

“Now, Grey Saint Connel be our guide!” so swore the gentle Dame,
The while her lovely cheek grew red, and bright eye drooped for shame:
“Dear Walter Steward! ye lightly reck of my poor babe unborn,
When thus ye tempt me forth to sport, with hawk, or hound, or horn.”

The daughter of the Royal Bruce, a noble dame was she;
And well she loved, o’er hill and dale, in sportive mood to flee;
And dearer still her tercel hawk to slip at quarry fair,
For not more buoyant seemed the bird than she on palfrey rare.

“No, neither at the Weitland’s Moss, nor at the Paisley green,
Nor in the Prior’s Park, dear heart, can I atweel be seen!
But, an’ I might, a gentle flight of this my tercel gay
I fain wad try ayont the Knock, this lovely summer day.”

* Founded on the popular Renfrewshire tradition, that, at the place called the Knock, King Robert II., long the steward, and ultimately the king of Scotland, was, by means of the cesarean operation, cut from the side of his dying mother.—S. M'D.

The daughter of the Royal Bruce of all the land had place,
For nane might on before her step, or pass her in the chase;
And when her palfrey scoured the links, far fleetier than the wind,
Her train, squire, page, and bour-maiden, were ever left behind.

"Saddle me the sorrel blood, from Araby the blest,
And not the ambling dapple grey, that loves so well to rest;
For much I trow, dear Walter Steward, I scarce again can ride,
For this sweet burden that I bear, till after Beltane tide."

The daughter of the Royal Bruce, she little recked how true
Should prove her words, as merrily along the links she flew:
The sun shone high, the birds sang sweet from every bush and brake;
And jinglings soft, from silver bells, the hooded kestrels shake!

"So ho! boy ho! a quarry, ho!" "Now, Falc'ner, 'ware thy lure."
"My tercel's flown to strike it down—her stoop is ever sure!
See how she circles high in air!" Now hawk, now quarry soar!
A wild plunge gave the sorrel mare—Dame Margey spake no more!

The daughter of the Royal Bruce lay bleeding on the earth,
And there a *simple* man* stood by, and gave King Blearie birth;
For from the dying lady's side his wood-knife cut the child;
And, though the weapon grazed its eye, the little creature smiled.

"Wo worth me now!" quoth Scotland's Steward, "my noble dame is
dead:

Her corse shall rest at Paisley's shrine, an' mony a mass be said;
And here I vow, thou tender pledge, wer't not to nourish thee,
That Walter Steward would gladly lay him down with her, an' dee!

The daughter of the Royal Bruce rests in a gorgeous tomb,
'Mid Paisley's old grey gothic walls, in deep sepulchral gloom:
Few years between, and Scotland's Steward fell nobly too in fight—
The founder of a kingly race—contending for the right.

DUNEDIN, June, 1847.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

AMONG the satires of the last two centuries, the "Essay on Man" holds pre-eminent rank. In the words of Lord Bacon, the treatise may be said "to come home to men's business and bosoms." Never, for one moment, do we see sense sacrificed to sound: all rolls on in one grand torrent of manly writing. Well might Bolingbroke be proud to have such a masterpiece dedicated to him, amidst the glories of his once-brilliant but melancholy career: it was not the least gratifying triumph, that the greatest of modern poets in the walk of satire should lay his laurels and well-earned bays humbly at the feet of Henry St. John. A fine judge of human nature, possessing the master-key to unlock the secret springs of human action and passion—not without a keen perception, and a

* The imputed (but erroneous) origin of the Lords Semple.—S. M'D.

grasping power of mind, that could be brought to bear upon almost any subject, treating with infinite, and not tacit contempt, the would-be poets of his time; yet cherishing the highest regard for sterling talent, and modest worth. Such are the characteristic features of Pope. The nervous conciseness of style in which he has embodied volumes of splendid thought, contrasts forcibly with the diffuse luxuriance in which many of his contemporaries indulged: indeed, the difference between Pope's style and that of other poets is sufficiently manifest in the mode these two great rivals have respectively executed the ode on St. Cecilia's Day. The world of letters with unparalled astonishment the genius of two masters in the art of poesy eliciting from the self-same lyre, and to the self-same tune, strains as varied as they are seraphic. Neither the melody of the one, nor the grandeur of the other, possesses aught in common. Where do we see so much genuine philosophy blended with such humour? where are the extravagances of stolid fashion, and the madness of man's conceit, so thoroughly lashed? by what other human admonition are we so forcibly reminded of the winged flight of time, and the awful nature of perpetual duration? or where do we learn to submit with such content to the decrees of Providence, and the subordination of rank? If, then, all this be accomplished, what an extent of good is effected! If satire avails, not merely to sting, but likewise to reform—not to point out the wound, without also establishing a remedy—surely it is a beneficent as well as ingenious work; and what nobler end can any species of writing propose to itself, than, next to the *informing*, the *benefiting* of society? If the learned men of pagan antiquity always kept this doctrine in view, how shall the authors of modern times, enjoying the purer atmosphere of liberty, and the privileges of a nobler religion, exculpate themselves for many of their productions? It cannot fail to strike a reflecting mind with wonder, that philosophy formed one of the main topics of ancient writing; next to this, the comprehensive theme of morals, &c.; whilst not a few engaged in the arduous but exalted task of demonstrating the spirit of the laws. Thus the greater part of their literature espoused the cause of advancing the interests, and improving the mind, of the community. True, a Menander and an Aristophanes lived to keep the people in good humour; an Æschylus and a Sophocles wrote, the one to present images of gigantic grandeur, the other to refine the taste for poetry: but these were in a minority—the *Menanders* and the *Terences* did not constitute the great bulk of literary men. Yet how degraded seems our modern taste, when compared with these honest, simple heathens! The Douglas Jerrolds are now in the majority; not that we would depreciate the talents of that man, but we cannot help regretting that he has so many revolving satellites. But to come to the point wherefore we made this long digression. The *Essay on Man*, in our opinion, bears the impress of such solid worth as constituted the main attraction of the old masters of literature. It is in a classic mould, wrought by a classic chisel. It is hewn, indeed, now and then, somewhat roughly; but ever surely and sharply. If it stay not always to hide a slight appearance of unevenness, it is because it may not dwell upon *minutiae*, in its search for the *essential*. We think Juvenal has nothing truer or more humor-

ous; Persius, nothing more poetic or elegant. For the edification of the reader, we select the following striking lines:—

“Shall burning *Ætna*, if a *sage* requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless *Bethel*! to relieve *thy* breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if *you* go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres*’ head reserve the hanging wall?”

(*Essay on Man*, iv. 123—130.)

ADOLPH.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF DUMBARTON.*

THIS is the production of an industrious tradesman, now in the wane of life, who, as he states in his preface, “during his hours of relaxation, for the last twenty years, has taken great mental delight in perusing old works and ancient documents, for the purpose of culling and collecting some scattered fragments of the history of his native place. These *memoranda* were delivered as lectures during last winter, to the members of the Mechanics’ Institution of Dumbarton, and the essence of these now forms the present volume.” Such is the modest history of the rise and progress of this present History of the Town and Castle of Dumbarton. It is a difficult matter to write a local history of even more celebrated places than Dumbarton, because the writer has to blend the topics which form his subject into the general history, that a uniform and continuous story may be produced. We are not disposed to debate with the author on his views, social and political; but we will say that he oftentimes rather inopportunately introduces them in his pages.

We present our readers with the following rare *morceau*, which must have been very encouraging for the ladies. In the year 1288, it seems the following act of the Scottish Parliament was passed:—

“It is statute and ordainit that during the reime of her maist blessed Majistie (the Maiden of Norway), ilk maiden ladye, of baith highe and low estaite, sall have libertye to bespeacke ye man she lykes best; albeit gif he refuses to tak her till be his wife, he sall be mulcht in the sume of ane hundredth pundis, or less, as his estaite maie be; except and always gif he can mak it appeir that he is betrothet to ane other woman, that then he sall be free.”

What do the ladies say to a re-enactment of this anti-Malthusian law, now that we have got a queen to rule and reign over us?

We have seen the following deed noticed before, and, if our memory does not deceive us, in more quaint and homely language; but we give it as we find it here:—

*“History of the Town and Castle of Dumbarton, from the earliest period to the present time. By John Glen.” Dumbarton: E. D. Ogilvie. Paisley: Robert Stewart.

"I, Malcom Kanmore, the king, the first year of my reign (1057), give to thee, Barron Hunter, the upper and nether lands of Powmode, and all the bounds within the flood, with the Hoof and the Hooftown, and all the other bounds up and down, above the earth to heaven, and all below the earth to hell, as free to thee and thine, as ever God gave to me and mine; and that for a bow and a broad arrow when I come to hunt upon Yarrow. And for the mair faith of this, I bite this white wax with my ain teeth, before Margaret my wife, and Mall my nurse.

Sic subscrib. MALCOM KANMORE, King.
MARGARET, Witness.
MALL, Witness."

The Rebellion of 1715 threw Dumbarton, of course, as it did the rest of the country, into consternation and confusion: but it had an enemy to deal with of no ordinary character, whose name is now familiar to Europe. Rob Roy, as everybody knows, had his residence in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton, where he possessed some property. Rob had joined the Cavalier, and had, in consequence, resolved to show his loyalty, and gratify his love of plunder, by pillaging the "gude town" of Dumbarton. This was not to be borne. No, no: the Dumbartonians had too much *pluck* for that. So, after being duly supported by a man-of-war lying in the Firth, and sundry captains, pateraroes, and a hundred men, they duly mustered under the command of some of their local gentry, the leader being, of course, Master John Campbell, of Mamore, uncle to His Grace the Duke of Argyll. In this gallant host there was a band of "Pasley men," under the command of Captain Finlayson, assisted by Captain Scott, a half-pay officer, who did great feats in the expedition against "the bold outlaw."—We find some quaint items of expenditure connected with the attack upon Rob, as well as some quaint "auld-wairld" anecdotes of him and his doings. Here is a cheque or order, on the Collector of Cess, from the Commissioners of Supply, showing how the Dumbarton people dealt with the Macgregors:—

"DUMBARTON, 17th Oct., 1715.

SIR,—Please to pay on demand to the Honourable John Campbell of Mamore, or order, the sum of two hundred and forty pounds Scots, for furnishing the shyre with *ammunition and drums, &c.*"

Only think of frightening Rob Roy and the devil with drums! "The Macgregors," says a chronicle quoted by Mr. Glen, "and the devil are to be dealt with in the same manner." What a pity Sir Walter knew not of this sage chronicle!—The men of "Pasley," like their descendants of the present day, seem to have had a decided partiality for "pap in." Here is an alewife's account:—

"*Item.*—Ane account to Mrs. Buchanan, spent in her house by the magistrates, with the officers of the men-of-war, with Pasley men who came to assist the town in the time of the late rebellion, and with the sheriff and other gentlemen of the shyre on several occasions. Amount, £110 19s."

This is an interesting and an amusing book. Its literary merits are not great, certainly; but it is fully entitled to a perusal, from the variety of strange antiquarian anecdote it contains.

THE
RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1847.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER WILSON.

No. II.

It is not unfrequently the case, that men, after they have acquired some notoriety, or even fame, in a particular walk, are elevated by their friends and admirers to far too high a standard in matters to which their own better judgment never would lay claim. We find that local prejudices and local associations have very great tendency to produce such a result. If an individual should have failed, or only reached that degree of respectable mediocrity which saves him from being laughed at, and, at a later period, should he come forth in a new line of action, bearing on his productions the stamp and seal of genius, it is too frequently the case that the good-natured indulgence ever prone to exist among friends, and more particularly among the inhabitants of a country district, shuts the eyes of mankind to great and palpable defects in his previous productions, and tends to make them rate all that he has done by the standard of high eminence to which, in a single instance, he may have attained. Almost of necessity, from such a principle, there springs up a feeling that all the former neglect and slight bestowed upon the struggling genius has been the result of envy, personal injustice, and ungracious neglect. Such attempts to elevate a second, third, or even fourth-rate character to the elevation of the highest, is not only palpably absurd, but it is inimical to the fame and respectability of the individual so bepraised.

Alexander Wilson never did, never could, lay claim to rival Robert Burns. With an ingenuousness of heart, and a kindness of purpose, that did him honour, Wilson took occasion to remonstrate with Burns on what he considered to be the immoral tendency of his writings. He could not fail to perceive the immense power which the great master of the Scottish lyre exercised over the hearts and affections of his countrymen—a sway, we should say, equal to that of Sir Walter Scott, and more popular than that of Charles Dickens; and hence it was that Wilson took the liberty of tendering Burns advice on what he considered a most momentous question; and Burns himself met Wilson in that frank and generous manner which the intercourse of kindred spirits never fails

to elicit. But Wilson exhibited no envy—no undue striving to equal or rival that great poet of nature and of the people: in fact, he was incapable of such feelings. The mind of that man, which afterwards exhibited its powers in the elucidation and description of races of creation new to civilized man—which could penetrate into, and describe the habits and instincts of each varied species of the denizens of the great American wilderness—could not so far deceive itself, as not to perceive that Robert Burns was unapproachable, save with the awe and respect which is due from a priest to a great high-priest of nature.

The publication of his poems, though it placed Wilson on the roll of Scottish poets, raised him very little in the scale of wealth. Indeed, like many others who have adventured on the same field, he was left a poorer man after their advent upon the world than before it. Whatever may have been the original powers of Wilson's mind, his poetry, as published in 1790, gave no great indications of superior refinement, or even delicacy. In descriptive passages, not a few of considerable merit are to be found, although frequently they are blemished with inaccuracies, both in grammar and in style. They are evidently the production of an author in his green nonage. At the period of Wilson's publication, Robert Burns was in the full glory of active exertion. The Doric reed of his country, which had for so long a period but few successful votaries, became, in his tuneful hands, at once a noble and a gloriously-expressive language—at once capable of breathing the tenderest sentiments, or bold and energetic—capable of rousing the martial spirit of an ancient people, by the stern music of its numbers. Fired with its hidden beauties—now, for the first time, in the eighteenth century, so prominently and rapturously brought into view—very many who felt, or who believed they felt, the influences of the tuneful Nine, selected from that mystic band the russet, home-clad, modest goddess of the lyre, clothed her in mist and tartan, and hailed her as the Muse of Caledonia. How many of the names of these votaries of song have perished, although they aimed at an immortality which should rival that of him "who walked in glory and in joy, following his plough upon the mountain-side!" But as nearly the whole race were imitators of a successful genius, and almost necessarily, from that very cause, his inferiors, the transcendent genius of the great master of the Scottish lyre bore the palm unconquered, while his aspiring competitors were doomed to shade and oblivion. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Wilson, at the time he must have written his first publication, should have failed—lured, possibly, and too probably, into a line which required an effort of his genius for which it might not have been properly prepared. For a youth of twenty-two years of age, without money, without patronage, and without education, the publication of an octavo volume of poetry, of three hundred pages, was a bold and hazardous adventure; and in this circumstance we may perceive some indications of that bold and energetic spirit which he brought more successfully into operation in the after-years of his life. Endowed with a restless intellect, keen perceptions, and a full share of those sensibilities that attach themselves, often unhappily, to the poetic character, our poet, in the preface to his earliest volume, expresses his reasons for writing his poems, in the

following manner:—"Through life, what miseries, cares, and disappointments daily occur to those on whom Fortune seems to look unpropitious! Hours, with them, are days; months seem years; and Time steals as sluggishly onward, as if he delighted in our griefs, and wished to spin out our miserable existence. In such sickening circumstances, the mind eagerly engages in any pursuit that can communicate one gleam of joy, however transient—one prospect of pleasure, however remote. An attempt to beguile some of these unhappy moments, joined to an irresistible love of poetry, gave being to the greatest number of the pieces that compose the following collection." This edition was "printed for the author;" and while pursuing his avocation of packman, he also endeavoured to dispose of his volume. To gain acceptance with the world, an author must endeavour to maintain a certain reserve, both in character and occupation. The wandering minstrels, who, at every board, from the baronial hall to the cottage of the peasant, were welcome guests, had, from being the wrecks of an ancient and sacred order, acquired a respect and a reverence that carried these sons of song into the best affections and sympathies of society; yet, the poet of modern days, however great be his merit, or how tuneful soever be his muse, finds it necessary to appear in a more dignified character. Contempt for the profession to which a man belongs, often prevents a proper estimate of his merits being made. How much this may have acted on the fate of Alexander Wilson and his first volume, we do not stop to inquire. That the poet was often obscured by the packman, in place of the bard ennobling the pedlar, in the eyes of that public to whom he looked for support and applause, is evident from his writings. And we are not therefore surprised that his "Groans from the Loom" should be succeeded by "The Pack," in which he depicts and resents the contemptuous manner in which he was too frequently received, and the indignance with which his proud spirit spurned what his necessities could not permit him to abandon. Think of the proud, independent soul of Robert Burns gauging ignominious beer-barrels, and the scarcely less independent spirit of Alexander Wilson trudging on a warm midsummer day, "hazel rung" in hand, and the perspiration streaming from his forehead, with a contemptuous load of muslins on his back; and learn not to despise the gifts and graces of genius and genuine worth, however humble be the guise it may assume. When a ploughman and gauger can astonish the world with the highest efforts of poetic genius, and a weaver and a packman can with poetry charm, and with scientific discovery instruct it,—it is a lesson to teach the republicanism of mind.

The poetical works of Alexander Wilson do not generally rise above respectable mediocrity. They are too frequently marred with coarseness of expression, and grossness of idea. Nevertheless, the beauties of very many of his pieces are great. He excels, above everything else, in his graphic powers. It matters not whether it be the poetry of a landscape or of a character, he has the happy "knack" of hitting off the peculiarities and portraiture of either. Whether in a barn, in a garret, in the weavers' shop, or in the open fields, the Muse is ever his companion; and though he has not imbibed her softer and more heart-thrilling emotions of sentimentality, still, 'mid

"Dark, damp walls—the roof scarce cover'd o'er—
The wind, wild whistling through the cold barn-door,"

he could invoke the genius of his inspiration.

"But come, thou cheerer of my frowning hours,
Native of heaven, adorned with blooming flowers;
Thou, who oft deign'st the shepherd's heart to warm,
As on the steep he feeds the fleecy swarm;
Sublimes his soul, through Nature vast to soar,
Her works to view, to wonder and adore.
Though fortune frown, and writhing envy hiss,
Be thou, O poetry! my pride, my bliss;
My source of health—misfortune's adverse spear;
My joy hereafter, and my pleasure here."

We have said that description is Wilson's *forte*; and we might instance his picture of evening, in the first verse of his address to his "pack."

"The western sun, bright to the eye,
Was sinking in the flood,
Adorned with robes of richest dye,
Gay crimson streaked with blood;
The swallows twitter'd through the sky,
In jinking sportive mood."

Such a picture is to the life, and is a fair specimen of his early powers. Perhaps one of the very best productions of his first volume is the "Disconsolate Wren:" indeed, we do not know if he has much to surpass it, either for the graphic description of the disconsolate wren's situation, or the imagination which gives often the language of misery to the poor wren. It is not equal to Burns's "Field-Mouse," or even "Wounded Hare," in delicacy and softness of sentiment; but we doubt not that these examples suggested the theme to the poet's mind. The introductory part of it is particularly good.

"The moon was keeking frae the east,
The laverocks shrill, wi' dewy breast,
Were tow'ring past my ken:
Along a burnie's flowery side,
That gurgled on wi' glancing pride,
I gained a bushy glen;
The circling net the spider weaves,
Bent wi' clear dew-drops, hung;
A' round, among the spreading leaves,
The cheery natives sung;
Oot's journey, the burnie
Fell dashing down some linna,
White foaming, and roaming
In rage among the stances.

"While on the gowan turf I sat,
And view'd this blissfu' sylvan spat,
Amid the joyous soun',
Some mournfu' chirps, methought, of wae,
Stole on my ear frae 'neath a brae;
Whare, as I glinted down,
I spied a wee bit wren,
Lone on a fuggy stane;
An' aye she tore her breast, an' then,
Poor thing! pour'd out her mane," &c.

"Watty and Meg," which is generally considered his best production, was produced about three years after the publication of his first volume, and was published anonymously by the late Mr. John Neilson. This poem was, at the time of its appearance, ascribed to Robert Burns; and it tended very much to bring the author more prominently before the public as a man of some genius. Hector Macneil has acknowledged that he was indebted to this admirable description of humble life for the idea of his "Will and Jean, or Scotland's Skaith." Much dispute and local controversy has taken place about the scene of this poem—one party claiming Lochwinnoch scenes and Lochwinnoch characters alone as being described, and the other the Seedhills of Paisley, and its inhabitants, as having furnished material for this performance. We think it scarcely worth while to dispute the superiority of the claims of either to scolding wives and henpecked husbands; neither do we think it of much importance whether the triumphant and ingenious "Watty" was Walter Crawford of Paisley, or Watty Mathie of Lochwinnoch. The idea of the poem might be projected to the mind of the author by some real occurrence, either in the one locality or the other. But we have no idea that Wilson gave an exact historical description of a fuddle in Mungo Blue's. Our opinion is, that Wilson fixed on certain characters, and described them, not as real, but as imaginary individuals; or, at the most, adhering to the more striking points of the characters he sketched, if he really did sketch from "the life;" and in doing so, he might choose his subjects of delineation from Queensferry, as well as either of the above-named localities. The whole of this poem is characterised by its dramatic effect, although we should say it possesses little, if any, of the peculiarities of the composition of Robert Burns. It possesses nothing of those scintillations of inspiration which glitter over that wondrous production "Tam o' Shanter," although, on the other hand, it possesses quite as much of graphic power. The speech of "Meg" is that of a vulgar scold—coarse, violent, and ill-assorted.

"'Nasty, gude for naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!
Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire:
Rise this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

Her actions are no less coarse and violent.

"Folk frae every door can lampin';
Maggie curst them aye and a';
Clappit wi' her hauns; and, stamping,
Lost her bauchles i' the snaw."

We do not know any such description of a vulgar vixen in the language—working herself into a towering insanity of passion, for the sole purpose of teasing poor Watty, and usurping authority over him.

"Hame at length, she turned the gavel
Wi' a face as white's a clout;
Raging like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about."

Watty, during all this, seems as much *cowed* as a man can be. He feels his inferior position in the warfare of words, and resorts to silence. The following is very superior indeed. We consider the idea of "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," to be good; but we prefer the last two lines of this verse.

"Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle cheek."

Watty, however, soon gains the victory, by following Mungo Blue's advice, and threatening to leave his shrew.

"Meg, a' sabbing sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist;
Held his haun close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst."

Meg listens to every proposal that Watty makes, and is willing to consent to his demands—all but yielding up the last symbol of her authority—she cannot part with the purse!

"'Lastly, I'm to keep the siller:
This upon your saul ye swear.'
'Oh!' quo' Meg. 'Aweel,' quo' Watty;
'Fareweel! faith I'll try the seas.'
'O staun still,' quo' Meg, and grat aye—
'Ony, ony way ye please.'"

Watty has gained the victory.

"Syne beneath the blanketa, glorious,
Held anither hinney-moon."

This ballad of the taming of a shrew is unsurpassed perhaps by any of its kind in the language. As we have said of the works of Wilson generally, it is not marked by much delicacy or refinement, and there are few of those touches of inspiration which hallows where it falls, like a glimpse of heaven's sunshine on the baser materials of earth; but for graphic delineation, and strong sense, it may be said to stand unrivalled.

In song-writing, we should say that Wilson is decidedly inferior. Perhaps the best thing we have in that way is one entitled "Jefferson and Liberty," which first appeared in a newspaper, dated "Mileston, Jan. 28, 1806," and which breathes forth all the ardency of an adopted patriotism for the country in which he sought to hide and wipe away his reproach, and to atone for his indiscretions. Wilson often speaks bitterly of his country. It seems to be a trait of his character, resulting from some morbid state of feeling, in consequence of what has by some been styled his persecution, but which we sincerely believe to have been the punishment of guilt. As a satirist, he was keen and clever; and we doubt not—nay, we believe—that his strictures may have been just, and that the evils levelled against, actually did exist. So far, he was acting no iniquitous part, in holding up oppression to scorn, or meanness to reprobation. We have no fault to find with him for hurling the weapons of satire against the covert injustice of men who, for their own base ends, had made for themselves false weights, and unjust balances and mea-

sure, to cheat the poor. We hail the man with the approbation of a patriot and benefactor of his kind, who dares to expose injustice—to pierce it with the shafts of wit, or scorch it with the elements of scorn; and so long as a country possesses a free and unshackled press, it can be no source of dishonour, and no brand of disgrace, “to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.” Therefore, we do not blame Wilson because he had courage sufficient for writing down “lang mills,” “light weights,” “temples of terror,” or extortion. The blame is not there. It is not from a bold and manly exposure of evils that the man of mind needs to fear for his character, or dread injustice and oppression—at least, in a free country. But Wilson erred—he erred grievously—he stained his name, and he threw a doubt of the honesty of his intentions upon his character, by the threatening letter he sent to one of those whom he satirized, demanding, within three hours, five pounds for the manuscript which he enclosed; and which, were those terms complied with, would be destroyed; and if not, that it should be published. If Wilson suffered imprisonment and punishment for such a *faux pas*, it was not unmerited. Whether his punishment was too severe or not, we will not stop to discuss; but he did, at eleven o’clock of the forenoon of the 6th February, 1793, suffer the humiliation of burning, with his own hands, two copies of the poem, on the old jail stair, at the cross of Paisley. Such is another of the many piccadilloes that are strewed along the history of genius, and which are the more observable, because they are not expected to be found to be perpetrated by those who aspire to lofty thoughts. But not unfrequently these very errors are serviceable to push them forward in an honourable career: they must retrieve what is lost. Alexander Wilson sincerely regretted, in after-life, this transgression of his youth. But it nerved his roving and restless spirit to leave a land in which he felt himself in a manner disgraced. His young and ardent mind began to look on all the institutions of his native country with a jaundiced eye, and he longed for the free States of America. And on that continent he was destined to rear to himself a name that shall, while American literature or the English language exists, be high on the scroll of fame.

It is not as a poet that the name of Alexander Wilson will descend to future ages. That fact will, no doubt, be remembered; but it is as a philosopher, a dauntless, persevering man of science, and a discoverer, that he shall instruct the world, and claim the highest meed of its approbation. United to his indefatigable industry, and bold adventures in quest of the feathered races of a continent new to civilized man, he added an eloquence of description that places him on the highest eminence as a prose writer. His delineations of scenery and objects are hit off with a vigour, energy of expression, and conciseness of style, that is unequalled among those whose education and opportunities were immeasurably superior to his. His epistolary style, even when he carried the pack, is of a very superior kind. It is eloquent, nervous, rich in imagery, entertaining in anecdote, and flowing and graceful in its manner. But add to these accomplishments the proficiency he acquired in the art of drawing, and his versatility of talent and perseverance be-

comes still more apparent. As an artist, he can be viewed in no mean light; and, having executed with his own hand, even to the colouring, the plates of his ornithology, it is perhaps almost unparalleled in the history of self-taught genius, that his magnificent work was the fruit of his own gun, pencil, and pen. Of his character, we may simply say that his letters show that he was warm, open, generous, and enthusiastic; and perhaps the best of all evidences of his amiability is the deep respect in which his memory has been, and is still, cherished by his old friends and associates, one of whom, at least, still lives, who knew him well and intimately on the other side of the Atlantic. It is not our intention, in the meantime, to dwell longer on this subject. Had opportunity been afforded us, we had intended, out of materials placed at our disposal, to have carried out our observations on Wilson's life and writings, begun several months ago, to a considerable number of contributions. We cannot close this volume without at least expressing our sentiments, even in this brief manner, of this extraordinary man; and if the places that give to genius birth have cause to feel a pride at their successes and triumphs, the spot on which Alexander Wilson first opened his infant eye on the light of heaven, has just reason to honour his name. And if it be a duty of those who boast of citizenship, to raise the monumental pile, to stimulate others to emulate their deeds, the citizens of Alexander Wilson may well be proud that his name offers itself to them, to be so honoured and perpetuated.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN HAY.

BY LEWIS TITIAN.

CHAPTER X.—THE INCIDENTS OF A NIGHT.

IN an elegantly-furnished room of a house in Oxford Street, on the evening of the occurrence of the events recorded in our last chapter, lay an old man dying. A shaded lamp burned on the table, and beside it stood a number of phials and glasses. People crept stealthily to and fro, speaking in low whispers to each other. At one end of the bed sat the physician, watching intently the countenance of the patient, now past all aid from him, and giving occasional instructions to the other attendants; and at the other end, close by the invalid, sat a young man reading the Bible; while another, of about his own age, stood behind him, leaning on the chair, and sobbing.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," repeated the deep, broken voice of the reader, turning over the leaves of the inspired volume.

He paused, about to make some remark. The dying man moved: a low noise escaped him: he stretched out his hand: fell back again.

"He's gone!" said the doctor solemnly, lifting up the lamp, and approaching. Its light fell upon the pallid features of Jarvis Richards,

and the scarce less blanched countenances of Martin Hay and Archie Grant, stooping over him.

Others, men and women, crowded into the room: the men silent and awe-stricken, in the presence of the destroying angel; the women sobbing aloud.

"You can be of no further use here, young men," said the physician, turning to Martin and Archie. "Go home, and return to-morrow: you will be required then."

"Come awa, Martin. Ye'd better gang hame wi' me: it's sae late," said Archie, taking his friend by the arm.

They were in the street. The raw air of early morning chilled them, though all was yet dark around. The rumbling wheels of a few early waggons and carts echoed in the otherwise noiseless city-thoroughfares.

"Man, that was an awfully sudden call Richards gat," said Archie. "Think, just twa days syne, active and fu' o' life and vigour; now streek'd cauld in death. 'Man is as the flower o' the field,' truly says the Psalmist."

"Yes, Archie," said Martin; "we have had a sermon preached to us to-night, which I hope will be a profitable one. Poor Richards! how little avails the world or its wealth, when death demands his due!"

Both walked on in silence, each experiencing a strong degree of subdued spirit—an inclination rather for solemn reflection than conversation. There are seasons when the soul is forced to deep communing with itself—when an individuality and responsibility of existence crowd upon the mind, awing all lighter thoughts into silence—when we feel, as it were, on the threshold of Infinitude—the Past and Present shrinking into nothingness before the immensity of our view.

"This is the shortest gaet to my lodgings," said Archie, turning through a court, and passing along a maze of back-buildings.

They emerged again into the front, and passed rapidly along into a square.

"What light is that on the sky? and there are people running along. It must be a fire!" exclaimed Martin hastily, pointing to a street a little beyond them.

"There's nae doot o' that. See! see! the flames are shooting up intill the air! Hear the shouts o' the folk! Let's gang and see't. Come, man; come," said Archie, dragging his friend along with him.

There is something exhilarating in the sight of a fire. It presents a temptation few can resist, when it comes in their way. Especially to Archie's sanguine, excitable disposition, it presented a wonderful stimulant. He ran along with the crowd, who were gathering from many quarters, shouting on Martin to follow him, and tugging him violently by the arm betimes.

We have often wondered where crowds came from, most particularly at fires. In the silence and solitude of night, though on the streets not a soul can be descried, let a cry of fire be raised, and men, women, and children, will come rushing and tumbling along from all corners and quarters, as active and lively as if they had been expressly sitting up to watch the advent of some such accident; and, in less than ten minutes' time, you have a body of people, collected from sources perfectly incomprehensible, all bent on the full enjoyment of their excitable organs.

"Merciful heavens! it's Miss Johnston's house!" screamed Martin, as they turned into view. Dashing his companion aside, he rushed forward through the now-collected mob, with almost superhuman strength forcing his way, amid the mass of moving flesh, towards the burning building, with Archie struggling and shouting in Scotch behind him.

In an open space in front, the engines were at work, playing upon the burning mass; but ineffectually, for the flames were gaining ground, coiling up through the windows, and bursting out at the roof, driving up showers of sparks, and volumes of dense smoke. The water hissed, crackled, and sputtered, as it fell upon the flames, but did not quench them. One end of the building, as you looked through the burnt-out upper windows, seemed almost a livid, bellowing furnace. The other, the flames had but partially reached: the smoke was but beginning to issue out at the windows. In front of the building lay, strewn on the street, surrounded by linkmen and police, furniture, indiscriminately heaped together—beds, chairs, tables, glass, and ornaments, all mingled, pitched over windows by men inside, or carried out by a dozen fellows who were rushing in and out, recklessly dragging after them whatever could be laid hold on. No one cared, no one seemed to know, aught of the owners or occupiers. Martin caught two of the domestics, half-clad, running frantically about, screaming, and wringing their hands; but they knew nothing of Mr. Johnston—nothing of Kitty: they had just newly escaped themselves. Meanwhile, the fire was spreading, descending to the lower part of the house, and glaring more fiercely and awfully above, casting a brilliant, intense light on the faces of the crowd assembled round, and at the windows and on the roofs of the opposite buildings. The fellows who were dragging out the furniture still rushed in, and returned, but not so rapidly as before. A dense gush of smoke drove them off altogether; for they stood round the door, and now shook their heads at each other, retiring backwards. Another figure rushed out, and stumbled into the midst of them, but seemingly not one of their number. Martin's eye caught him. He ran forward, screaming—

"Your daughter, Mr. Johnston—your daughter, where is she?"

"Kitty!" exclaimed the bewildered, half-dressed figure. "Have you seen her? Is she not?"

"No! no! no! she's not here!" exclaimed several voices rapidly.

"My God! in the house!" said the bewildered and agonised father, rushing back again into the burning mass, followed by Martin.

Several men ran forward, and held them. It would be death certain to attempt it. The two struggled notwithstanding, and entreated to be let go.

"Save her! save her!—a thousand pounds to the man who does it—double that! Will no one try it? Let me go! Stand off! Help! oh, help here!" shouted the father.

The men looked at the house, and shook their heads. None would enter. A murmur arose among the crowd, who caught up the parent's words, but no man ventured.

"Lordsake, man! whaur's her bedroom?" exclaimed Archie Grant, holding Mr. Johnston by the arm.

"At the back; at the back," was the hasty respond.

"Come; let's see't quick. A ladder! a ladder!" shouted he at full pitch of voice, darting through an adjoining close.

A cry, shrill and piercing, from one of the windows, rent the air. Looking up, they saw a white figure holding it open, and beckoning to them; then sinking out of view.

Amid the crowd were many shouts of "Leap! leap!" "A blanket!" "A ladder!" but none offered to do anything, or help directly—every one looking to his neighbour.

"Here, here!" yelled Archie Grant, staggering under a ladder. "Deil tak' ye, get oot the gaet! wabbling amang folk's feet!" said he, knocking over a couple of gaping wonderers.

"Quick! oh, for the love of heaven, be quick!" cried Mr. Johnston, endeavouring to adjust the ladder; but, the heat was so intense, he sank at its foot. The flames were belching and swathing out of a window just above them. The ladder could not stand, without being consumed, till one ascended it. Another spot was tried. Ere it was properly planted, Martin was clinging to its spars, climbing up with almost superhuman agility. In a moment more, he dashed himself through a window, and was lost from view. Among the crowd, the word spread that there was a lady in the burning building. They saw the figure at the window, shrieking for aid; and so awful was the picture presented to each mind, that every heart shrunk with horror. The tumultuous noise instantaneously ceased—a dead stillness pervaded the swaying crowd. Each soul seemed welded into one mass of intense feeling—a feeling far too deep for utterance. They gazed, a thousand visions, upon the window through which the black smoke welled out; listened for any human despairing cry amidst the roaring flames; scanned through each lurid aperture the rooms; and shuddered while they looked, expectant of some awful, horrible sight. Higher still rose the feeling as Martin braved his way into the burning pile. Breathless, they waited the result. Would one or two fall victims to the flames? Next morning, would it tell of charred human bones found amid the smoking ruins? A crash—a whirlwind of flaming sparks, shooting upwards, falling everywhere. Part of the roof has fallen. Was that the last cry of man or woman buried beneath it? All hope, all help, is past. No, not yet. There is a figure at the window: it falls—rises again—out now on the ladder, dragging something after it. "Saved! saved!—hurra!" was the simultaneous shout of the crowd, ringing through the air from a thousand throats, as Archie clasped the burden from Martin's arms, and rushed back from the building with it. Another crash—an awful gush of smoke, flame, and flying embers—and the whole roof was fallen.

The glare lit up the figures of Mr. Johnston, Archie, and Martin, bending above a young female, dressed in white, lying, at some distance off, on a sofa saved from the house. Martin was holding a cup of water, procured from a bystander, to her lips. She drank eagerly of it—looked wildly around her, as one startled from a hideous dream—murmured Martin's name—and fainted.

CHAPTER XL.—THE OLD ADAGE, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," VERIFIED.

PASSING over a few immediately-succeeding events of minor importance to those of last chapter, we again resume the thread of our narrative, merely taking such note of those incidents as will serve to maintain the connection. A fortnight or three weeks had elapsed, and Kitty Johnston was recovering from the effects of the fearful fiery ordeal through which she had passed. So soon as her strength permitted, she set out for Edgware, accompanied by her father and brother Tom, who had now returned home. We need not say that Martin had been a daily visitor since the eventful night, nor need we tell how he was received. Anybody might guess *that* with a degree of certainty. Mr. Johnston was cordial; Tom, as of old, enthusiastic; and Kitty, grateful at least. Archie Grant, too, came in for a fair share of laudation, and something more substantial; for Mr. Johnston had promised his influence in securing him an editorship in the *Evening Telegraph*, and had succeeded in his exertion.

One morning, Martin received a note from Richards' man-of-business, requesting his presence. Proceeding thither, he found a meeting of the relatives of the late stockbroker assembled in noisy conclave; and the notary, with Archie, the ex-clerk, seated at a table, over a heap of accounts, papers, and books.

As Martin entered the room, all eyes were for a moment directed towards him; and a rapid whisper passed among them, of "That's one of them." "Who is he?"

"Allow me," said the notary, rising, "to congratulate you, Mr. Hay, on your good fortune."

"My good fortune!—How?"

"So, you have not heard of it. Tidings of that kind spread rapidly."

"I must confess ignorance for once, though apparently I cannot call it *ill* ss."

"Well, then, since I am privileged to convey the news, no doubt gratifying, I may begin by telling you that Mr. Richards has died intestate—that you and another absent party are his nearest relatives in the male line—and end by adding, that his property belongs, with some small exception, to you both equally. These facts I was not fully aware of till this morning."

The tidings were unexpected to Martin: he stared first at the notary, then at the company, and finally round the room, in a sort of half-awake state, having a positive consciousness of nothing, and a puzzled notion of something wrong somewhere.

"Eh! div ye hear that, man?" said Archie, leaping off his seat. "Let's see your han' on't. Lang may ye leeve till enjoy your prosperity!"

"Thank you, Archie; thank you."

"Bless ye. I kent it wad come to something o' this sort yet. Though ye're no a Kilmarnock man, ye're a Scotchman; and wha e'er heard o' a kindly Scot that didna licht on his feet in a foreign land? We're like the cats; fling us ower the window, we keep aye the richt end uppermost."

"If you have any instructions regarding the management of the estate, I shall be happy to see you at your convenience," interposed the lawyer. "I meet with the other successor to-day at dinner. Perhaps you could join."

"I shall be happy," replied Martin, bowing out. "Good day!"

"Aiblins," pursued Archie, on the street, "ye'll be gaun to mak' *somebody* happy soon noo."

"I confess I am quite unable to form any plans for the future as yet. I would require a little leisure for reflection, and perhaps a little advice."

"Let me recommend ye to tak' as meikle o' the former as ye like, but the less o' the last the better, in this place. There's plenty o't, but unco little gratis, and still less disinterested. But to confess the truth, man, I hae been mediatin' these few days bye on a bit engagement between me and Maggie Blythe o' Burn-raw, whilk might be noo completed. Gin ye wad edit the *Telegraph* for twa days or three, I'll rin doon the length o' my native toon."

"Most willingly would I serve you thus, Archie—for a month, if you choose."

"Then min' jist this, that ye patronese the Paisley and Kilmarnock poets, in preference to the ithers. They're auld freens o' mine, a gey wheen o' them, to be sure, and an unco puir crew; but clever cheels, that write an awfu' quantity o' rhyme, an' worthy notice in the main. And dinna admit ony letters on Progress or Political Economy frae a place they ca' Kilbarchan. Ye're sure to hae a wheen o' them frae that quarter, sending sheetfu's o' rabid, redhot nonsense."

"Your orders shall be attended to, and without much difficulty, I trust. I wish you a pleasant journey, and a warm reception at its terminus, by your sweet friend."

The two parted.

It was a calm eve at the close of spring—that season when nature seems to hover betwixt the bud and the blossom. The sun was declining in the west, and the evening-star already faintly twinkling in the blue dome. A delightful quiet overspread the earth, fragrant with the incense of a thousand flowers, and harmonious with the melody of song. From every bush, and brake, and tree, some minstrel poured his lay. The humble bee, on homeward errand, crooned his song; and even you might hear the humming of the "midges," dancing "aboon the burn," in the declining sunlight. The labourer was returning from his toil, his spade thrown across his shoulder, his little bundle in his hand, whistling as he went. Not as yet were the woods of Edgemere in their glory—not as yet was the dark, rich, luxuriant foliage of the trees, shadowing the pathways, and quivering in the golden sunbeam; but the rich long grass was dotted with the cowslip, hyacinth, and anemone, and many other wild flowers,

"As if the rainbows of the fresh, wild spring,
Had blossom'd where they fell,"

and enamelled the bosom of earth; and, by the burn-side, the quivering sedge and pliant willow luxuriated in beauteous profusion. Across the stream, a rustic bridge joined the path. On it stood a fair young girl,

and a youth by her side, with hand locked in hand, looking down into the bubbling, wreathing water, with hearts too full of joy for speech. Thus they stood in quiet communion with their souls and nature, and perhaps reading each other's unuttered thoughts; for there are times when hearts are so linked to one another in the bonds of love, that words were treason against silence. The dews of evening were beginning to fall, when the youth, putting his arm around her, said—

"Come, dear Kitty! We must leave this lovely scene for a time. See these bulrushes already waving in the evening wind: they will soon be spangled with glittering dew-drops."

"You remember, Martin, the last time we walked this road. There have been many changes since then."

"Yes, Kitty; but no change in one thing, I trust. I recollect of instituting some comparison betwixt us and a knight and ladye of olden times; but indeed, when I begin to reflect, I feel ashamed of my chivalry. Yet ever have I kept in view that which I hope is still unchanged, unestranged—your love." Kitty clung closer to him, and pressed the hand she held. "For this have I lived, and hoped, and endured—you will not say in vain."

"No, no," murmured Kitty. "But how poor the return I can render!"

"I am willing to consider it larger than I merit; and the more to prize it, having so little deserved it."

They strolled in silence a little farther. Martin again spoke.

"Has brother Tom hinted to your father what yesterday you spoke to him about?"

Had day-light been sufficient, Martin would have noticed a blush suffusing Kitty's face at this inquiry. She answered, however—

"He has; and father attacked me to-day on the point. He made a great show of opposition, indeed, at the first; but Tom and I carried the field."

"And now, when, dear Kitty, when is your knight to be rewarded?"

He caught her in his arms as he spoke, and snatched a kiss. Kitty struggled but faintly—oh, how faintly!—and as she nestled her head in his bosom, she whispered a reply—so low, that even the echo of the night could not catch it up. Martin alone, with open ear, received it.

In olden times, the path of the bride to the altar was strewn with the bulrushes of the marsh. If a type, they were one of short-lived, soon-withering love and life. May your footsteps, Kitty Johnston, be not on these, but on the evergreen; and may it be the symbol of your future years!

Not many weeks after—and we must hurry to a close, else we shall be found in the unenviable condition of spinning without wool—three or four carriages drew up, one fine morning, at the door of a church in London. A group of children—the *gamins* of the city—those rough, tough, ragged, weazel-faced urchins that live, no one knows how—immediately collected around the porch, and forced themselves into positions on railings, behind pillars, and in corners, despite the authority of the plethoric beadle. The passengers loitered on the pavement, and the neighbouring female-servant population ranged on each side of the door,

with outstretched neck and eager eyes—for a wedding-party seen is better than twenty newspapers, and more instructive than a cyclopædia, to the female mind. One coach-door opened; the steps were rattled down: Tom Johnston, Martin Hay, Kitty, and another young lady, stepped out. What a crush to see the bride! and how lovely Kitty looked, in that almost plain white dress, as she blushing entered on Martin's arm! followed by Tom, Mr. Johnston, and a dozen others, male and female, married and single, as might be known from the degree of interest the matter possessed for them individually. Of course, the children set up a shout; and all pressed eagerly together, to have a peep inside, despite the beadle. The ceremony, I assure you, was not long performing. Though the bride trembled, and the bridegroom looked a little pale, they both managed the responses with great firmness; wrote their names in the register, and returned to the coach. Many eyes followed them; and many little voices shouted, as the coaches rattled again down the street.

"I am surprised," said Tom Johnston, as they drove along, "at Mr. Grant not being present this morning. We had arranged everything, I thought, so that no mistake could arise."

"Some mistake must have arisen though, or Archibald would have been punctual. Doubtless, we shall have it explained at breakfast. He will not fail to meet us there."

There was evidently some mystery attached to Archie from the whispers that ran through the party, even when assembled at the breakfast-table, and a shade of disappointment visible on one or more brows. But this did not continue long. Hardly were they seated when a carriage drove up to the door. There was a slight bustle on the stair; and in walked our friend Mr. Grant in holiday attire, with a pretty-looking, blooming, young damsel, on his arm.

"Alloo me," quoth Archie, bowing, "ladies and gentlemen, ane and a', to introduce to you my dear wife, Mrs. Archibald Grant."

"But why, Archie, did you not meet us this morning sooner? Why so late? You must apologise," exclaimed several voices.

"Why, you see," said he, seating himself—Mrs. Grant being meantime engrossed by the ladies—"that Maggie and I had a bit conversation last nicht concernin' the Episcopal marriage-form; and she, bein' Presbyterian, widna hear tell o't, an' didna think she wad feel the knot richt tied, unless done in the fashion we're used to."

"Oh, Archie!" exclaimed a soft, silvery, little voice, "how dare you!"

"Quite true though. So, to relieve her o' the necessity o' getting it done twice, and mysel' o' some scruples, we drave doon this mornin' to the Rev. Mr. Macnab, wha settled the business satisfactorily."

Some of the company laughed at Archie's scruples; others of them bantered him; but he took it all good-naturedly, and joked and bantered in return.

A wedding-breakfast! How shall we describe it? How often has it been described! The jokes and hilarity of the married people; sly hints of old bachelor uncles, and maiden aunts, regarding their right to become godfathers and godmothers; the blushing titter and confusion of the young couple; the happy complacency of parental love; the insinu-

ations of young unmarried men to young unmarried ladies, that *their* time will be soon, they hope, and inquiring if they don't envy the bride; and the "Oh! nonsense!—get along!" of said young ladies, who, notwithstanding, look as if they wished nothing better than that said young gentlemen would hasten the time as quick as convenient. We need not dwell on how one old gentleman proposed the brides' health, and another old gentleman the bridegrooms'; nor how both Martin and Archie replied with becoming brevity and modesty; nor how Tom made an enthusiastic speech, in which he lauded everybody present, and particularly the newly-wedded, and ended by giving three cheers on behalf of the brides, and three on behalf of the bridegrooms. Neither need we dwell on the shaking of hands that ensued, as the young couples rose on their feet to depart; what honied words and sweet good-byes the ladies had; and the sly hints of the gentlemen. At length—one more shaking of hands—a little more embracing—a few more tears, half of joy, and half sorrowful—and the happy pairs were on their way to Brighton.

Our budget is nearly exhausted. Little else remains to speak of. Later, but not long after, the old firm of "Johnston" was changed to "Johnston & Hay." We were not surprised at the change. When passing there some weeks ago, we called on our old friend Martin, and accompanied him to dinner. While seated in friendly conversation, we heard a little voice lisp out "Papa;" and presently a sprawling cherub came clambering among our knees. Kitty says it is so like its father, and Martin declares it like Kitty. We decided it was like them both. But what was our astonishment when, about tea-time, Mrs. Grant made her appearance (bless her! she's such an honest, hearty, comfortable, smiling little body), followed by a nursery-maid with two chubby miniatures of herself. Then, later still, came Archie, to take home his wife. We made a night of it, we do assure you.

L'ENVOY.

FROM time immemorial, it has been the custom of the giver of an entertainment, to bid good-bye to his guests, one and all, at its close. Such a duty now falls upon us. A year ago, dear friends, you and I started together. Month after month, as they revolved, since then, have we, unknown personally to each other, held intercourse. For ourself, let us say one word. With those who originated this *Magazine* have we wrought from its outset, for no selfish end or gratification. Any labour has been of love; and though narrow hearts may otherwise have regarded it, and may still regard it, let our reward be the *mens conscia recti* in honest unselfish endeavour. We profess to be no "earnest soul;" indeed, all along, have made no professions; but have hopefully pursued our way, designing ever that you might rise from our pages happier, if not wiser. We have sown no seeds of acrimony, nor given place to the knarled, crab-like, popular philosophy of the present day. No! let our philosophy be drawn from heaven—from the sun, who refuseth not to lend his beams alike to rich and poor, because the one hath wronged the other. If we have taught any lesson, we have striven to teach it in

friendship, not in ill-nature, having virtue based upon its true foundation—religion—as the source of human happiness. Many new faces are rising up around—many despisers of old things springing from the earth. Their views and plans are different from ours; their aims the same. Right that they should have a trial. To them, the rule of the literature of Renfrewshire we leave; but in this we trespass on the province of our editor—a sacred province. In conclusion, let us hope that, long after our name is disregarded and forgotten, there may exist a memorial in these pages of an effort for the happiness of the rising generation of our birth-place.

L. T.

THE DRAMA—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

Φῦ, Φῦ, τῶν ἀνθρώπων του νῦν γένος.—*Diog. Laert.*

Free Translation—"What a set of humbugs men are now-a-days!"

WE think the time has most assuredly come, when the Drama needs some champion to assert its rights, and some skilful physician to administer to its weakly state. Nobody, who surveys the space of dramatic action at the present day, can hesitate to agree with us in this opinion. Whosoever is possessed of ordinary observation, and endowed with reflecting faculties, cannot fail to discover that a worm gnaws at its vitality; and *he* alone may turn a deaf ear to the cries which ascend upwards from the wronged Genius of the Drama, whose element is *apathy*, and whose taste is blunted.

Capable of refining the mind, of elevating the morals, and of informing human nature under every circumstance, and in the most varied aspects of life—the treasury of much that is valuable, and the repository of many a gem, sacred by the lapse of centuries, and hallowed to the imagination through the associations of revered names,—the Drama is so intimately bound up with our very existence, that we owe it a peculiar obligation, and endanger the safety of our social welfare if we suffer it to decline. From time immemorial, an instinctive passion for it inhabited the breast of collective human nature: none cared to withstand its syren influence, because none doubted the purity of its system, or disbelieved its efficacy in the cause of education. When the votaries of the god of wine bedaubed their faces with the lees of the wine-press—when the bukkined hero first trode the classic stage,—the Drama was an essential part of popular liberty, if not of popular religion. The creed of pagan antiquity recognised its claims to the sanction of the state, and it became a pensioner on its *ævarium*. It was the vehicle of public admonition, and the lash of enormous vice. Its power at length became so firmly established, that the highest in the commonwealth cowered before its frown, and trembled at its irony. Avarice stood abashed, tyranny quailed, ambition was hurled down from its lofty seat; whilst corruption was so thoroughly anatomised, that its inmost foulness and rank decay were made clear as the noon-day light. Subsequently, it embodied so much vigour of thought, philosophy of idea, and elegance of expression,

that it was the mould in which the poet formed his choicest lays, the satirist thundered his keenest invective, the philosopher presented to his race the finest axioms of an ennobled and ennobling system. With the downfall of ancient grandeur came the decline of dramatic splendour. When the mistress of the world could no longer cast around her a triumphant look of conscious eminence, the Dramatic Muse hid her to her secluded retreat, where she might bewail the fate of tottering empires. In vain the Dryads chanted some consolatory hymn, whilst Apollo fingered his lyre, and the sea-nymphs, with their laughing blue eyes, rose midway from the silvery main, eliciting sweet melody from their conches,—the weeping maid would not dry up her pearly tears of woe.

Great Britain, too, has had her palmy days of dramatic glory. The pride of her literature was a dramatic writer. A sun in himself, he kindled the torch of enthusiasm in kindred bosoms; so that Germany can boast no higher luminary than the philosophic, deep-souled, eloquent author of *Faust*. France becomes comparatively insignificant, in point of literature, without her Racine, and her Corneille. What more choice has Italy to offer to the world of letters than the productions of her *Metastasio*? Thus, we see that every great nation has possessed some mind who ranked foremost in dramatic writing, or who, in other words, could depict with a master-pencil the passions which agitate the human bosom, and delineate in natural and graphic colouring the every-day scenes of life. And what a matchless treat must it not have been to have witnessed the personification of some of these passions by a Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Kean! as it now is to listen with breathless attention to Macready, Mademoiselle Rachele, Helena Faucit, Mrs. Warner, Laura Addison! Why have we not in the ranks of the *Drama* such a galaxy as Grisi, Jenny Lind, Persiana, Lablache, Corbary, Alboni? The answer is: "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark." The error is *radical*, and can only be cured by a *total reform* in the Drama. The *management* are the party from whom this remedy must emanate. They cater to public taste; and if the banquet they present be not healthy and choice, they cannot expect any who are nice in taste or habits to come and partake of it. If the representations selected be of a *doubtful* cast of morals, they have a right to expect only those visitors whose morals are equally pliant and accommodating. Hence the scruples entertained by so large a majority of the respectable public on the subject of theatres—hence the despotic restriction which warns young ladies, who value their unblemished reputation, from going to such places of amusement. The same argument which denounces the tone of the representation, applies to the character of those who frequent the scenes of such exhibitions. The "Jack Sheppards," "Dick Turpins," nay, the "Oliver Twists," and, worse than all, the "gay Lotharios," are heroes not at all calculated to elevate the morals, or refine the intellect, of any class of society whatsoever. Songs of a certain description must likewise be banished from the stage, ere it can hope to receive the sanction or the patronage of the virtuous. Would it not be the extreme of madness to venture into an element of corruption, as pernicious to the healthy tone of action in this world, as it must be fatal to that divine part of us which survives the influence of time? We have no

doubt whatever that the only point which a manager keeps steadily in view is that borne in mind by most speculators ere they risk their money, viz. "Will it pay?" *That* answered satisfactorily, and all other questions dwindle into nothingness. The manager regards his "company," like the merchant his bales, or the showman his performing monkey, as so much the more valuable in proportion to the money they draw. He treats them, in nine cases out of ten, as so much machinery which must be regulated by his hand, and ought to consider itself fortunate if it always obtains as much *oil* as will keep it in *motion*. This *latter* is not indeed always the case: we have known instances where managers have sternly refused to pay for a night's performance, on the ground of its not being a *bona fide* engagement; and the poor actor has thus been driven, by an act of wanton cruelty or pinching avarice (it may be called either), to sufferings too dreadful to describe. The comedian, who by turns delights and astonishes by his antics, could perhaps scarcely stand up in the "green-room," through excess of pain; yet he must appear before the audience, and must excite their laughter. The "actor-king," who struts upon the stage for an hour in all the insignia of regal splendour, has most likely not broken his fast that day; though he has been obliged to learn eight or ten "lengths" (each length is 42 lines) at twenty-four hours' notice! These will appear startling revelations to many persons, but they may be relied upon implicitly: we have them on "unquestionable" authority. That the Drama cannot much longer survive such a state of matters, is easily foreseen. It is already rapidly hastening to decline, and a crash may soon be expected. Men of sterling talents, and good education, pause before they enter the ranks of dramatic art; for they are aware of its impurity, and its scanty patronage. The result is, that those only enlist under its standard who have nothing to *lose*, and everything to *gain*—those whose name and fortune are alike shattered; whose constitution is unable to bear much physical exertion, and whose mental powers have been prostrated, if not paralysed by the giant that stalks over the length and breadth of the land: need we name him? Deploable as the picture is, we are not altogether inclined to despond, inasmuch as we think that in the womb of time there lies an embryo of reformation. Just as the bankrupt proceeds with increased caution, and sometimes augmented success, when reinstated in a position to repair his fallen fortunes; as the atmosphere is purified by the burst of the electric thundercloud; and the brook meanders more clearly after having deposited its secretion of mud; so we would augur well of the future condition of the Drama, should it experience a *sufficiently violent* shock. Buffoonery and libertinism would be for ever consigned to their legitimate homes—the circus and the cockpit; and then the Muse of Dramatic Art might again appear unabashed by the presence of vice and ribaldry; whilst the loud Pœan, resounding from afar, *vox populi, vox Dei*, would celebrate the restoration of the virgin Muse to her rightful throne.

If these scattered remarks should avail aught in the great cause of emancipating the Drama from the vile chains by which it is fettered and kept down, it will be a source of much gratification to

ADOLPH.

THE ROVER'S LAST VISION.

AGAIN I had as tight a bark
As e'er skimm'd fleecy foam,
With as wild a crew as ever own'd
Old Ocean for their home.

And we had sworn for aye to roam,
And live on the sparkling wave;
Our path through life, the deep, deep sea—
In death, our only grave.

Then away, on her snowy pinions, flew
Our bark, at a snoring rate;
And the fulmar scream'd, and the dolphin play'd
In the stream of her hissing wake.

We saw far lands, where Nature gleams
In her richest, loveliest dyes;
And we linger'd long by the fair green ials
That sleep 'neath the Indian skies.

And ships of every nation pour'd
Their riches in our hold:
None could withstand my sceptre-flag,
When its death-black folds unroll'd.

And the sweetest music I loved to hear,
Was the roar of my bright long Tom,
When, flashing forth his charge of death,
The shot went crashing home.

And, oh! the shout of my merry men,
As they leapt on the stranger's deck,
And swept the cowards down below,
To sink with their pillaged wreck.

And dark, black eyes, and a noble heart,
Were mine—that never quail'd
Nor winced whilst whistling 'thwart our deck
The foeman's broadside hail'd.

She was one the dull earth seldom knows—
My loved, my peerless bride!
And, though her soul was as wild as mine,
She pled on mercy's side.

Methought we had roam'd the wide world o'er,
Our bark scoured every sea,
When a storm arose, and our track we sped,
With an iron coast on our lee;

And the tempest howl'd, and the rough waves leapt;
But our bark was strong, I trow;
She was built of the oak that long had dared
The gale on the mountain's brow.

"Bout ship! quick, quick! ease the head-sheets off!"
Cried my pilot stout and true;
For a roaring reef was close ahead,
O'er which the wild spray flew.

In vain—she struck! Through my burning brain
 Rang my loved one's drowning scream:
 She was borne away on a crested wave:
 I awoke—'twas all a dream!

* * * *

And thou art here—a priest, forsooth!
 Of mercy to prate, and faith.
 What's man's? By the boom of the evening gun,
 He will still this living breath.

My bark! oh, on thy deck once more,
 My brave men in their strength,
 And that English ship, with her hated crew,
 Broadside, half-cable length.

I'd chance my life, my soul, my all,
 Ere one short hour sped o'er,
 My raven flag o'er the union-jack
 Triumphantly would soar.

She crept by night—my men on shore—
 Fighting, my watch were slain;
 And my noble bark a king's prize named—
 Myself a prisoner ta'en.

Would I had reached, and flashed a shot
 Right in the magazine;
 And strewn my ship with her victor foes,
 In atoms o'er the brine!

But no! a gibbet-death is mine!
 Oh! rather the dancing wave,
 With the shark below, and the steel behind,
 Than my bones in a felon's grave.

A word, old man! In Albion's iale,
 Where the wintry winds rave wild,
 Lives a mother who, perchance, would learn
 Of her long-lost wandering child;

Who taught me to lip, with a sister fair—
 Oh, God! that we e'er did part,—
 A prayer at eve, that e'en now falls
 In balm-drops o'er my heart.

Father, this packet get borne to her;
 Here's gold to reward your care:
 She may for me—it can do no harm—
 Breathe on high a mother's prayer.

Away! I hear the guard's dull tramp:
 One last look to the sky:
 Now to where the gaping throng will see
 How a buccaneer can die!

ARIEL.

THE ALDBURGHES.

BY THE LATE J—— H——, Esq.

THE watchman was calling "Past ten o'clock!" one blustery night in the depth of winter 18—, when I had crossed London Bridge from the City, and was wending my way homewards through one of the narrow lanes which abound in that plebeian region. I was somewhat startled by hearing breathed forth in a gentle feminine tone, "Oh, sir, have pity on us!" and turning round, by the light of a lamp, I beheld a girl, seemingly about ten years of age. There was something of neatness in her air, though her garments bespoke the most abject poverty; and, as she looked beseechingly upon my face, I saw a tear glittering in her expressive eyes. I had often—indeed, almost nightly—been attacked on my way homewards by females of almost every age, and, judging from their habiliments and mien, of different grades in society, and evidently, from their tone and conversation, not exclusively belonging to the uneducated mass—often with that coarse familiarity so repulsive to a feeling mind, less frequently with a wanton look, and rarely with the accents of pity. But, on the present occasion, a feeling of curiosity, and even interest, in the case of the youthful supplicant, gained complete mastery over me; and, without once reflecting on the many alluring schemes practised for wiling into the haunts of shame the thoughtless and even the wary, I took the child's hand into my own, and, in accents the most gracious I could use, encouragingly asked—"What, my child, can have brought you out on such a night as this, to address a stranger?" She burst into tears, and, averting her little head, seemed as if she could not speak. The ingenuousness of the child went to my heart, and, giving her an assurance I would be her friend, I saw her throw an inquiring look upwards, and then, as if intuitively assured of the sincerity of my professions, she ejaculated a few thanks, and led me on.

The wind was rising, and the sewers were fast flooding by an incessant rain. We silently held on our course through some back alleys, and at length reached the sunk floor of a dark, dingy building, having its entrance by a low door, which led to several apartments. Into one of these my guide conducted me; and, whilst she cautiously stepped up to a corner of the room where an old mattress lay upon a heap of loose straw, I glancingly surveyed the apartment, which presented a wretchedness my imagination had never even conceived. A single moth-eaten chair, and an old table, on which rested a phial with some half-emptied drug, were the only pieces of furniture. After carefully replacing the bedclothes, she addressed me—"Is it not a good sign, doctor, that my mother has slept now for two hours? Yesternight, she could not sleep a wink. Ah! had you seen how ill she was, you would have been touched with pity." I approached the couch, and gazed on the face of the invalid. She was apparently not old, although disease had made sad disfigurement on a countenance that must have been eminently beautiful. I gazed for a few moments on her placid but pallid cheek,

listened to her slow, regular breathing, and felt sick at heart in beholding one so seemingly pure in a home so wretched. I put on my hat, and, promising shortly to return, I set out in quest of a medical friend who resided in that quarter.

My friend soon perceived that the invalid was afflicted more with the effects of want than disease; and after I had given a few instructions to an attentive neighbour as to obtaining the necessary cordials, I departed, promising to visit them on the morrow. I never had laid my head on my pillow with more complacency than I did on that evening. The consciousness of having performed a virtuous action, imparted a quiet happiness which emanates from but few sources.

It was near to the same hour on the following night, when I entered the lonely dwelling of the invalid. It presented a much more cheerful aspect than on the former evening: the fire crackled cheerily in the hearth; the walls were drier; and a few articles of furniture had been restored by the landlady, whenever the affairs of her lodger presented the likelihood of amendment. But the greatest alteration was in the appearance of the inmates: the mother was sufficiently recovered to sit up in bed; and the daughter's bright countenance bespoke her joy at her mother's restoration. How grateful to my heart were their accents of gratitude!

It was evident that, to wrest the little family from disease and want, it were necessary to grant other than mere temporary aid; and, as I felt the greatest interest in them, the course I should follow was soon resolved on. I offered the mother a home, and assured her the advantage would not be less to me than to herself.

"This is too, too much, sir. I cannot burden you with"—— She could say no more: something checked her utterance.

"I cannot and will not take a refusal, as your recovery itself depends on it. My medical friend has allowed me to remove you to-night; and everything is in readiness."

It was on the third evening, business having required my attendance at a distance, that I went up to the apartment of my new friends. The mother was exceedingly improved in appearance, and was instructing her daughter in needlework.

"I cannot but believe," she thus began, after some general conversation, "that you, my generous benefactor, will be interested in the fate of one who is under such a deep obligation to your kindness; and it would be ungrateful to refrain from satisfying a just curiosity. When on the point of completing my nineteenth year, my father was appointed lord-lieutenant of one of the inland counties. On that important occasion, he gave a ball to the neighbouring nobility and gentry, to which were invited the officers of a corps lying in the county-town, amongst whom was Lieutenant Aldburgh, the younger son of a wealthy squire in the adjacent shire. The deportment and attention of this officer gained my affections; and I agreed he should ask my father's consent to our union. This was refused by my father. As Lieutenant Aldburgh professed, and, I knew, felt the highest admiration for me, my father's refusal was to me a source of deep grief. Despite of this, though not

without a shade of regret at our untoward fate, we married. From that hour, my father discarded me; but for the loss of his affection, I was recompensed by that of a kind and faithful husband. A year after marriage, we were blessed with a child—named George, from his grandfather—who, after an interval of four years, was followed by a daughter—Jane, who has proved a most dutiful child. She was scarcely weaned, when her father, who had obtained a captaincy, was, with his regiment, ordered over to the Peninsula. His death on the field of battle being officially reported, I felt it a duty I owed to my children, to throw myself on my father's forgiveness, as I was certain my husband could not have left wherewithal adequately to support his family. But I had mistaken alike the inflexibility of my father's resolution, and the hardness of his heart; for he drove us forth, outcasts on the world—a widow, and her fatherless offspring. I retraced my steps; and, on the threshold of our once-happy home, my eye alighted on the form of my husband; and, overpowered with a gush of joy, I fainted in his arms. Our misery was forgotten in his restoration. My husband, chafed at the unnatural cruelty of my father, extorted from me a promise that I would never seek a second reconciliation, which, smarting as I was under the recent trampling, I unhesitatingly gave. The cup of our happiness, though increasing in flavour daily, was destined—too soon, alas!—to be dashed from the lip. My husband fell in a duel, from which event arose, hovering around me, a cloud of trials. I dared not rescind an inviolable promise to the departed, even although the probability of its success had been greater. I found myself, in the meantime, compelled to solicit assistance to my children from their paternal grandfather; and he, though his affairs had ceased to be flourishing, granted them a comparatively liberal allowance. With this, and a series of exertions on my own part, I endeavoured to rear up my children in the rank and education to which they were entitled. George, now in his thirteenth year, was rapidly advancing in his scholastic studies, preparatory to his entering the university; when, one day, after several hours' anxiety on my part, intelligence was brought me, that he and a companion had been seen to enter a small-boat, and to proceed down the river with a gentle wind; and that, since they had not returned, fears were entertained that the breeze, which had now become pretty fresh, would have rendered the boat unmanageable. These fears were strongly confirmed, next day, by the body of his companion having been washed on the beach. Where was George? he too must have shared the same fate!"

The tears of the kind mother interrupted the narrative.

"My heart," resumed the narrator, "was agonized at the very thought of the certainty of such a catastrophe; and the ambitious hopes I had sketched in my mind's eye, touched by the withering hand of despair, crumbled into dust. All my spirit for personal exertion was gone; and our income from my husband's father was lessened. Still we struggled on till a year ago, when he died, leaving his affairs in inextricable confusion; and thus ceased our only source of sure income. To recount how I have earned a subsistence during these twelve months, would be indeed recalling sad reminiscences; but to sum up—in the midst of my

exertions, feeble as they were, sickness, first of my daughter, then of myself, entered our lowly dwelling; and, as if we had not drunk of misfortune's cup to the dregs, we were compelled to remove to that vault, a fortnight before Heaven directed you to our relief."

I shed a tear at this tale of unmitigated suffering. In soothing accents, I commiserated her calamities. I expressed a hope that they had now reached their termination, and assured her that her present asylum was wholly and freely at her service. A shade of sorrow stole over the countenance of Mrs. Aldburgh. I was afraid I had offended her; but that fear fled when she exclaimed—

"Kindest of benefactors! you are a young man, and the warmth of youth is not yet driven from your heart by the chilling touch of a cold world. I have lived too long, and suffered too much at its hands, to believe that even the most high-toned generosity can stand for years the test of every-day wear. I do not, nor never can, undervalue your kindness; but I cannot, without being assured I can in some way recompense you, rest the weight of our support upon a stranger, however generous that stranger may be."

Here was a fitting opportunity to explain a plan I had formed. Our mercantile establishment was recently removed to another part of the city, and I had that week purchased a more convenient residence. I was anxious to have some creditable person for my housekeeper. Mother or sister, I had none; and thus fate seemed to throw in my way a matron thoroughly competent, both from education and management. To this offer, Mrs. Aldburgh assented; and methought she esteemed the offer more highly than my previous attentions—thus displaying another beautiful feature of character—an independence of mind, even in circumstances the most adverse.

Time flew on, scattering roses in my path. I had gradually risen to be chief partner in our house. At home, the society was so engaging, that but few allurements could draw me forth.

Previous to hastening on eight years, to narrate events that then occurred, I will step aside, and take a glance midway, when Jane Aldburgh had attained her sixteenth year. Grown much taller than appearances would have warranted belief when I first saw her in her twelfth year, she was daily becoming more engaging in her manner, more elegant in form, and more expressively fascinating in her eyes. She had, too, made rapid progress in education; and as every blossom expanded into flower, I took a deeper paternal or fraternal (I knew not which) interest in admiring its bloom. The guilelessness of youth was still discernible in her every look and action; and as she was always intent on making me happy, I was ever loth to leave the parlour hearth for the night.

One summer evening in the ninth year after the memorable night of our introduction, Mrs. Aldburgh and her daughter were seated under one of the stately beeches which adorned the lawn of a mansion-house I had recently purchased with an estate in Kent. I was just returned from London, whither I had gone a week before to set at rest some anxiety I felt for the arrival of one of our finest vessels, with a valuable cargo from the East. Reports, apparently most credible, of the vessel's destruction, heightened the joy I felt on beholding her in the offing on

the second day; and the fluttering of the heart gave place to a steadier feeling of pleasure in welcoming ashore Captain Smith, with his whole crew. For this young man I entertained the highest esteem. His education, his gentlemanly deportment, and his nautical skill, had gained upon me from the moment he was introduced to my notice by my partner, Mr. Smith. Independently of his manly personal attractions, he had on one occasion, whilst the elements threatened destruction to the vessel, been mainly instrumental in saving her from drifting on a dangerous shore off the coast of Africa, for which service he had risen so high in Mr. Smith's estimation, as to be appointed first-mate. As that was his last voyage, my partner, with my full consent, transferred the command of his ship to his respected namesake. He was now returned from a successful voyage—tanned in visage, and hearty as ever. Though chief owner of his ship, and though ten years his senior, I could not regard Mr. Smith but as an equal—a friend—a companion. On parting, after we had spent the greater part of the week—less in making arrangements, than in enjoying his entertaining conversation—I, contrary to custom, warmly invited him to spend a few days down in Kent; and as his frankness of manner overcame all reserve in mine, I glowingly held out as an inducement, his introduction to the inmates of my residence. In short, to conceal nothing, I had, since his landing, resolved on rendering happy Captain Smith and Jane Aldburgh—the two beings in whom I felt the greatest earthly interest—confident such a union would be pregnant with the most felicitous results to both; for he was as fine and manly a member of the one sex as she was peerless in the other.

"I regret," apologised the Captain, "I cannot accompany you. I have promised to dine with my old captain to-morrow; and, by the way, he has promised to introduce me to his daughter, the prettiest girl in Woolwich, as the half of my crew are willing to stand to with tongue or fist."

"Then, the following day?"

"With pleasure."

Free from the engaging company of my friend, and alone on my route homewards, feelings of a nature that had long since ceased to disturb my breast—if, indeed, similar feelings ever had obtruded—began to affect me. I regarded the Captain with less complacency than I had just done an hour ago—yet I could not tell how; and finding myself wishing he would succeed in gaining the affections of his fair namesake—a circumstance which had caused me considerable dread—I set about probing my inmost soul for the secret cause; and though I tried to believe my supposition to be but a momentary whim, yet I began to think, for the first time in my life, I confess, that Jane Aldburgh was more necessary to my wellbeing than I had thought, and inextricably entwined with my whole happiness; and that, stripped of her, I was deprived of the well-spring of my existence. A new light broke in upon me; and I found but too plainly, that what I had regarded as paternal, or at best fraternal affection, was an emotion of another and more tender kind—an emotion long slumbering in my bosom, but now roused into flame by a spark from the steel of jealousy. Then, for the first time, the thought

of making her my own, entered my hitherto placid and contented feelings. Imagination took wing. The young girl of 18— was now a woman. Why might not her kindly attentions proceed from the same hidden spring whence I had now discovered my own flowed? But then there protruded to my mind the difference of our ages—she scarcely twenty, and I thirty-six,—and the circumstances of our relative positions. Could I be so base as seek to gain the hand of her whose heart might be engaged to another, and yet who could hardly refuse, from the holy feeling of gratitude which burned in her pure bosom—feelings which unrepiningly led her to yield her wishes, whensoever I might unintentionally have required them. Strange, such thoughts had never before occurred to me! I was awakened from my reverie only by the rattling of the carriage-wheels over my own court.

I went soon to the retreat of Mrs. Aldburgh and her daughter; but I never encountered their presence with the same stiffness and anxiety. I tried to look cheerful; but an unusual feeling of awkwardness came over me, which I could not remove. They inquired after my vessel; but, that topic over, the silence was truly disagreeable. Mrs. Aldburgh, with the quick perception of her sex—a quickness I have frequently seen and admired, but never could fathom—rose to depart, on pretence of preparing supper. This made the matter worse. Jane, I saw, got agitated; and I did not wonder at it, as such a silence must have appeared to her portentous. I at last took her trembling hand, and, after several attempts at clearing of the throat, made an effort to open the subject on which I was so wholly engrossed.

“Why, Miss Aldburgh” (I could give no reason for departing from my usual custom of addressing her as Jane)—“why do you not invite some of your young acquaintances to spend a day or two occasionally with us?”

“Oh! Mr. W——, you must be jesting. You know I have had Miss Smith with me for the past fortnight, and her friends Miss Isabella and Ann Melville for two days, and”——

“I do not,” I made an effort to say—“I do not mean that—that is—in short, I have been surprised why you have never given parties, and why you encourage no visitors.”

Miss Aldburgh’s cheeks were suffused with crimson. I even felt my own tingle.

“They would but be troublesome; and besides, I feel happier without them.”

“But you must allow,” continued I, wholly at a loss what to say more appropriate, “that you are a very incompetent judge of the pleasure their company confers, as you cannot judge from experience.” Jane half-ventured to lift up her eyes. “And so, since you will not select for yourself, I have been choosing for you. Captain Smith, of whom you have heard me often speak, is a gentleman whom I highly respect; and I have promised to introduce him to you.”

“Any friend of yours will, I hope, be esteemed a friend of mine.”

“Be not so cold: he is young, gallant, and handsome; and, with these qualities, I am sure he must interest you.”

"I can hardly believe, Mr. W——," continued she, reddening more than ever, "that you could take delight in teasing me, which, I assure you, you are now doing; or that you could ever believe me vain enough to put these qualities on the foreground of that character I should pre-eminently esteem."

"If you do not esteem them, their attention must at least flatter you."

"I hope I am no coquette."

"No, no; you are not: you cannot be a coquette. You are an angel of beauty—purity—grace!"—— and, in a transport of emotion, I pressed the trembling girl to my heart. I must draw a veil over the scene. Two hours advanced imperceptibly; and the heavy dew of night alone warned us it was time to depart.

On the morrow, I had an interview with the mother, and obtained at once her consent, and the warm expression of her gratitude. Shortly, Captain Smith rode up the avenue. I went to meet him with my usual kindness, and with feelings more heartfelt than I entertained towards him shortly after our parting. I hastened to introduce my friend to Mrs. Aldburgh; but scarcely had I mentioned her name, when the Captain rushed forward, and clasped her in his arms.

"My dearest mother! Thank Heaven, I have at length found you!"

"My son, my beloved and long-lost son! bitterly have I mourned you. Praise be to *Him* who has spared you!"

His sister was soon apprized of the recovery of her brother, in the person of a dear friend; and in a moment, she was in his arms. George related to us how his little craft had been upset, in the conflict of wind and tide—how he had been picked up by a large Indiaman, outward bound—how, from the impossibility of putting him ashore, he had joined the crew—how, fully a year afterwards, he arrived in England, and, to his great grief, found his mother removed, none knew whither—how he had afterwards gone to sea—and, finally, how, having rendered an important personal service to his captain, he had been induced to assume as his own the surname he now bore. His mother's story was communicated in return, and the happiness of our party was complete.

On the following Thursday, there was an unusual bustle everywhere throughout the mansion, and bonfires were kindled on the neighbouring grounds. Nor would the public journals appear to be ignorant of the cause of the rejoicings, as a small paragraph, in the following terms, may testify:—"Married on the 5th, by the Rector of Cobham, James W—— of Cobham, to Jane, daughter of the late Captain Henry Aldburgh; and Captain George Aldburgh, to Matilda, only daughter of Robert Smith, Esq., ship-owner. The happy couples set off for Brighton, to spend the honeymoon."

Another voyage was Captain Aldburgh's last. He is now fixed on shore, and is the only managing partner in our firm.

JAMES SMITH OF DEANSTON.

By J. R. G.

JAMES SMITH of Deanston was born in the city of Glasgow, on the 3d of January 1789. His grandfather was one of the brightest examples of the Scottish peasantry—a man of sterling worth and strict integrity, and withal marked with a strong share of that indomitable perseverance which has so much distinguished his immediate descendants. The father of the subject of this narrative received a good education, came to Glasgow, engaged in business, eventually became a very wealthy man, and married a daughter of Mr. Buchanan of Carston—a landed proprietor in the western division of the county of Stirling. In two months after the birth of his only son, he died, and left him to the entire guidance of his widow—a lady in every respect qualified for such an important duty. After her husband's death, Mrs. Smith went to reside with her youngest brother, who, at that time, was the managing partner of very extensive cotton-works at Deanston, now a beautiful village, situated on the romantic river of Teith, about eight miles north-west of Stirling. Previous to this, he was the pupil and friend of the celebrated Arkwright, the great inventor of "spinning cotton by machinery." This gentleman was eminently distinguished for scientific knowledge and energy; and, from the example set him by his uncle, we may attribute that bias and habits which illustrated the character of Mr. Smith in so remarkable a degree, in the early part of his boyhood. From an authentic memoir of his life in the *Farmers' Magazine* of last September, it appears that he was sent to school in Glasgow when about seven years of age; though even before this period of his life, he had given great promise of his future eminence. His education was finished at the university of Glasgow, though the principal and most important part of it seems to have been acquired in private schools. After leaving the university, he went to reside with his uncle, who had previously removed from Deanston to the Catrine Works in Ayrshire, belonging to the same firm, where he devoted his energies to the attainment of a practical and thorough knowledge of the numerous intricacies of both mechanics and cotton-spinning. So determined was he himself to attain a knowledge of the latter, that he entered the factory in the lowest and most humble station, working, at the same time, twelve hours a-day; and, by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, he attained such an intimate knowledge of his profession, that, when he was only eighteen years of age, his conduct, abilities, and knowledge were such, that his uncle unhesitatingly appointed him to the entire management of the Deanston Works. At this period, this factory was in a very dilapidated condition: consequently, all his energies were requisite to bring it into a proper state, and to train the numerous workers to an intimate knowledge of their various duties.

Mr. Smith had turned his attention, at a very early period, to the subject of land-draining; having seen, with regret, much money in a great degree fruitlessly expended in deep crop drains, principally intended for carrying off under-water. Furrow-draining with turf had been

introduced into the Carse of Stirling, and the western division of Perthshire, about the period when Mr. Smith came to reside there; and he had consequently many opportunities of studying its effect, and the mode of action, in draining off the water. His ripened observations on this subject led him to perceive that great improvements were necessary in the cultivation of the soil, and he therefore determined to devote much of his attention to the furtherance of this great object. To assist him in this purpose, he studied chemistry thoroughly; and, in the course of his agricultural pursuits, became a considerable and successful experimenter.

During the war, in the latter end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, which shook Europe to her very foundation, labour, especially in our own country, was very scarce, and much difficulty was felt by the farmers in getting their crops cut down. This led him to turn his mind to the construction of a machine which would accomplish this object; and accordingly, in the summer of 1812, he produced one, to compete for a premium of five hundred pounds, offered by the Dalkeith Farmers' Club, in East Lothian, for an effective reaping-machine. This, from some cause or other, did not succeed; but the committee were so much pleased with the ingenuity of his invention, that they encouraged him to bring forward, during the next season, a machine for the same object, on the same principle. This was complied with; but, in the course of trial, an accident happened to the implement, which again prevented the committee from awarding to him the premium. For this ingenious invention, however, he received from the same club a superb piece of plate, valued at fifty guineas; from the Highland Society of Scotland, another piece of plate; from the Gargunnoch Farmers' Club, in his own neighbourhood, a pair of silver cups; and from the Imperial Agricultural Society of St. Petersburg, a massive gold medal, transmitted through the Russian Ambassador at the British court. At this time, it must be borne in mind that he was only about twenty-four years of age, which circumstance makes these numerous presentations redound more to his honour. Previous to 1823, Mr. Smith had been successful in many of his experiments upon his uncle's farm; but he never could get Mr. Buchanan to adopt his theory on the proper cultivation of the soil, to its full extent; and it was therefore only until this year, when he got into his possession the Deanston farm, comprising upwards of two hundred acres, that he could put his views of thorough draining and deep working, fully and fairly to the test. This farm, when it came into his hands, was in a miserable state of culture. From the description given of it in the *Farmers' Journal*, it appears that the land consisted chiefly of the drifted debris of the old red sandstone, and of various texture—some parts of the subsoil consisting of hard compact soil with stones, and some in the hollows of sandy clay, composed of the soil which had been washed for ages from the higher parts of the ground—the whole very much interspersed with large boulder stones, some of them scarcely covered with the active surface. The active soil was in general very thin—in many places not exceeding four inches. Much of the level and hollow surface of the farm was studded with rushes and other numerous watery plants, whilst the rising ground

was covered with the bramble and the broom. After much consideration, he resolved to carry one uniform mode of drainage over the whole surface of his farm. He fixed upon thirty inches as the best depth to ensure at once efficiency and economy. He laid parallel drains at twenty-one feet apart over the whole surface of the field, without regard to the apparent wet or dry condition of the soil, carrying them, as near as possible, in the direction of the steepest descent, as being best fitted for carrying off the water quickly, and providing proper outfalls for the main receiving-drains. Having abundance of stones—partly on the surface, partly in the subsoil, and partly in old stone-fences which he resolved to remove—he broke them up into the size of a turkey's egg, and with these he succeeded in preserving the open of the drains. The width of the drains at the bottom did not exceed four inches, in order that the current of water might be confined to a narrow channel, thereby ensuring the removal of any casual deposit. He filled up the drains at the bottom, for twelve inches, with stones; and the other eighteen inches, from thence to the surface, for the working of the plough. To prevent the water from having any direct access, he closely covered the stones with a thin layer of turf; and over this he caused the stiffest soil he could find to be tramped firmly down.

This mode of placing the drains proved most successful, and effected a thorough and uniform dryness over the whole surface. He had not proceeded far in deep ploughing, when he discovered the necessity of having a powerful implement to stir up the subsoil, without bringing it to the surface, or to mix in any material degree with the active surface, as he found that sterile subsoil injured the productiveness of the active soil when mixed with it, before having been exposed to the action of the air for some years.

Mr. Smith proceeded in applying this system over his whole farm; and the yearly results of the crops proved the correctness of his theory, rendering his farm the attraction of all enterprising and intelligent agriculturists. Much difficulty, however, he experienced in persuading his neighbours to make trial of his system to any extent; and it was not until they had seen the result of successive crops, that they followed his example; and, even then, they made their trials on a small scale.

In public and in private, Mr. Smith impressed upon the local agriculturists the deep importance of a thoroughly dry condition of the soil, and a depth of working resembling the operations of a gardener. In 1831, he published a small pamphlet on "Thorough Draining and Deep Working," which attracted considerable attention among agriculturists of the surrounding districts; but it was not until the great agricultural distress of 1834, that the merits of this pamphlet came before the public in the prominent light which they so richly deserved. In this year, a committee of the Lower House was appointed to consider the cause of, and the remedy for, the distress of the agricultural population. Being in London accidentally at this juncture, Mr. Smith was requested, by Mr. P. M. Stewart, the late lamented Member for Renfrewshire, to undergo an examination by the committee on his system of thorough draining, &c. The result, at the time, caused much excitement, and reflected great credit upon his exertions in behalf of the labouring agriculturists. This committee broke up without making any report; but

the chairman, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, referring, in an especial manner, to the thorough draining system of Mr. Smith of Deanston, as being the only thing likely to promote the general improvement of agriculture, and to aid the farmers in overcoming their difficulties.

In the year 1843, Mr. Smith was one of the commissioners appointed by the Government of Sir Robert Peel, to inquire into and report upon the health and sanitary condition of our large manufacturing towns. His remarks on this subject have awakened a great deal of interest among the inhabitants of the various towns and cities he was appointed to inspect. Seeing that the plan of reformation which he and his colleagues had pointed out to the Government, as being absolutely necessary, was not likely to be acted upon by the Legislature in the manner it deserved, Mr. Smith determined to try it upon a large scale, by the means of a public company; and for this purpose he joined himself with Dr. Guy, the celebrated physician, Mr. John Martin, the eminent painter, and many other men of well-known wealth and genius. While, at the present moment, we are paying immense sums of money for manure transported from the island of Ichaboe and South America, there is annually *wasted*, in our own country, millions of tons of a liquid manure, which, as yet, is almost unknown to the great mass of our agricultural population—a liquid, indeed, which surpasses, in an infinite degree, all other manures, in its surprising fertility. To make this manure subservient to the wants of the agriculturist, was part of the plan propounded by Mr. Smith to Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues. To bring this great scheme to a state of usefulness and perfection, has been for years the anxious thought of Mr. Smith. Many extensive experiments have been tried, with complete success, both in England and Scotland; and now it is being tried on a large scale in the neighbourhood of London. After a most determined and protracted opposition on the part of rival interests, Mr. Smith and his friends succeeded in obtaining, last year, the consent of the Legislature to his scheme for this purpose.

His agricultural inventions are very simple, and highly effective, while his mechanical contrivances are in a remarkable degree illustrative of ingenuity. The opinions of no man of the present day are with more respect listened to, upon agricultural subjects and mechanics, both by the high and the low, than Mr. Smith of Deanston. By all, he is recognised as a public benefactor. In the late grand and eventful struggle for free-trade, his opinion and counsel was eagerly sought for by the leaders of the League; but though he approved of their principles of freedom of commerce without any restriction whatever, he discountenanced their manner of obtaining it, considering their abuse of the landed proprietors tended in a great degree to alienate from them that respect and attachment which is due to their rank and station from the peasantry. In political economy, Mr. Smith is a thorough believer in the views taken by his celebrated namesake, Adam Smith. In the division on the repeal of the corn-laws, more than one converted member of the Lower House guided their votes by his opinion, so much dependence had they upon his excellent judgment and sound views. By the adoption of "Thorough Draining and Subsoil Ploughing," followed by an improved cultivation of the soil, Mr. Smith stated, in his pamphlet of

1831, that the agriculturists of Great Britain might successfully compete with any country in the world in agricultural produce; and if these great principles had been met among agriculturists by a general adoption, the corn-laws would have died a natural death, and saved a great political struggle.

There is no man, in proportion to the services he has rendered to his country, who deserves more, or who probably has received less, reward from his countrymen than Mr. Smith of Deanston. Thousands have been subscribed by the devoted followers of the mimic railway monarch, as a memorial, they say, for his public services. How often has this question been asked—In what do they consist? He has constructed a gigantic fortune for himself, upon the hard-won pence which the poor population of the midland counties have paid into his groaning coffers; and, forsooth, this is called public philanthropy! But there is a vast difference between such conduct and that of Mr. Smith of Deanston. He has spent large sums upon his inventions, but he has never received anything like an equivalent. It is not for the sake of accumulating riches that Mr. Smith has become enthusiastic in the pursuit of agricultural improvement. It is a far nobler purpose. He aims at the entire regeneration of the social and moral condition of the working-classes; and certainly, in a great degree, he has been very successful. Illustrative of this, a recent leading article of the *Daily News*, upon the command of the Duke of Northumberland to his tenantry, &c., to return a young scion of the House of Percy as their representative for the county, states, that "*Thorough Draining and Subsoil Ploughing*" have worked such a reformation in the independence of the farmers, that they are determined to assert their privileges, and remain no longer the abject tools of the lord-lieutenant of the county. It must be highly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Smith to see the fruit of his laborious exertions thus so publicly acknowledged.

It is to be earnestly hoped that this will be only a beginning of our leading journalists bringing the merits of Mr. Smith's exertions before the public; and that, ere long, a public acknowledgment will be made him by those who have profited so much by his inventions, his counsel, and example.

In connection with the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, Mr. Smith has rendered many valuable services to that benighted country; and is justly held, by this valuable association, as one of its most distinguished members.

In appearance, Mr. Smith is the *beau ideal* of a Scottish gentleman. He has had no time, as he says himself, to woo the smiles, and win the favours, of a fair lady; therefore he is a bachelor. He is as yet in the full vigour of manhood, both in mind and body, though he is now upon the verge of threescore years of age; but we trust that many years may yet be allotted him to take the same active share he has hitherto done, in advancing the commercial interests of his country. Among the many eminent men of the present age, whose actions and character will illuminate the future annals of our country, none will occupy a more proud and dignified position than the subject of this brief sketch, James Smith of Deanston.

A GLANCE AT THE WEEKLIES.

WHAT numerous accessions have been made of late to the ordinary number of weekly and monthly serials! For many a year, the weekly department was solely occupied by one journal, which, from its veteran services in the cause of popular enlightenment, has been aptly entitled "The Old Firm." The success of such a laudable undertaking was enough to encourage and promote a spirit of emulation; and now we have many instructors and caterers for the intellectual appetite of the "million." The nineteenth century, therefore, will be classed, in the records of future annalists, as emphatically the age of *periodical* literature. How changed and diversified its mighty influences since the days when Johnson and Addison were its professed leaders! The sale of the *Spectator* or *Rambler* was considered great when it amounted to a few hundreds of subscribers: now, journals and magazines must have their thousands and tens of thousands of purchasers, ere they can be said to be initiated into the approbation of the community. Our readers may remember that, for a few years past, a considerable reaction has been manifested in this department of literature. The taste of the public has decidedly exhibited a relish for the union of the highest literary and scientific attainments, with sound morality, and evangelical religion. It has been found not sufficient to be "barely moral," but to be "positively good"—to have every page imbued with the spirit, and instinct with the life, of an all-prevailing religion. Such was the *desideratum* of a proportion of the readers of periodicals—a want which some have endeavoured to supply. But one of the chief distinctions of the state of our present periodical literature, from what it has previously exhibited, is its unrivalled *cheapness and excellence*. Books are divested of their unmeaning and protracted dimensions, and shorn to suit the pages of the periodical. Condensation is the great ruling power, and reigns triumphantly. Time is husbanded in this way, inasmuch as the reader of a journal or magazine is upon a level with the reader of a book. Kind economizers have obligingly extracted the quintessence, and so we have the gratification of a *multum in parvo*. By this way, we save ourselves much painful travelling through the contents of some dry octavo, when we get prepared to hand the *essential* qualities.

It may very properly be questioned whether this mental activity tends equally to the cultivation and development of intellectual power. That it indicates and fosters exertion and energy, admits not of a doubt; but whether our periodical literature does steer clear of occasional smattering, flippancy, and petulance, may be fairly doubted. To decide such questions is not the object of this paper, but rather to glance somewhat hastily at a few of our weekly contemporaries.

The first that salutes our eye is *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, which has already numbered four volumes, and is now fast accumulating a fifth. The two last-issued volumes are of beautiful typography, and otherwise externally handsome. The papers with which we have been best pleased

are those under the head "Portrait Gallery;" and, for sprightliness and taste, those of the first volume are unquestionably superior to those of the rest, though the others are more elaborate and ingenious. Another pleasing feature in this miscellany is the fact that each number generally contains a "biographical sketch" of some author; and the sketches are well written, and altogether commendable. Its selections are good; and of late, each part is accompanied with a lithographed portrait of some writer, which renders it doubly interesting, though that of Dr. Hamilton of Leeds is ludicrous enough; but its faults are amply redeemed by the *literary* portrait which is inserted; and though the *physical* likeness is abominable, the moral and mental portrait is peculiarly graphic and happy. Altogether, for a handsome, instructive, entertaining, and agreeable miscellanny, *Hogg* needs not our recommendation, this having been abundantly bestowed upon its numerous issues. But should any of our readers not have subscribed for it already, we would now commend for their regular perusal and attention this best and most interesting of weekly periodicals.

The next weekly sheet which comes under our notice is entitled *The London Journal*, started, we believe, about the same time as the former miscellany, but containing a much greater amount of letter-press. There have appeared in its pages very instructive accounts of the London newspaper press, and also sketches of the leading members of both Houses of Parliament. It is by far the cheapest weekly which we know, and its contents in general are worthy of the extensive circulation which it has acquired.

Chambers's Journal already numbers its seventeenth volume, having been begun in 1832. From its immense popularity since its commencement, it might seem invidious to say or detract anything from its merits. Notwithstanding this, we frankly confess "the *Journal*" is not high in our favour; and ere long, we suspect, it will scarce maintain a doubtful existence amidst its formidable rivals. It is much too aristocratic and insipid, for Scotchmen, in style; aimless in its tendency; at one time, pretending wonders "for the people;" and anon, betraying its secret hostility. It is neither so sparkling nor so brilliant as *Hogg*. The "New Series" is, without doubt, inferior to the old; and altogether, the work manifestly indicates symptoms of internal infirmity, and bespeaks its speedy nonentity.

We have exhausted our limits for the present, but shall, in a future paper, select for our readers those which seem best calculated to diffuse a spirit of genuine liberality, and a greater manly vigour of thought. Meanwhile, a truce to our present lucubration, promising to return shortly to this our voluntarily-suspended task.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE BURGH OF PAISLEY.

On 19th August, 1488, Paisley was erected into a Burgh, by a charter executed by KING JAMES IV. in favour of GEORGE SCHAW, abbot of the monastery; and shortly thereafter, the abbot granted charters to the rentallers of the lands situated within the boundaries of the burgh. These charters were all written in Latin; and, as a translation has never been published, we subjoin a copy of one to burgage land:—

“TO ALL TO WHOM this our Charter shall be seen and heard: GEORGE, by divine permission Abbot of the monastery of Paisley and convent of the same, of the order of Cister, in the diocese of Glasgow, GREETING in God everlasting: Know ye, that We having, after diligent enquiry, and for the utility of our said monastery on all points, provided, with consent and assent of the entire Chapter chapterally convened, To have GIVEN, GRANTED, SERT, and in fee-farm LET, and by this our present charter, confirm to our well-beloved ROBERT SMITH, burgess of our burgh of Paisley, AN acre of burgage land, lying in our said burgh of Paisley, in the Oakshawale, containing in the anterior front seven perches with one ell of land, and so ascending from the public King's highway and front thereof, towards the north, to the passage near to the wood of Oakshaw, between the land of William Bowle, on the east, on the one part; and the land of James Vry, on the west, on the other part; with the power of building and constructing houses and other buildings whatsoever upon the foresaid acre of burgage land, with the pertinents, at his will and pleasure; WHICH acre of land, and buildings of the same, we will grant that they have liberty and privilege of our burgh, in the barony of Paisley, as free burgage of the same, to be possessed in all time coming in virtue of our investment of the said burgh, and of the burgages of the same, granted by our Sovereign Lord the King thereupon: HAVING and HOLDING, ALL and WHOLE the foresaid acre of burgage land, with their pertinents, by the foresaid Robert Smith, his heirs, and assignees, of us the Abbot and Convent, and our successors, in free burgage and fee-farm, heritably forever, as it lies in longitude and latitude, by all their righteous marches and divisions, with free ish and entry, and with all and sundry other liberties, commodities, profits, and easements, and just pertinents thereof whatsoever, as well not named as named, under the ground as above the same, remote and nigh, to the foresaid acre of burgage land, with the pertinents whatsoever belonging, or that is justly known to belong in time coming, freely, quietly, fully, wholly, honourably, well, and in peace, without hindrance, revocation, or contradiction whatsoever: PAYING therefor yearly, the said Robert Smith, his heirs and assignees, to us the Abbot and Convent, and our successors, FOUR PENCE usual money of the kingdom of Scotland, for the burgage duty of the said acre of land, and THIRTEEN SHILLINGS money foresaid, at the usual terms of the year, viz., the feasts of Pentecost and St. Martin in winter, by equal portions, in name of fee-farm duty, with service of Courts used and wont only, for all other burden, exaction, demand, question, or secular service, which from the said acre of burgage land with the pertinents, by whomsoever may be justly asked or required: MOREOVER we will and ordain that it shall not be lawful to the said Robert Smith, his heirs, or assignees, to dispose, alienate, wadset, give, or assign the said

acre of burgage land, with the pertinents, or any part of the same, to whatsoever person in time coming, besides their wives or lawful heirs of the same, without our special license, and of our successors, first asked and obtained; and if they do to the contrary, we will that the present tack of feu farm shall be of no strength or avail, and that the said acre of burgage land, with the pertinents, shall revert fully to us and our successors, in fee and heritage, without contradiction whatsoever: AND we forsooth, the said Abbot and Convent, and our successors, warrant, acquit, and forever defend to the foresaid Robert Smith, his heirs and assignees, ALL and WHOLE the foresaid acre of burgage land, with the pertinents, as freely and quietly in all, and by all as said is, against all mortals: IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF the common seal of our Chapter, to this our present Charter, is appended at the foresaid monastery, the sixteenth day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred and ninety, before these witnesses, viz., Robert Semple, John Whiteford, Robert Cavers, James Crawford, John Shaw, Allan Stuart, Sir Henry Morris, Alexander Chingston, Chaplain, and James Young, Notaries Public, with many others.”

All the charters to the burgage and outfield land were the same, excepting the holding clauses, and the granters' and vassals' names, descriptions, dates, and witnesses. We subjoin a description and holding of the outfield land in the charter granted to James Crawford:—“ALL and SUNDRY our lands of Wellmeadow, with their pertinents, lying at the west end of our burgh of Paisley, within the regality of the same, and sheriffdom of Renfrew, between the Common Vennell at the end of the said burgh, on the east, on the one part; and the lands of Robert White, on the west and other part; and Common of the said burgh, on the south part; and the Royal way, on the north part; containing five acres and three quarters of an acre and twenty fells of land:” “HAVING and HOLDING the said outfield land of Wellmeadow, with pertinents, by the said James Crawford, his heirs and assignees, of us, the Abbot and Convent, and our successors, in fee heritably forever,” &c.

LIST OF THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF THE BURGH OF PAISLEY, AFTER ITS ERECTION IN 1488.

The land was divided into three kinds:—

I. *Terræ Burgalis*—Burgal land, for building tenements.

II. *Terræ Campestris*—Outfield land, for raising crop.

III. *Terræ Commune*—Common land, for pasturage.

The Burgal land was again divided into three parts:—

* Mr. Crawford was the most charitable man of his time in Paisley. He founded the chapel of St. Roque on his lands of Wellmeadow. This chapel was endowed with seven roods of land, and other grants. In 1576-7, it, along with the revenues and endowments of the altars and chaplainries in the church of Paisley, was bestowed on the magistrates and community of Paisley, for the erection of a grammar school. Mr. Crawford also endowed the altar of St. Maryn, the tutelary saint of Paisley, and other altarages, from his lands of Seedhill.—En.

1st. The west part, comprehending Oxchaw-syde, Village of Paisley, and Pryor's Croft.

2d. The south part, comprehending the Vennell, Calasayde, Qubithald, Mustardsarde, Myldam, Orchard, Bladozarde, and part of Sedhill.

3d. The north part, comprehending the Moss-gait, Barnzarde, Sclat Bank, part of Snawdown, and Kelso Land.

I—BURGAL LAND.

1st. WEST PART OF THE BURGH.

North side of High Street.

OXCHAWSYDE, extending from No. 58 to 98 High Street, inclusive.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Jacobi Vrry. | dni Roberti Vanis. |
| Roberti Smychth. | Malcomi Barde. |
| Vilelmi Bulla. | Johannis Quarriour. |
| Roberti Qubith. | Vilelmi Symsona. |
| Johannis Maknellus. | Johannis Qubithurde. |

VILLAGE OF PAISLEY, from No. 98 High Street to the Market Cross.

| |
|----------------------------------|
| JOHANNIS HAMMARTY, SEMPLE HOUSE. |
| Jacobi Bulla. |
| Vilelmi Brown. |
| Vilelmi Scott. |
| dni Alex. Vilson. |
| Johannis Glowar. |
| Patrici Mozman. |

PROVOST, BAILLIES, AND BURGESSES OF PAISLEY, *Tolbooth, south side of High Street.*

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| PRYOR'S CROFT, | |
| from the Common Vennell to the Cross. | |
| Thome Hectour. | Andro Payntour. |
| Thome Mathy. | Roberti Caveris. |
| Roberti Snodgrass. | Johannis Qubithurde. |
| Patrici Vilsona. | Roberti Qubith. |
| Johannis Fiff. | Johannis Vane. |
| David Alexandri. | Vilelmi Vode. |
| Vilelmi Vode. | Valteri Strathy. |
| Johannis Landalls. | Johannis Alexander. |
| Johannis Luffa. | Roberti Muylr. |
| Vilelmi Scot. | Vilelmi Steward. |
| Johannis Brownaid. | Johannis Wischard. |
| Thome Landalls. | David Alexander. |
| dni Henrici Moris. | Ricardi Brighton. |

BRIDGE.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| <i>North Side.</i> | Johannis Steward. |
| Vilelmi Muylr. | |

| |
|--------------------|
| <i>South Side.</i> |
| Vilelmi Muylr. |

2d. THE SOUTH PART OF THE BURGH.

SAINT MARRY'S VENNEL.

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Vilelmi Muylr. | Lady Priest's House. |
| The Abbot's House. | John Schelis. |
| Johannis Steward. | Andro Payntour. |

West side of Causeyside.

VILLAGE OF CALASAYD, from Saint Maryn's burne to the Longait.

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Andro Ross or Payntour. | dni Convall Achynmade. |
| Johannis Logane. | Vilelmi Veyr. |
| Hugonis Marchell. | Johannis Hector, sen. |
| Hugonis Forrest. | Johannis Allanson. |
| | Johannis Hector, jun. |

LONGAIT, from Causeyside to Storie Street.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Johannis Allanson. | Johannis Hector, jun. |
| | Johannis Hectour, sen. |

From the Longait to the outfield land.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Alexandri Tornor. | David Sclater. |
| Thome Qubith. | Johannis Sclater, jun. |
| Johannis Luffa. | Andro Murray. |

East side of Causeyside.

MUSTARDEARDE, from the outfield land to No. 37 Causeyside.

| | |
|---------------|------------------------|
| Johannis Ray. | Johannis Sclater, jun. |
| Andro Murray. | Johannis Sclater, sen. |

QUHA CHANTS LAND AND MYLDAM, from No. 37 to 38, inclusive.

Gilchristo Lech.

ORCHART, from No. 28 to 8, inclusive.

Allani Steward.

LANDS UPON KEET, from No. 8 to the common passage.

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Roberti Modervell. | Johannis Logane. |
|--------------------|------------------|

COMMON PASSAGE, on Kert Banks, from foot of Causeyside to Sedhill ford and Bladozarde.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| Jacobi Modervell. | Valkmyll. |
|-------------------|-----------|

BLADOZARDE.

Jacobi Algeo.

PART OF SEDHILL.

Jacobi Crawford de Kylwynnet.

3d. THE NORTH PART OF THE BURGH.

MOSS GAIT, OR MOSS RAW.

West Side.

From the Cross to No. 16 Moss Street.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Stephani Vess. | Allani Sundyriand. |
| Johannis Alexandri. | Roberti Caveris. |

SCLAT BANK, from Meeting-House Brae to Snawdown burn, and to Stony Brae, and to Moss Street.

Roberti Caveris.

East Side.

PART OF SHAWDON, from the north side of Old Snawdon Street to Snawdon Burn.

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Allani Sutherland. | Nigelli Luff. |
|--------------------|---------------|

KELSO LAND, from Snawdon burn to No. 41 Moss Street.

Johannis Tyningane.

MOSS RAW, from No. 41 to the Cross.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Michaelis Paisley. | Roberti Sympill. |
| Alexander Bellus. | Johannis Morsona. |

COMMON PASSAGE, along Kert side to Snawdon burn.

| |
|------------------------|
| dni Convall Achynmaid. |
| Ricardi Brigton. |
| Galviny Talsecour. |

PASSAGE TO OXCHAW, School Wynd, south side.

Saint Nicolas Chappel. dni Convall Achynmaid.

North side, called BARNZARDE.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Andro Wallias. | Vilelmi Smyth. |
| Johannis Alexanderson. | Johannis Arthur. |
| Johannis Anderson. | Vilelmi Firry. |

II.—OUTFIELD LAND.

SHAWDOCK

is bounded by the brume dyk on the south, by the ditch of North holme on the north, river Kert on the east, and the road leading to Ynah on the west; that is, the south side of old Sneddon Street, Bullfauld burn on the north, and Back Sneddon Street or road to Inchinnan on the east.

Allan Sutherland. Nigelli Luff.

OXSHAWHEAD.

Bounded by Oxshawside on the east, Velmedow on the south, and the fess of Oakshaw on the north. Johannis Quhitfurde. Vilehmi Quhit.

VELMEDOW.

Bounded by the Common Vennell on the east, Brumelands on the west, the pasturage on the south, and the Royal way on the north.

Jacobi Crawford de Kylwynnet.

This is the gentleman that founded Saint Rochis Chappel, and amply endowed it and the altars of Saint Maryn and Saint Columb from his lands of Seedhill and Wellmedow.

BRUMELANDS.

Bounded by Wellmedow on the east, Ferguay on the west, the Pasturage on the south, and the Royal way on the north.

Roberti Quhit. Johannis Landalla.

Andre Payntour. Roberti Smytcht.

Thome Landalla. Ricardi Brigtona.

Johannis Maknollus.

The rising ground near the west part of Broomlands was called Dunkalth wood.

CASTLEHEAD.

On the south part of the town, and well known. The name is derived from the Romans having built a *castellum*. The road to it appears to have been the Vennell, the Calsasyd, and the Long Gait, as these streets were caucsyed.

Johannis Quhitfurde. Thome Mathy.

GALLOW HILL.

Lyes to the north of Castelheid, and now forms part of Castlehead grounds.

Johannis Quarrior.

GRAVESLAND

Lyes to the north of Gallowhill, bounded by the Long Gait on the north, the Stobbis of Rycardisbar on the west, and Quharrel hill on the east. It is now included in Castlehead lands.

Johannis Quhitfurde.

QUHARRREL HILL.

Canal Street United Presbyterian Church, churchyard, and manse, occupy the whole of this fess. Dni Henrici Moris, vicar de Kilbarchan.

CASTLAW AND QUINTFALL

Lye to the east of Castelheid, bounded by Carriagehill on the south, the road on the east, and the Burgal land on the north.

Malcolmi Gardenyere.

Johannis Fiff.

Johannis Sclater, jr.

Andre Murray.

Johannis Sclater, sen.

Malcolmi Gardenyere.

David Sclater.

Alexandri Turnor.

MURRAY'S MATLING.

This property fronts the head of Canseyide, and is described in the charter as bounded by Lillyland on the south, and leading therefrom to the place where the road divides into two, the one leading to the Fyrness, and the other to Louchlyboeyde.

Johannis Hannykin.

GULDY AKTIE.

Bounded by Lillyland on the south, Espedair burn on the east, the road on the west, and the Mustardzarde on the north.

Johannis Ray.

SEEDHILL.

Jacobi Crawford de Kylwynnet.

III.—COMMON LANDS FOR PASTURAGE.

The common lands were never specially assigned to any persons until the Town Council granted bookings, as commissioners of the abbots, the lords of erection, or the Crown, similar to the burghage holdings of royal burghs. These lands were named, the Eist Over Common, on the east side of Lady Lone to the lands of Canseyide. West Over Common, on the west of Lady Lone to the bottom of the Ward. The Bottom of the Ward, to the west boundary of the burgh. Commonhill, on the south side of Canal Street. Under the Wood, on the south side of Greenhill road. Fynness Bog, on the west side of Lonewells Street. The Long and Short Rulds of Greenhill. The Sneddon dyke. The 24 akers from Saint James Street to the Bulfauld, on the west side of Inchinnan road, and the Long and Short Rulds of Nethercommon.

The only piece of ground in the Burgh of Paisley that is neither described as Burgal, Outfield, or Common land, is the

OXSHAW.

on which the Romans constructed a *Protorium* upwards of 1400 years ago.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

It is always with delicate emotion and tender feeling that the parting word is uttered. The phrase "Farewell" is one that falls back with dreary echo on the human heart. It speaks of change and mutability—of associations that might once be strong—of bonds that once were closely knit in terms of friendly intercourse—now snapped, probably henceforth, forever. It is with disordered thought, and heartfelt emotion, that we view the receding sail of that ship, upon the ocean, which

contains some dear and valued friend, with whom, but a few hours before, we exchanged the last mortal words of friendship. It is with saddest recollection that we look on those spots, when we leave them forever, that are consecrated in our hearts by the associations of birth and education. That word "Farewell" is a cold and a cheerless word: it passes over the human heart like the doom of death: it has no joy in its tone: there are no associations of pleasure in its sound: it is not fitted for gay and festive halls. As soon might the spectre of the grave visit the scenes of mirth, as the word "Farewell" be uttered, with all its truthful meaning, to the happy hearts that move among them in festal gladness.

There are other associations besides those of friendship, the breaking up of which is often felt with chilling and keen effect—such as the tie of the pastor to his people, the teacher to his pupils. So there are feelings and sensations that we must now experience in dissolving that connection which has subsisted for the last twelve months between our friends and readers. We have from month to month addressed them from our closet. We have striven to do so for their instruction, and for their benefit. Amusement has not been our aim in doing so, if incompatible with those principles which we believe to be indispensable to the wellbeing of society. It has been our aim, as we stated at the outset of our enterprise, to add to the store of popular knowledge, and to direct our efforts toward the production of a healthy state of moral feeling. In doing so, we have endeavoured with all faithfulness to record no line upon our pages, "which, dying, we could wish to blot." We are aware of many imperfections in our endeavours, many of them occurring from the nature of our avocation, apart from our connection with this Magazine. For one and all of these we owe perhaps some apology; and we ask the leniency of public criticism.

In saying "Farewell," many may exclaim—"Why leave us? why give up the organ of our Renfrewshire literature?" We answer—We have fulfilled our pledge: we have redeemed our promise: we have failed in nought but in making a fortune by the speculation: and we trust that Renfrewshire has been none the worse for our exertions; indeed, we trust that it is somewhat the better of them. We trust that we have embalmed not a few thoughts that might have strayed into forgetfulness, and which are highly worth preserving; and we trust also that the fruit of our exertions and suggestions may, like "bread cast upon the waters," be shown for good "many days hence." We have, at the least, added another volume to the literature of Renfrewshire. We hope that it may be acknowledged—nay, we are proud that it has been acknowledged to be not unworthy of any of its predecessors. It was a bold speculation, some may say—and did say—to enter on the field, on an enterprise which the genius of a Motherwell, a Kennedy, a Hay, and others, whose names are worthy of their country, could not redeem from failure. It is well to test the spirits of every age; and, knowing that the progress of eighteen years had wrought great changes in many respects, we resolved on trying the experiment. It has succeeded so far beyond our expectations, that we have more than doubled the issue of the former *Paisley Magazine*. If it has not succeeded in yielding a suitable return,

it has not been from that cause. We have therefore applied the test; and these pages suffice to show that intellect is not uncultivated in Renfrewshire, and that the pursuits of literature are not neglected. In the elucidation of these facts alone, we find a rich reward; and the more so when the organs of the metropolitan and provincial press have, with scarcely a single exception, spoken of the *Renfrewshire Magazine* in terms of highest commendation.

We have said we have redeemed our promise, but perhaps we have done something more. Though the *Renfrewshire Magazine*, after this date, no more exists in name, we rejoice to state that it still lives—we trust, to flourish and increase—under the title of “THE SCOTSMAN’S MAGAZINE.” Arrangements have been made and completed, by which, under a new management, and the above title, retaining all its former features, and most, if not all of its former contributors, the *Magazine* shall be continued and published in the city of Glasgow. We trust that that seed which has been sown in our own county, the sapling from which is now transplanted into a wider field, may rise up, under careful nourishment, to be a great “stout old oak” of our national literature. We ask for it the continued support of our friends and readers.

We have to return our grateful acknowledgments to all our friends, particularly to our contributors. We do so for ourselves individually, as well as for the public, who owe them, with us, a debt of gratitude. It is their only reward. In our editorial capacity, we have made many friendships, which have cheered our labours; and although many of these individuals we have not looked in the face, still we are, and have been, solaced in our perplexing duties, by gathering around us the sympathies and the regards of not a few of the “choice spirits of the age.” Whilst we take leave of our editorial duties with a kind farewell, to these we cannot give more than a hopeful *adieu au revoir*.

To rejected contributors, we would say that we have acted towards them in a kind and impartial spirit, sometimes forbearing to print their lucubrations for the sake of their own reputation, as well as for the sake of our own and our readers’ taste. If any should have taken offence at such an exercise of our judgment as appeared to us right and proper, we can assure them, in the common language of apology, that we meant none. Intimate friends, as well as the obscurest strangers to our knowledge, have received the same law at our hands; and in deciding upon either, we have done our duty. Many communications remain on hand: these will be handed over to the editor of “THE SCOTSMAN’S MAGAZINE,” for disposal. We have once more to offer our respects to the public, and claim for our successors a continuance of their favour and patronage, and conclude in the words and spirit of the modern bard of chivalry:—

“Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listened to my reed?— 13
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.” 10

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